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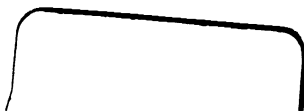
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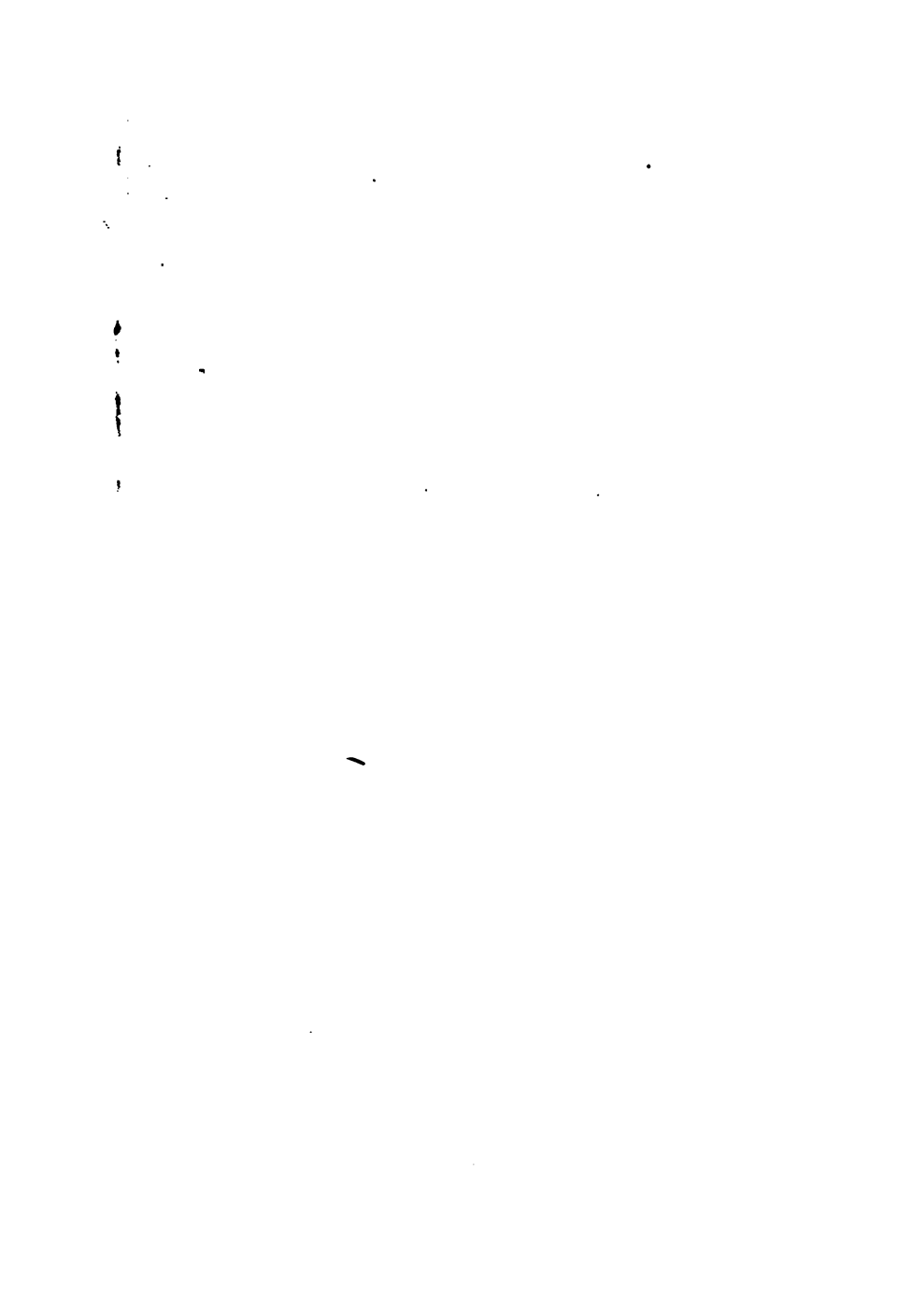
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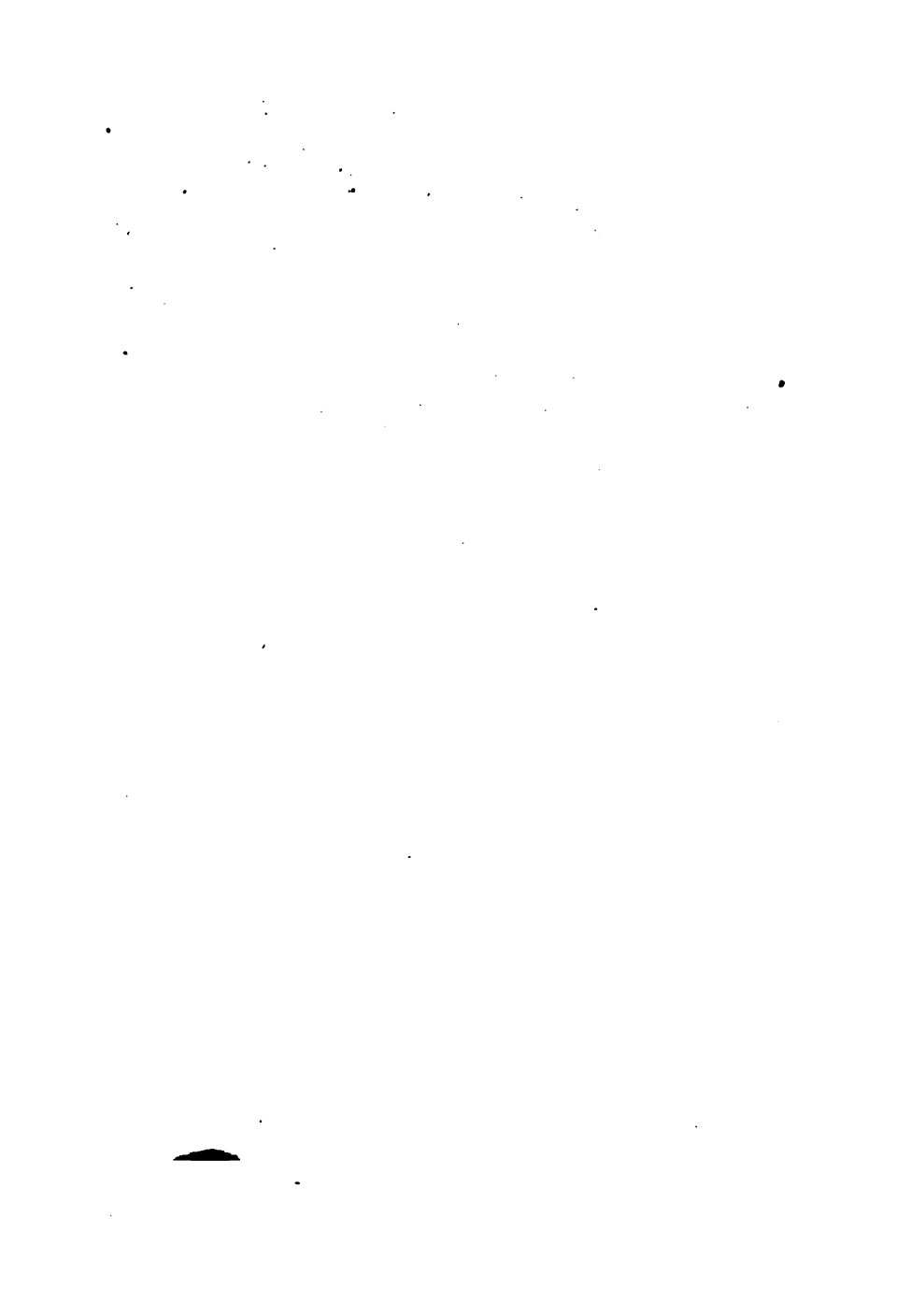
LIFE & LETTERS
OF
MARIA CHOWNE MARSH.



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WALLINGTON PARK.

HOME LIGHT



Thy resting-place was Home—this the sweet sphere
Of all thy gentle rule, and tender love:
Thy Christ-like graces 'shed their 'vunshine here,
Till merged, too soon, in heaven's glad light above.

HOME LIGHT;
OR,
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
MARIA CHOWNE,

WIFE OF
THE REV. WILLIAM MARSH, D.D.
OF BROOKENHAM.

BY HER SON,
THE REV. W. TILSON MARSH, M.A.
OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND INCUMBENT OF ST LEONARD'S-ON-SEA.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."
PROVERBS xxxi. 28.

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BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

TO

THE LADIES OF ENGLAND

WHO DESIRE, SEVERALLY, TO ADORN THE STATION IN WHICH

DIVINE PROVIDENCE HAS PLACED THEM,

This Book

IS DEDICATED.

PREFACE

THIS Memoir has been drawn up at the request of friends, to be a memento of one whom many loved and valued.

So much, perhaps, it is necessary to preface, as a reason for publishing it ; but by those who are conscious of the value of a Christian's experience, no such apology will be required.

It is in a certain sense the chart of our own track, with all its quicksands and shoals delineated before us. The arrival of another bark at its haven of rest is an inducement to us to press onward : the perils it has met with are our warnings ; its escapes become our encouragements ; its success, our sure ground of hope. The imperfections which, as the rem-

nants of a fallen nature, tarnish even the bright ornaments of Christianity, convey a salutary lesson : how often may they excite to watchfulness, and teach us that perfection, although a word coined in the vocabulary of earth, is to receive its full and glorious illustration only in heaven ! But there is another advantage to be derived from reading Christian biography. We see that failings show themselves as isolated acts, and not as habits ; that they are uniformly struggled against, and, when they do appear, they seem but as the symptoms of a malady in rapid cure, while the features wear the traces of returning health, vigour, and happiness. Religion, as an active principle in their lives, how beautiful is it ! The constant aim to tread in His steps, the unceasing desire to be more and more transformed to His image, whose character was briefly summed up in these words—"He went about doing good."

How often is it remarked, and how justly, that the life is the best index of the heart. Of

the subject of this Memoir it will not be thought the mere enthusiastic tribute of affection, when it is said, that her life was one bright reflection of her faith ; her zeal in the discharge of duty, public and private, in the capacity of a clergyman's wife, was unremitting. "With a frame naturally weak and delicate," she was for many long years engaged in active exertion in the superintendence of schools and charitable institutions, in visiting the sick, as well as in unwearied attention to her domestic duties. A friend, who had known her well, thus described her :—"She lived more for the good of others, less for her own, than almost *any one* I have ever met with ;" and indeed the chief beauty of her character was the perpetual exile of self from every thought. This was peculiarly shown in those incidents which, occurring in the domestic circle, are not so visible to the world without, but which nevertheless form the best ordeal for the temper and conduct.

From the memory of those who had the advantage of sharing her care and love, not the

lapse of years can efface the recollection which her judicious watchfulness, and method of conveying reproof, accompanied by the tender affection of a mother, have graven deeply there. They can only look forward to the time when the wisdom of a dispensation, in which they would recognise the unerring hand of infinite love in depriving them of such a blessing, shall be fully shown, in a world where the fulness of enjoyment will arise from the perfection of love and the certainty of non-separation. Then what a theme for gratitude and glowing delight will the unfolding of those gracious purposes afford, which have here seemed all doubt, and darkness, and difficulty!

The brief Memoir which follows is intended chiefly as an introduction to the Letters, which, as a transcript of her mind, and a narrative of daily life, will express her character more fully than any description from the pen of others.

From the death of many of the friends of her early years, letters written to them at the time her attention was first seriously drawn to


the subject of religion have been lost. These would have shown the difficulties which she had to encounter. She had much to surrender at an age when the amusements of life seem peculiarly attractive—when the applause of the world is as eagerly sought as its scorn is dreaded. Then, though fitted, by her education and powers of mind, as well as the merely external advantages of property and station, to receive that applause, she preferred rather the scorn, which an outward profession of religion at that time almost invariably called forth; but, as the trial was great, Christian grace was more fully developed in its happy issue.

She was led to perceive that religion was the “one thing needful,” and, like Mary of old, to choose it, persuaded that while the thieves of care and time break through and steal all other treasure, this *alone* could never be taken away from her—this alone should not be included in the universal ban, “We brought nothing into the world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out.” If, to any young person placed

in such a situation, and with this alternative before them, her example should be of service, how it would delight the departed spirit, did she know what is passing here! and truly would she *now* with tenfold energy recommend the choice which Divine power and love enabled her to make.

Her children may add, from the testimony of her own lips, that she never regretted the sacrifice she had made—an exchange of apparent happiness, though often of real misery, for that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. To its sway she preferred “the service which is perfect freedom.”

Her life had been one of such *active* usefulness, that it was a great cause of regret, on leaving the town in which she had resided for so many years, and going into Warwickshire, that declining strength prevented her from attempting to establish plans similar to those she had carried on at Colchester. The extent of the parish, and its distance from her own residence, were further hindrances; yet even there



she took upon herself the superintendence of more than one charitable institution. Her health, which had long been enfeebled, at last gave way ; but she relaxed not one effort up to the few weeks preceding the very period when it pleased her heavenly Father to carry her from the turmoil of His Church militant (to her a change indeed) to the repose of His Church triumphant.

There were times when bodily weakness seemed to weigh down the spirits, and when she, who always considered herself an unprofitable servant, doubted whether she had served her Master at all. But in the hour of parting, faith, which through physical infirmity had appeared to waver, was suffered again to burn undimmed, and to cast its strong light upon the dark waters of death ; nor did it leave her till swallowed up in the brighter rays of enjoyment, when her happy spirit reached its abode of rest, upon that shore

“Where tempests never beat nor billows roar.”

Such was the life and such the death of a

humble and devoted Christian. If this short memorial (imperfect as it appears to the eye of affection, written in brief moments of leisure, in the midst of the cares and duties of a large parish) remind those who knew her of what she was, or be of use to any who may accidentally read it, every end sought in circulating it will have been answered.

ST LEONARD'S, *November* 1858.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
EARLY YEARS	1

CHAPTER II.

HER MARRIAGE	47
------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

LIFE AT BASILDON	59
----------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AT BRIGHTON	91
----------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT COLCHESTER	109
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AT BIRMINGHAM	197
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE'S JOURNEY ENDED	261
--------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN	283
---	-----

CHAPTER I.

Early Years.

“Ye fair enchanting throng—
Ye golden dreams, farewell,—
Earth has prevail'd too long,
And now I break the spell,
Ye cherish'd joys of early years.
Saviour, forgive these farewell tears.”

“My soul, what's lighter than a feather? Wind.
Than wind? The fire. And what than fire? The mind.
What's lighter than the mind? A thought. Than thought?
This bubble world. What than this bubble? Nought.”

Quarles.

CHAPTER I

Her Parentage—Influence of Women—Mrs Tilson—Childhood—Friend of the Poor—Letters to Harriet Leycester—Conversions of Memorable Characters—Old Gentleman's Question—The Christian's Rule—Her Decision—County Ball—Snow Storm—A Mother's Testimony—Rev. John Newton—Dr Fearon's Mode of Overcoming Prejudice—Col. Tilson's Return from the Peninsula—Lady Elizabeth Spencer—Division of the Day—Bishop Hall's Works—Hannah More and Mr Wilberforce—The Righteousness of Faith—John Newton's Last Earthly Comfort—Religious Marriages—Journey to London—Her Mother's Illness—Hannah More—Mr Simeon and Mr Babington—Lady Mary Fitzgerald—Longings for Quiet—Home—Death of Mrs Tilson.

EARLY YEARS.

MEMOIRS are pictures of Christian life in the social or domestic circle. If they teach, it is by example more than by precept. We read them ; and as we read, we see what Christian principle is, how it shews itself, where it exhibits power, and when it is weak through the weakness of the faith of the individual. We thus learn a lesson of high importance, but it has not the harshness of a lesson taught in mere words. We learn it easily and agreeably. The lesson is more likely, if so conveyed, to remain in the memory, and to be influential upon the life. In the present day a brief memoir, which is read because it does not take long to read, is specially valuable, if it be a picture of a true Christian. The remark is frequent, consistency in carrying out the precepts of Christianity is rare ; and it has led to the startling question, 'Is there such a power as it is asserted that living Christianity possesses ? Who are the real Christians, and where are they ? Everywhere there are persons making high

4

professions of religion, and the surface of their Christian character is level and smooth. They are active, diligent, zealous ; but when you scrutinise their inner life, as it shews itself in the repression of selfishness, in the habitual command of the temper, in the careful measurement of language, in the avoidance of words and actions which cause needless pain to others, in the firm government of the tongue, or, even in just and impartial dealing with their neighbours, and the absence of a money-loving and encroaching spirit, you often discover that their religion has not sufficient power, that in these matters it does not command them, but that they command their religion.'

The fact is patent and acknowledged. The author of these memorials, having been acquainted with the most eminent Christian divines of the period now passing away, has had the opportunity of hearing them confess how much they deplore a fact which their integrity of principle compelled them to admit. It is for this reason, and in the hope of beneficially influencing the minds of some, especially amongst the younger portion of the present generation, of the reading and thinking public in this country, that he re-presents to them the following brief and simple annals of the life of a Christian lady, who was eminently unselfish, and desirous to live "spending and being spent" for the good of others. She possessed all that in her day this country afforded of opportunity for amuse-

ment and self-enjoyment to the daughters of the landed gentlemen of England; but she willingly gave up all she had or could have had, that she might be useful in the less prominent, although quietly happier, station of a clergyman's wife in a country parish, and there devote her talents to the glory of her heavenly Father, and the good of her family, friends, and parishioners.

The author trusts that many of the readers of these memorials may be induced to pray for much of the aid of the Divine Spirit, who alone enabled the subject of them to overcome self, and dedicate her life to God. "Ask, and ye shall receive."

MARIA CHOWNE TILSON was the youngest child and only daughter of John Tilson, Esq. of Watlington Park, in the county of Oxford, and his wife Maria, sister of Sir Stephen Lushington of South-Hill Park, Berks, Bart. Her paternal grandfather, the Right Honourable George Tilson, had been a personal friend and constant companion of King George the Second.* In the time of

* The family of Tilson, although now settled in Oxfordshire, were of Anglo-Irish extraction, having gone over to Ireland in the reign of Henry the Second, where they have intermarried with some of the old Anglo-Irish families, such as the Earls of Bellamont and Mount-raith, and the Barons Muskerry. But, as Tennyson truly sings—

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Charles the First, one of Miss Tilson's ancestors, a Bishop of Elphin, defended his castle of Elphin against the rebels, and received, with a grant of lands, a crest consisting of an arm, extended, clothed with the episcopal lawn, and grasping a crosier. This crest, however, was not prophetic of the future destiny of the family; for, with scarcely a single exception, for centuries not one of the Tilsons took holy orders, or became a preacher of the gospel. It was reserved for one of the last of the name to do more towards promoting the spiritual welfare of her fellow-creatures than most of her ancestors had sought to accomplish. If there is the will to do good, God opens the way, and enables the weakest instrument to achieve great deeds. Many a woman has been a blessing to our world, and many a man has derived his greatness from his mother's instructions. The Gracchi owed much to Cornelia, Augustine still more to his Christian mother, Monica.

Miss Tilson was born at Watlington Park on the 15th of April 1776. At the early age of two years she lost her father, and her mother became the sole guardian of her children. Being a woman of superior intellect, and an enlightened and cultivated mind, Mrs Tilson was well fitted for so arduous an office, and she succeeded in winning both the love and the reverence of her children. Her will was law to them, and often has the subject of this memoir been heard to say, that "her mother had rarely, if ever, to repeat a command." In

many characteristics her child resembled her. There was the same vigour of understanding, clearness of comprehension, and solidity of judgment.

Not many incidents of her early life remain. Her personal attendant, who had the charge of her from a very early period, and from whom much might have been collected, has been long dead. But one interesting trait of her character, marking the movements of a generous disposition, is recorded by her nurse, who used to say, that "when Miss Tilson was quite a little child, she could hardly induce her to proceed, when out walking, from her anxiety to relieve every beggar or poor person whom they met. She was greatly attached to her brothers, and, in after life, she would often speak in glowing terms of their kindness to her when a child. One of them (Captain George Tilson, R.N., who died at the early age of six-and-twenty years), she has been known to mention with tears, even at a period of three-and-thirty years after his death. Her eldest brother, after having spent a useful life as a country gentleman and magistrate in Oxfordshire, died before his sister, deeply regretted by those who could appreciate his prolonged and untiring efforts to aid the cause of true religion, of sound learning, and of general progress, both in the University, and in the county of Oxford. Her second brother became a soldier, fought throughout the Peninsular War, under the Duke of Wellington, contributed to the success of

our arms at the battle of Talavera,* and died at an advanced age as a General Officer and Colonel of the 76th Regiment.

Miss Tilson was regarded in her own neighbourhood as the friend of the poor. From her early childhood she loved to minister to their wants with a discriminate benevolence, and, by the kind permission of her mother, she would often assemble around her the children of the tenantry upon the estate, that she might impart to them scriptural instruction. Across the park, about a mile from the house, was one of the lodges, on the road to Henley. At an early hour, day after day, a young lady might be seen wending her way towards this lodge. It was Miss Tilson going to her usual employment; for she spent the morning hours in speaking to these poor children of the unsearchable riches of Christ, and although there remains no memorial upon earth of the good which she accomplished, doubtless there is in heaven abundant evidence of her labour not having been in vain. She was a believer in the Word of God, and therefore she was obedient to the command of Christ, "Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth." She worked not for a little temporary notoriety; but, discarding such an earthly desire, she went steadily on, seeking no applause from man, but that honour

* His brigade and another bore the chief brunt of the French grand charge.

which cometh from Him "who seeth in secret," and who says, where He has been honoured in works of *concealed* benevolence, that He will hereafter reward His faithful servant "openly."

The following letter, addressed to her cousin, Miss Harriet Leycester, will illustrate her state of mind:—

"I have perused your letter several times, my beloved Harriet, and every time with new pleasure. . . . I have written a little account of my views of Christianity in the enclosed sheets. I must just remind you, that I give you the result of some six years' study, both of the Bible, religious books, and my own heart, and therefore be not surprised, nor scruple to confess, if my ideas and yours do not fully correspond. I will tell you with sincerity, that to the plan of salvation there laid down I yielded with difficulty; it humbled my proud heart too much; but now my judgment fully acquiesces in the whole. I searched for myself, and God, I trust, has blessed my weak endeavours. I now enjoy much of that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, and while in my own eyes I am most unworthy, I feel a steady confidence in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. I daily feel my inability to serve Him as I wish, but humbly hope He will graciously increase my usefulness. Could I dislike any part of your admirable letter, it would be the praises you bestow upon one who deserves them so little. When I reflect on the distinguishing goodness of God in

placing me so much out of the reach of temptation, in giving me so much leisure, and so many opportunities of doing good beyond those of most other young persons, I am ashamed to think how little I have profited by these privileges. May you, my Harriet, far, very far surpass your friend. With joy and thankfulness shall I behold you a pattern of piety, meekness, and active benevolence, steadily performing every duty, and 'adorning the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things.' Once more, adieu; my heart has flowed through my pen, I scarcely know how to check it.—Ever yours faithfully and affectionately, M. C. T."

The conversion of the heart and its union, through a living faith, with its heavenly Father, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, is an event of the highest moment to the individual. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Yet, until this change has taken place, there is no security for the soul. It may be lost. Sin is still upon it as a heavy burden. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God." So our Lord has said. He must know. Heaven and all its bliss may be sacrificed. What if death should come, and this change not have been?

And, until the soul is converted, it cannot be happy. It may be excited. It may be entranced for a brief interval by pleasure, but the consciousness of a higher

delight, yet unenjoyed, disturbs its rest. The soul was made by the Eternal to be happy only when it finds its bliss in the source of all joy. And it is, therefore, restless till it rests in God.

This greatest of life's events varies often both as to time and cause. The history of converted men witnesses to this variation. The time of life differs, and so does the instrumental cause, whilst the effect is in all cases similar. St Paul was arrested by a voice from heaven, and struck to the ground by celestial light. Then this proud and persecuting unbeliever became the trembling and astonished believer. Within three days it was said of him, "Behold he prayeth." Timothy was made wise unto salvation by the reading of the Scriptures in his youth. Augustine was led to Christ, after wide wanderings in his manhood, through the preaching of Ambrose at Milan. Jerome was convinced by his reflections upon the tombs of the martyrs. Savonarola was converted by light cast on some small portions of Holy Writ. Wickliffe, by studying deeply the Scriptures. Jerome of Prague, and John Huss, by reading the writings of Wickliffe. Luther, whilst reading the New Testament, and by the conversation of Staupitz. After sore trials of conscience he found, as he says, the angel's wings which lifted him up to Paradise. Hugh Latimer was converted by lighting on these words, upon the page of the New Testament published by Erasmus, "This is a

faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Archbishop Usher, in his tenth year, was drawn into the Lord's service by this text, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Admiral Coligny was convinced whilst reading the writings of the Reformers during his captivity at St Quentin. Archbishop Leighton, like Samuel, in his earliest youth, dedicated himself to the Lord. Philip Henry, who himself served God from his youth, would often speak of Obadiah as his example, (1 Kings xviii. 12,) and say to young people, "You cannot too soon be religious, but you may put it off too long. Manna must be gathered early, and he that is the first will have the first. 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth,' in the original, 'of thy *choosing days*.'" Cotton Mather, a great American divine, from his childhood knew the Holy Scriptures. He obeyed Seneca's rule, "to hasten and learn betimes, lest when too old he should be obliged to it." When only fourteen years of age he began to keep days of fasting and prayer. Bunyan owed his change of heart to the conversation of four Puritan women, whom he overheard speaking upon religious topics. Lavater was converted by his mother's conversation. Colonel Gardiner, by a vision and a dream. Selina, Countess of Huntingdon,

by conversations with Lady Margaret Hastings. Lady Glenorchy, by the recurrence to her memory of the question in the Assembly's Catechism, which she had learnt in her youth, "What is the chief end of man? The chief end of man is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever." Mrs Fry, by a letter from a friend telling her that her seeming philosophy in sorrow was really her faith in God. Mr Wilberforce, by reading the Greek Testament during a foreign tour. The Rev. John Newton, by the parable of the Prodigal Son. Mrs Hannah More, by Garrick's death. Henry Martyn, by his father's death. Mr Simeon of Cambridge, whilst reading, in Bishop Wilson's work on the Lord's Supper, the remark "that the Jews knew what they did when they transferred their sin to the head of their offering," and he reasoned, "then I may transfer my guilt to another!" Legh Richmond, by reading Wilberforce on "Practical Christianity." Edward Bickersteth, by perusing Hervey's "Theron and Aspasio." Robert Haldane, by pondering upon the first French Revolution. Alexander Haldane, partly by the words of Job, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee." Murray M'Cheyne, by the death of his brother. Thus, diverse are the instruments employed by the Divine Spirit, and yet the effects produced by His hand are everywhere alike. Earth becomes no resting-place. Life is but a pilgrimage. Heaven is the home.

The first serious impressions produced upon the mind of the subject of this memoir, were derived from reading Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity;" and conversations with that excellent man, who was a true friend to her, were rendered useful in imparting to her mind clearer views of religion than she had previously possessed. She also frequently mentioned that she (like Mr Bickersteth) derived much profit from Hervey's "Theron and Aspasio," lent to her by a friend (the Rev. W. Buckle), of whom she remarked, "He never lost an opportunity, either by his prayers or by his counsels, of aiding me in my journey heavenwards." So light dawned upon her. As she read and meditated, she became convinced that it is by faith in Christ only that true repentance is produced, and that this faith, or simple trust in the finished work of the atonement, is a powerful principle drawing the affections of the heart towards Almighty God as a Father, and influencing the will to desire His service, until the soul, attracted by such heavenly magnetism, is ready to dedicate all its powers and possessions to the good of mankind, with the view of promoting the glory of God.

When this change has passed over the soul, then it is braced to effort by hope, and nerved with joy. It can sacrifice, suffer, and submit without a murmur; for, in its new calculations, eternity takes precedence of time. Threescore years and ten are estimated at their

due value, as that value is altogether derived from their being the allotted period of preparation for the unlimited "for ever." "Oh that men were wise, that they would consider this!" Then life would be more often looked upon but as the schooling time for our real manhood in the eternal world.

And a glorious manhood that will be, when, earth's discipline being complete, knowledge will be perfected, bliss begun, and eternity before us. Then we shall behold, not as now, the shreds, but the exquisite pattern of the tapestry of the heavenly design of love. Then we shall know as we are known, seeing not "through a glass darkly, but face to face." The unknown footsteps in the deep will be traced; the works of the Divine hand explored; the wonders of creation unfolded; the marvel of redemption explained. Now "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, . . . the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Then, the education of trial being finished, the redeemed shall be before the throne of God, in full view of all His perfections, in work and word, and "He who sitteth upon the throne" will dwell, in the intimacy of a hallowed and inseparable friendship, amongst His ransomed and perfected children.

This schooling time, however, is not without its own sorrows; and more especially is the faith of the Christian oftentimes, at first, exposed to severe tests. Nor was it an usual test to which the sincerity of this young

Christian's solemn profession was submitted. Surrounded by friends who loved and admired her, and moving in a high and fashionable circle, she had every temptation offered her to join in the society and amusements of the metropolitan world, but the grace of God enabled her to cast in her lot with the people of God, rather than "to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

And does she *now* regret her choice? Shall we say, she grieves that she gave up to her God the days of her youth, or the strength of her riper years? Could that beloved voice be once more heard, it would but repeat the exhortation so often addressed to her children, "'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' True happiness is nowhere to be found except in the service of your Redeemer." There is a special promise given to those who dedicate their earlier years to Christ: "They that seek me *early* shall find me."

The first circumstance by which her attention was called to the consideration of the undesirability of many worldly amusements, was the remark of an old gentleman, made to herself and some young friends. They were describing to him the gaieties they had lately been attending, when he said, "Let me ask you all one question. Can you find pleasure in *prayer* when you return at a late hour, wearied and exhausted, from these scenes of excitement?" This question met with no reply, but it sank deeply into the heart of one, at least,

of his young hearers. She pondered it, but could not decide what answer to give.

This has been a question which has distressed many thoughtful minds. Perhaps the best rules which can be laid down are, "Do nothing on which you cannot pray for a blessing," and "go nowhere, whither you cannot ask Christ to go with you." An occasion soon offered itself, which enabled her to come to a decision, and practically to reply to the question.

The season of the annual county ball drew near. She made it the subject of prayer, that, if it were wrong to go, something might prevent her being present at the ball. Her mother, at this time, being in delicate health, committed her to the care of a friend in the neighbourhood. The evening arrived, and reluctantly, at her mother's desire, she set off. Before she had proceeded two miles on her way, the coachman stopped the horses and begged her permission to return, for the snow was so deep he was afraid lest an accident should happen. She gave a willing assent; and, upon her arrival at home, her mother expressed much satisfaction at her not having attempted to proceed. Thus, on this occasion, was that promise fulfilled in her experience, "Whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

This desire to renounce the amusements of the world, which are injurious and unsatisfactory, was aided, in a remarkable manner, by a relative who had

great influence with her mother, and from whom she had expected to have received much opposition. She had prayed earnestly that her aunt's mind might be favourably disposed towards her; and when the change in her niece's sentiments was made known to this relative, so far from condemning it, her reply was, "Do not oppose her; perhaps she may be right, and we may be wrong." From this time her path was made quite plain by the lengthened illness of her beloved mother, from which she never recovered. To her she devoted all her time and attention, and often did the remark fall from her mother's lips, "How thankful I am that I have a daughter who prefers cheering the weary hours of sickness, to seeking her pleasure in amusements which would so frequently deprive me of her society."

While they were residing a part of the year in Devonshire Place, she had the opportunity of occasionally attending the ministry of the Rev. John Newton, from which she derived much profit. In the year 1805 she lost her only surviving parent; but she had the consolation of seeing that beloved relative die, humbly trusting in the Saviour of sinners, and acknowledging with thankfulness that she owed her clearer views of Divine truth to the religious conversation and consistent conduct of her daughter.

The following letters will illustrate the state of her

mind and feelings, and her rapid advance in spiritual attainments at this period of her life.

The good sense of the writer is evident in the first letter selected. It is manifested in the advice which she gives to her cousin, in reference to her home conduct, and her treatment of relatives who were not fully influenced by the motives which regulated her own practice. The writer's piety, also, is evinced in the advice she gives with regard to the continuance in the post which Providence has assigned :—

WATLINGTON PARK.

When I read the signal proofs of Divine interposition and tender care which your letter contains, my dearest Harriet, they reminded me of that sweet text in Isaiah, "He will carry the lambs in his arms." Yes, our great and good Shepherd deals with you in the most tender manner. He brings you, like Abraham, to be *willing* to sacrifice *all* for His sake in your heart, and then He softens the outward difficulties, and turns the hearts of those to love and favour you who once were prejudiced. Oh the depth of the wisdom and love of God ! When I read of the active exertions of your sweet sister-in-law, her judicious and kind explanations, I feel that I cannot love her half as much as she deserves. God has graciously given her one of the most candid tempers that ever inhabited a human mind. Oh let us endeavour to pray more and more

that the Lord would be pleased to recompense her labours of love by a larger supply of the best blessings, and never suffer her to rest in anything for happiness, but in the enjoyment and favour of God in Christ. . . . That situation which the Lord chooses for us is the best, and I believe you will fully experience that *yours* is the *only* one which will actually do for you, and that your mercies exceed your trials. I have only one thing to recommend, that you endeavour to pray every morning, that you may not offend in word and deed unnecessarily, that you may unite the wisdom of the serpent with the meekness of the dove. I would also recommend you to be silent in *general* (excepting there appears an absolute necessity) upon religious subjects, when the whole family are assembled; but remember, I merely hint, *not* direct, because circumstances may vary; but as your feelings are warm, and you enjoy at present a very lively sense of the Divine mercy upon your heart, you will, like Melancthon, think that if "they will hear you out," conviction must follow. This will never be the case; the good you will do those who are prejudiced will be by your conduct, slowly and gradually winning their esteem in spite of themselves. Experience has taught me that people will bear *actions* better than *conversations*, and that silence is often our greatest wisdom, while our life shews we differ. Dr Fearon told me his family's prejudices were overcome in that way, and that for six

months together he never spoke immediately on the subject of religion to his family *assembled*, but got his mother and sisters to listen to him when alone. His mother died a very Christian death, and his sister is very pious; his father's prejudices are greatly lessened. What encouragement for us! . . . Adieu, my best beloved friend; may the Author and Giver of all our mercies increase our faith, hope, and charity.—Yours most affectionately, in indissoluble bonds,

MARIA C. TILSON.

The following letter exhibits her sisterly affection. Her second brother was returning from one of his campaigns in the Peninsula :—

WATLINGTON PARK, Dec. 13.

MY DEAREST HARRIET,— . . . You will rejoice with us in our happiness in having heard that our dear Colonel is on his way to England, and I trust we shall have the inexpressible pleasure of embracing this dear brother in January. How much have we to be thankful for that his life and limbs are safe. As that is the case, I rejoice that he has had this opportunity of serving his country; but I confess my feelings do not accord with those of the Spartan mother, who could say, “My son, *with* your buckler, or *on* your buckler.” . . . The most pleasant visit I

have made for some time was to Wheatfield, the residence of our neighbour, Lord Charles Spencer ; his daughter-in-law, Lady Elizabeth Spencer, was confined part of the time to her room, with a very bad cold. I sat with her during the mornings, and we had some most pleasant conversation. She more fully deserves the expression of "a very accomplished woman" than almost any person I ever met with ; her understanding is well cultivated, and her style of expressing herself elegant ; she plays and sings in a very superior manner and draws in every style from landscapes to miniatures and flowers, and really may be said to excel in all. I asked her how she found time for so many things, and she kindly entered into an account of her early life. She said from fifteen to nineteen she was frequently left at Blenheim for some weeks to take care of her younger sisters, while the Duke and Duchess and Lady C—— went to London and other places ; that she rose early, devoted the morning hours to study, and after breakfast till dinner, except the interval for walking, she employed in drawing ; she likewise played three hours a-day. This unwearied application teaches us the true secret of excellence, namely, great and continued attention. Doubtless she has much genius, but had she not cultivated it, she would not have been what she is. Since she married she shines in a superior light as a wife and a mother, and what gives a glow to every excellence is her piety. We read a ser-

mon together on the evidences of Christianity, and her remarks were most improving to my mind. . . . My mother joins me in kindest love to all your party, and believe me ever, your truly affectionate cousin,

MARIA C. TILSON.

A DEFENCE, AGAINST SUNDRY CENSURES COMMON TO
THAT PERIOD, OF MRS HANNAH MORE AND MR
WILBERFORCE.

WATLINGTON PARK, Nov. 9.

Indeed, my dearest Harriet, I am grieved to have delayed so long answering your last kind letter. I thought of you continually, and proposed writing every day last week ; but it is singular that the more *seeming* leisure I have, the less time I find. The fact is this, I allot so much time for reading, painting, and walking, each morning at this season, so that if my book happens particularly to interest me, my walk to be a little prolonged, or my painting to require a few more strokes, I cannot find a half-hour for a letter for some days ; I know you will trust me, that whether I write or am silent I love you equally. . . . Pray tell my aunt that I saw at Mr Fane's Dr Glasse's edition of "Bishop Hall's Meditations;" they seem to be excellent. Indeed there is in Bishop Hall's writings a degree of piety and humility rarely to be met with, and blended with much

good sense and judgment; they only wanted the garb of modern language, which Dr Glasse has given.

I have been reading Miss H. More's defence, which the Dowager Lady Macclesfield lent me. I was happy to see the testimony of nine clergymen that the schools were under their inspection, and had been productive of real good to their parishioners, both in improving the morals of the people, and in bringing them from the meeting-house to the church. I must confess I have been astonished to hear some persons, for whom I have the highest respect on other points, supposing Miss More and Mr Wilberforce to be against the Church of England. I firmly believe no persons are more attached to all its tenets and discipline, and this I can aver, that it was owing to the perusal of Mr W.'s excellent book that I *first* began to study the liturgy of our Church, and to compare it with the Bible. My greatest desire *now* is to bring my *heart* into unison with my *lips* when I utter the admirable form of prayer contained in our Common Prayer book. . . . My mother unites with me in every kind wish to your whole party.—Believe me truly your affectionate

MARIA C. TILSON.

Mr Wilberforce thought most highly of Mrs Hannah More, and there was no part of her character which he regarded with greater admiration than her active usefulness in the retirement of the country. "I was once,"

he said, "applied to by a Yorkshire clergyman, who desired me to assist him in obtaining a dispensation for non-residence upon his cure. He had been used, he said, to live in London with the first literary circles, and now he was banished into the country, far from all intellectual society. I told him that I really could not in conscience use any influence I possessed to help him; and then I mentioned to him the case of Mrs H. More, who in like manner had lived with Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Sir J. Reynolds, &c., and was so courted by them all, and who had a great taste for such society; and yet had broken away from its attractions, and shut herself up in the country, to devote her talents to the instruction of a set of wretched people, sunk in heathen darkness, amongst whom she was spending her time and fortune in schools and institutions for their benefit, going in all weathers a considerable distance to watch over them, until, at last, she had many villages and many thousands of children under her care. This is truly magnificent, the really sublime in character. I delight to think of it, and of the estimation in which the sacrifice she made will be held in another world." 'There is no class of persons, he would add, whose condition has been more improved within my recollection than that of unmarried women. Formerly there seemed to be nothing useful in which they could be naturally busy, but now they may always find an object in attending to the poor.'

ON THE IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS OF OUR SAVIOUR
JESUS CHRIST.

WHEATFIELD, Nov. 17.

MY DEAREST MUCH-BELOVED FRIEND,—It is with indescribable pleasure I take up my pen to address one so dear to me as you are. I trust you will not ascribe it to affected humility when I say that I feel it impossible to receive all your warm expressions of affection as my due. If I have been the honoured instrument of leading you to see more of the loveliness of our holy religion, I desire to thank my Saviour, who has deigned to shew His designs of love and mercy to you, by employing so weak a being as myself. Yet of this I am fully persuaded, that without that Divine desire or preparation of the heart which Scripture expresses as coming from the Lord, much stronger reasoning than mine would not have affected you. If the great Apostle St Paul could say, “Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God alone giveth the increase,” how much more ought I to say it; and indeed it is a thought full of consolation to my mind, that *it is* “*God* who hath begun this good work in you, and so I am sure *He* will finish it.” Were it to depend either on my arguments or even your own good resolutions *alone*, they would, I fear, in you and every other human being, fall to the ground ere long. . . . Driven from the plea of our own righteousness, we at last take

refuge in Christ, as our only atonement and righteousness. By His obedience we are made righteous *through imputation*, as He was made sin for us through imputation; and this is all the righteousness we can plead before God, and it is quite sufficient, for it is the righteousness of God, and enables us, as good Bishop Beveridge says, "to plead our title to that eternal life so dearly purchased, so freely given, by our Surety." But to those who know their own hearts, it is much more difficult to stoop to this total self-renunciation than it at first appears. I have been learning this lesson four years, and am always forgetting it. Yet what should we think of a poor debtor who, when a liberal and kind friend offered to pay every farthing, set him free, give him the promise of a great estate in a little time, and everything necessary by the way to prepare him for the enjoyment of it—should insist upon paying at least a few bad pence towards the debt? This is our case; pardon, grace, eternal life, all are freely offered in the gospel; we keep ourselves from the enjoyment of them because we want to pay something towards them. . . . My dear mother was not well enough to accompany me to Wheatfield, so I shall hasten my return. Adieu, my beloved Harriet. Remember in your prayers your affectionate and faithful cousin,

MARIA C. TILSON.

This letter contains a short account of the Rev. John Newton:—

WATLINGTON PARK, Dec. 7.

MY MOST BELOVED FRIEND,— When you were here I read you some part of a letter from my friend Miss Rose, giving an account of that excellent old man Mr Newton, and how he bore with resignation the loss of his last earthly comfort, the melancholy derangement of his niece. Miss R. has since been visiting him, and in her last letter she gives me an account of him, which I will transcribe for you :—
“Our dear old friend Mr Newton’s state of mind is the most enviable that can be imagined, resigned, composed, and humble ; but he is, notwithstanding, at times greatly oppressed with his heavy trial, and often says he considers it a great mercy that we are permitted to *feel*, and that our Lord is not displeased with us for it. He frequently quotes that line from Herbert’s poems—

‘He makes my joys to weep, my tears to sing,’

and says he cannot express his own state of mind so forcibly in any other words ; that there is a sensation which inclines him to weep in the midst of abundant causes of joy, and that while weeping, he is ready to sing the praises of his God, and to acknowledge that the very cause of his griefs is among his greatest mercies, as he has no doubt he shall find it in the end. ‘How is it then,’ he adds, ‘that while *I believe* all is

right, I *feel* at times as if all were *wrong*?' One day, when he had been speaking to me in this manner, he added, 'If I could save the life of a very dear friend by submitting to lose my own hand, I think I should most gladly consent to it; yet my *willingness* to undergo the operation would not *prevent* or *lessen* the pain of the amputation; and so it is with me—when God makes me willing, out of love to Him, to sacrifice my dearest earthly comfort to His disposal, and to give her into his hands without reserve, though it is in these moments an *act* of my *choice*, yet nature feels as keenly the pain of the amputation.'

"Notwithstanding these feelings, our dear friend was at times very cheerful, and his own afflictions never prevented him from interesting himself in the minutest concerns of those about him. He desires his respectful love to you, and says, 'If wishes had wings, he would often visit you.' " Here ends my friend's account of a venerable Christian of seventy-four, deprived of his only earthly enjoyment, and yet able to say, "He doeth all things well." . . . Adieu, my much loved friend; be assured, that while you seek strength from God to bear patiently the trials He allots to you, you are acting in that way most pleasing to Him. It is often more profitable, because more difficult, to *suffer* the will of God than to *do* it.—Believe me, with increasing love and esteem, your faithful and affectionate friend,

M. C. TILSON.

Mr Newton's life was one of special and often strange incident. His mother died when he was seven years of age. His father possessed very little influence over him. He went to sea as a midshipman—read Lord Shaftesbury's characteristics, &c.—became an avowed unbeliever, and hurried into extremes in wickedness. He afterwards deserted his ship, was caught, whipped publicly, put in irons, and degraded. He subsequently exchanged ships, landed on the coast of Guinea, became a slave to a slave-trader, escaped, was marvellously delivered from shipwreck, and reached England. He at this time renounced his infidelity and irreligion, and left England on more than one voyage of prosperous termination. In one of these voyages, when captain of his ship, a slaver, he touched at the coast of Guinea, and saw the scenes of his former trials. After a time, having passed through many mental and bodily perils, and at one period having back-slidden from the Christian course, he returned home, gave up a sea-faring life, and became a tide-surveyor at Liverpool. Mr N. afterwards desired to become a minister of the word and sacraments, and to “preach the faith which once he destroyed.” He made some ineffectual efforts to obtain ordination, and at length, after six years of waiting, in 1764 he met with success. He was curate of Olney for fifteen years, and died, at an advanced age, rector of St Mary, Woolnoth, in the city of London, a useful minister of the Church, esteemed and beloved.

ON RELIGIOUS MARRIAGES.

WATLINGTON PARK, *Feb.* 11.

Your two kind letters rejoiced my heart, my beloved Harriet, not only on account of the warm expressions of affection to myself which they contain, for I can truly say, your friendship is one of the choicest blessings of my life, and for which I desire to be thankful to the gracious Giver of all good ; but what further delights my heart is to discern the serious bent of your mind, and how truly you are in earnest about the one thing needful. . . . I feel all the tender fears and sympathies of my heart awakened at your approaching visit to B—— ; but I trust you will be supported, and that the world will not gain any undue influence over your heart. My most anxious desire is that you may not form an important engagement with a man of the world ; to find a hindrance where we should look for help is sad indeed, and that must be the case unless you are united with a person of sound piety. But if that is your lot, how happy, humanly speaking, you will probably be ! It is indeed delightful to see those pious couples with whom I am acquainted, consulting together what benevolent scheme they can next form—how they can best promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of their fellow-creatures ; besides, where natural dispositions are amiable, religion makes them more so ; and where rough, it gradually softens down and rubs away the sharp edges

of ill temper. Forgive me for repeating my caution ; never marry any but a truly religious man—it is my full determination, and I trust it will be your's. While restrained from following our inclinations fully from a fear of offending our relatives, we are still in that path of duty which Providence has assigned, but if we contract another engagement we bring the trial on ourselves. I think you quite right to read the Scriptures in preference to every other book ; when you can find time for more reading, I should recommend you to read some pious author likewise, but when one or other must be given up there can be no hesitation. . . . We leave this place (D.V.) next Wednesday ; we go first to Lady Stapleton's for a day or two, sleep one night at Salt Hill, and the following day reach London. . . . My poor have been sickly in general ; I caught cold yesterday walking to see one of them. I ought not to mind this cold, for I have caught many a one at a ball and thought nothing of it. . . . Adieu, my beloved Harriet ; may the Almighty be your refuge and support, the rich blessings of the gospel your portion, and all the happiness in time which will be conducive to your everlasting felicity, is the warm wish and earnest prayer of your truly affectionate and faithful friend,

M. C. TILSON.

DEVONSHIRE PLACE, *Feb.* 25.

MY DEAREST HARRIET,— . . . We had a very

pleasant journey to town; we stayed one night at Grey's Court, where we had the pleasure of seeing our friends the Stapletons. Their place is the most lovely that can be imagined even in winter, for it has such a quantity of evergreens that it looks cheerful throughout the year. . . . Before I left the country I passed a very pleasant day with my kind neighbours, General and Mrs Cailland, where I had the additional pleasure of seeing Mrs Kennicott.* She is indeed a charming woman in every sense of the word, for to a cultivated understanding and most lively imagination, she joins true enlightened piety and the most active benevolence. She employs all her leisure hours in working for the poor, and the variety of her work is curious. She makes frocks, caps, &c., by daylight; knits stockings and socks by candle-light. I was delighted with her conversation, which is amusing and improving. . . . —I am ever your truly affectionate cousin,

M. C. TILSON.

HER MOTHER'S ILLNESS.

, *March 7.*

If I did not believe that my much-loved Harriet is so well acquainted with the Divine character and government, that she knows every event is the effect of love, I should fear to grieve her heart with an account.

* The widow of the celebrated Hebrew scholar, Dr Kennicott.

of the afflictions in my family. My dear mother has been, and still is, extremely ill ; an internal fever seems almost to consume her, at least it weakens her very materially. She gets very little rest. I was walking about the house this morning at five o'clock, to procure something for her, for her fever proceeds from debility. I cannot tell you what I feel when I hear her bell ring in the night. I lay awake afterwards for a long time, praying in my imperfect way that God will be pleased to direct us. I hope and trust in His almighty power and goodness, for I find in her case especially that "vain is the help of man." Our dear James and Fanny are in the deepest affliction. Little William had the hooping-cough in common with his sisters. The sweet boy shewed symptoms of fever. On Saturday he was very ill. When Dr B—— came on Sunday, he pronounced him in great danger ; his pulse was 170, with great oppression on the breath. He languished till Friday at five o'clock in the morning, and then his happy spirit took its flight. Oh ! how my heart rejoices at his happiness, while my tears flow for his dear parents. Who can tell that his future life would have been devoted to God ? Now he is a glorified spirit ; may the thought lift up my heart from earth to heaven. . . . I have had sweet consolation in seeing a lady of my acquaintance who has been powerfully awakened, and speaks with all the warmth of feeling in which I delight. How good God is to give me this pleasure in the midst

of all my sorrow. Adieu, my much loved friend. Give my kindest love to dear Mrs Ralph Leycester.—Believe me most affectionately yours,

MARIA C. TILSON.

MRS HANNAH MORE, MR SIMEON, AND MR BABINGTON.

DEVONSHIRE PLACE, *May 11.*

MY BELOVED HARRIET,— . . . My Broomfield visit has confirmed me in every sentiment I have drawn from the Scriptures ; I saw them realised in those exalted Christian characters with whom I conversed. The two Mrs Mores were there. Mrs Hannah More, who is an authoress, and possesses more information than almost any woman I ever heard of, has such sweet humility and urbanity of manner, that I felt drawn to love still more than to admire her. I sat and talked with her on Sunday evening about schools, &c., with as much ease as I could have done with you. What a striking proof is this of the power of religion—to be humble when one is esteemed, admired, and caressed by all who are most likely to appreciate true excellence and worth of every kind. The style of conversation was remarkably instructive and useful. The subjects chiefly discussed were historical facts, which were blended with pious remarks, and proved that those who held the conversation were conversant with a higher

standard of morals than those which historians dwell and expatiate upon.

There was a serenity and cheerfulness reigning in every countenance, which proved that "religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Poor Mrs H. More was very unwell, but the patience with which she bore her sufferings, and the meek expression of her eyes, proved that she knew that the Hand who sent it did all things well. Her complaint being an inflammation on the lungs, rendered it quite painful to utter a single word at times. Her sister's anxiety for her was painted in every look and action. I had also the privilege of seeing good Mr Simeon for two hours; his countenance is full of animation and kindness, and he unites in a wonderful degree zeal and discretion, warm love for Christ, His cause, and people, with a great degree of wisdom; and, by his excellent conduct, puts to shame and silence those who would misrepresent the conduct of Christians. He has actually in a great degree lived down prejudice, and has been instrumental in doing more good than almost any person I have known.

The next delightful character I conversed with was Mr Babington, Member for Leicester—a man whose whole soul seems to be in religion, and possessing such sweetness and benevolence of character, that he wins the affections immediately. I was pleased to find that he greatly approved of making an open profession of

our sentiments with meekness and love, shewing that we do not wish to differ excepting where conscience requires us to do so. I can affirm that it was the sentiment of all, and they seemed to be wise people, that we must differ from those around us, but it is right for young persons to use great caution, and proceed gradually where authority interferes. Mr B. said, "Get well established in your principles, and then shew you are not ashamed of avowing them." I was struck with wonder at the display of mind which I discovered in persons of very different characters and dispositions. Everything they said convinced me more and more that vital Christianity expands all the powers of the mind, and enlarges and gives a right direction to all the affections of the heart. . . .—Believe me, with the truest esteem, your most affectionate

MARIA C. TILSON.

LADY MARY FITZGERALD, A CHRISTIAN LADY, SO FULL OF BENEVOLENCE, THAT, IT WAS SAID OF HER, SHE MEDITATED ON THE QUESTION WHETHER SHE MIGHT NOT PRAY FOR THE CONVERSION OF THE DEVIL.

Feb. 23.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,— . . . Last Saturday I accomplished what I had longed for many years—a visit to Lady Mary Fitzgerald; she is almost a glorified

saint, and I think more nearly resembles an unembodied spirit than any person I ever yet saw. She rose with venerable kindness to meet me; my dear Miss Lambard introduced me to her. She then kissed me with maternal affection, and said, "You will be disappointed, for I always possessed a very limited capacity, but now my faculties are very much weakened; I am fourscore." Miss Lambard said, "But you can talk of your Saviour." "Yes," she answered, and her aged eyes glistened with almost youthful lustre; "blessed be His holy name! He is all mercy, faithfulness, and love, or He would never have borne with such a rebellious creature as I am. I have three anchors," she added, "which I cast on the Rock, Christ Jesus—'He came to seek and to save that which was lost;' 'He delighteth in mercy;' 'He casts out none that come to Him'—these are my anchors, my dear young friend, and they are sure ones." Then she expressed how glad she was to see me, and how it rejoiced her to see young people determining to give up the world for Christ's easy yoke. She told me she loves all those she hopes to meet in heaven. You never saw anything so loveable, so lovely in grace, in all your life. I was more charmed than I ever was before, and felt it a real privilege that I had been introduced to such a Christian. I thought that I had never seen humility before; so sweetly humble is this venerable Christian, and so cheerful, that old age seems not to have robbed her of that flow

of spirits which I am convinced nothing but vital Christianity can maintain amidst the various severe and trying scenes which every one passes through in this land of sorrow. . . .—Believe me, in the most lasting bonds, your very affectionate

M. C. TILSON.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SOLITARY MEDITATION AND OF
THE CALM OF THE COUNTRY.

DEVONSHIRE PLACE, *May*.

MY DEAREST HARRIET,— My time is so taken up here, that I feel harassed, and long for the peace and regularity of dear Watlington Park. This is not occasioned by that restless disposition the world possesses. God, who knows my heart, knows that when I am there, and can enjoy that leisure which affords me sweet intercourse and communion with Him, I never ask for any other pleasures. I can say with Cowper—

“The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.”

While rambling through the woods, or pacing across the lawn to visit my poor, I sometimes experience an elevation of soul which no ordinance nor Christian society affords in London. . . . It is half-past twelve,

and I am very sleepy. May He who neither slumbers nor sleeps guard us from all evil, and raise us up to serve and praise Him to-morrow.—Your very affectionate

M. C. TILSON.

THE PARTIAL RECOVERY OF HER MOTHER, AND THE
RETURN OF THE FAMILY PARTY FROM LONDON TO
WATLINGTON PARK.

WATLINGTON PARK, *June 12.*

MY DEAREST HARRIET,— I am thankful to tell you, that my beloved mother bore the fatigue of her journey far better than I expected she would have done. We breakfasted at Hounslow, dined at Maidenhead, and arrived at Grey's Court in time for Lady Stapleton's tea; the party was small and quiet, so that she was not fatigued—only Lady S. and her two daughters. We remained there till Wednesday evening, and then came here. . . . I am delighted with the verdure and tranquillity of this much-loved abode, after all the bustle of London; but my pleasing sensations were heightened by reflecting on the very great goodness of the Almighty, in having thus far restored my dear mother from so severe an illness. I could not help thinking with what a heavy heart I might have seen my native spot; the sweet satisfaction of seeing my dear mother so much better seemed to make the

sun more brilliant, the foliage greener, and the birds sing more melodiously. . . . We had the pleasure of hearing from our dear General. He wrote from Oporto on the 8th of May; he was well and in good spirits. . . . My mother unites with me in kindest love.— Believe me your most affectionate friend,

M. C. TILSON.

HER MOTHER'S DEATH.

WATLINGTON PARK, *Jan. 15.*

How can I sufficiently express my gratitude to my dear and most kind relatives at Hallgrove, for all their affectionate sympathy in my affliction, expressed through the medium of my dearest Harriet's pen! Great indeed has been the trial, awful the scenes I have witnessed, during the short space of a fortnight. The loss I have sustained is indescribably great, and nothing but the Hand which inflicted the blow, sustaining me under it, could render it supportable. From my infancy till the mournful fifth of January, my dear departed mother had so well fulfilled the part assigned her by Divine Providence, that I never felt the loss I had sustained in the other dear author of my existence, who was so soon taken from me. My beloved mother watched over my helpless infancy and youthful years with unremitting kindness and love. When I grew up, authority in her was so tempered by affection, that

while the *parent* was revered, the *friend* was loved. I never had a secret of my own unimparted to her, nor was I ever afraid of communicating my inmost thoughts. She was my loved companion, with whom the hours of profound retirement passed sweetly. She was my kind friend and wise counsellor, to whom I fled in every difficulty, small and great, and whose advice, by the Divine blessing, I was enabled generally to follow, and always rejoiced that I had done so. This much-esteemed, this much-loved mother is removed from me. Let me remember *who* has done it—even that Almighty Being who created and preserved us, who gave His Son to die for our sins, and who promises us an everlasting inheritance in His kingdom. Let me remember that I enjoyed this blessing almost thirty years, and now may I both feel and say, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.” While memory holds her seat, her tender affection will never be obliterated from my mind, her character will ever be revered and loved. In the daily trials which occur we feel the benefit of religion, but when the floods of affliction pour in as they have lately done on me, how greatly needed, how inestimably valuable, is the heavenly consolation she affords! How thankful have I felt during the last three weeks, that for some years past I have made it the grand business of my life to cultivate (however imperfectly attained) the religious principle in my mind. To have been con-

sidering time as it respects eternity—to have been studying the Word of God and the character of our blessed Saviour, appear now to me blessings of such magnitude that nothing earthly could compensate for the loss of them. How often has my almost agonised mind been calmed by prayer; when I stood by the dying bed of my beloved mother, how ardently have I prayed either for a mitigation of her sufferings, or for patience under them: the *first* petition was denied, the last was most amply granted. My invaluable parent had been for many years a pattern of cheerful suffering, but in the last illness, “patience had its perfect work.” Great were her sufferings, but not a murmur escaped her lips or appeared in her looks. She was all gratitude to those around her, thanking not only me, but her good old servants, Day and Denman, for their attentions continually. The source from whence she obtained power to exercise these Christian graces was easily discernible. She was almost continually engaged in mental prayer, both night and day, before her death.

The last day but one, when I was concluding a prayer I had read to her with the Lord’s Prayer, my voice faltered when I attempted to say, “Thy *will be done.*” Though her articulation was very imperfect, she took up the words and steadily repeated what I could not utter. I never quitted her chamber for two days before her death, excepting just for my meals, nor

do I think sleep was ever in my eyes during that time. I considered it a sweet though mournful reward for having nursed her through all other illnesses, that I was the privileged child who was permitted to see the last of her earthly existence. About an hour before her death she beckoned me to her. I knelt and kissed her; she feebly pressed me, and then waved her hand for me to depart. I left the bed, fearing I might add one pang, and never saw her alive again. I passed that sad three quarters of an hour on my knees in prayer for her and myself. Her pangs ceased before her death nearly half an hour; she breathed short but easily; she wished her attendants "good night," and shortly after, one sigh dismissed her happy spirit to the realms of everlasting bliss. Oh! may we meet again when this short life is ended, to worship our God and Saviour, and renew that affection which was here so delightful, and which will be perfecting throughout the countless ages of eternity!—Believe me your most affectionate cousin,

MARIA C. TILSON.

CHAPTER II.

Her Marriage.

“Thrice blest, whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure?
Or is there blessedness like theirs?”

In Memoriam.

“Now, this is the sum of the matter :—if ye will be happy in
marriage,

Confide, love, and be patient : be faithful, firm, and holy.”

Farquhar Tupper.

CHAPTER II.

Philip Henry on Choice in Marriage—The New Vista—Obstacles—
Six Years of Patience—Letters—Advice of Mr and Mrs Wilber-
force—Mrs Randolph—Col. Tilson's Consent—Happy Prospects
—School at the Lodge—The Marriage—Rev. William Marsh—
Bishop Daniel Wilson—Dr Valpy.

HER MARRIAGE.

PHILIP HENRY was wont to say to his children, with reference to their choice in marriage, "Please God and please yourselves, and you shall never displease me." He greatly blamed those parents who concluded matches for their children without their consent, and sometimes mentioned the saying of a Christian mother, "The care of most people is how to get good husbands for their daughters, but my care is to fit my daughters to be good wives, and then let God provide for them." Mrs Tilson did not act entirely upon these principles. She had for some years, from prudential motives, refused her consent to the marriage of her daughter, and would not even allow of an engagement. This had been a severe trial, but her daughter had borne it with much patience and submission. Five years had elapsed since the commencement of a friendship, which was destined by Divine Providence afterwards to terminate in a nearer and dearer connexion. During part of this time, she had been deprived even of the pleasure of a correspondence, but at length her patience in waiting

was rewarded. A good husband, equally as "a good wife, is of the Lord;" and both of these young persons found the promise of the Scriptures to be true, "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." Great as this trial had been, and difficult to be endured, Miss Tilson's self-control enabled her to submit without murmuring. A simple but evident record of her submission remains on the title-page of a manuscript book, containing quotations from Mr Marsh's letters to her, which is in the possession of one of her children. The words are, "Extracts from the Letters of a Beloved and Valued Friend."—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." This trial, however, was designed simply to strengthen her faith; and when her faith had been strengthened, the chastisement was removed. When the Lord heats the furnace, the fire is never hotter than can be borne. She was at length engaged to be married to the Rev. William Marsh, third son of the late Colonel Sir Charles Marsh.

A new vista was now opening up in her life.

CUDDESDEN, OXON, *June 16.*

I am sure, amidst the tender anxieties which affect your heart, you have felt and prayed for your anxious friend. My mind is much more composed on the subject; in addition to this mercy, I have the opinion of my dear friends, Mr and Mrs Wilberforce, and Mr

Basil Woodd, that I shall be wrong to refuse this offer. Mr Woodd counsels me as a parent would his child ; such a heavenly-minded letter was scarcely ever penned. Dear Mrs Randolph sees it also in the same light, and declares, she thinks I should act against Providence if I gave up Mr M. You will easily believe my happiness. I have written to my beloved friend, and told him, that, if our heavenly Father permit, I will be his future partner. I entreat your constant prayers for my direction and support. I never consulted my God in any affair so much as in this, and have taken all possible pains to ascertain His will. I have continually pleaded His promises, and feel convinced that He will guide, direct, and bless me. May I love the gracious Giver more for this gift ; may he never become my idol, but be my guide, my counsellor, my spiritual instructor. . . . I think God will give you a friend in my beloved William, who will help you heavenwards ; I quite rejoice in the thought. . . . Dear Miss Lambard and Mrs Randolph send kindest love to you ; we are like three sisters together. Oh ! what a blessing is Christian love ! I return to Watlington Park on the 20th. Adieu, my much-loved friend.—Believe me yours, most faithfully and tenderly,

M. C. TILSON.

CUDDESDEN, *June 23.*

I shall shortly enter upon a scene where there will be new trials, new snares, new pleasures ; pray for me, my beloved friend, that I may have grace to fulfil every duty, and become a suitable helpmeet to that dear servant of God who has selected me. I tremble sometimes when I think of the very awful and important duties which I shall have to fulfil ; but then God gives me a husband who will instruct me, sympathise with me, and, above all, pray for me and with me. . . . I sometimes think that I could give up all my earthly prospects to behold my Saviour sooner. Notwithstanding I have so bright a prospect, yet I am so much impressed with the belief that through *much* tribulation we must enter the kingdom of God, that I hardly dare allow imagination to paint any great degree of happiness from any state in this sin-empoisoned scene. . . . The bishop* is still absent. Dear Mrs Randolph, Miss Lambard, and I are together ; the former is in a most heavenly frame of mind ; her whole heart seems devoted to God. Three times in the day we meet for prayer and reading the Word of God, and holding sweet converse together on spiritual things. I think three happier persons could not meet.

* Dr Randolph, then Bishop of Oxford.

WATLINGTON PARK, *Aug. 22.*

My much-loved Harriet's delightful letter would not have remained so long unanswered if I had had a moment in which to write. . . . Last Saturday brought me one of the kindest and most affectionate letters from my eldest brother that ever was penned. He thanks me for the very clear and explicit manner in which I detailed the circumstances respecting Mr M., whose name our dearest mother had once mentioned to him. He assures me that he has such implicit confidence in my judgment, that he would rather take the character from me than from any one else. He approves of my choice of a clergyman, and thinks the family of Mr M. unexceptionable. He expresses the greatest willingness to hear from Mr M., and concludes with the most affectionate wishes for my happiness. I feel that it is God who has given this turn to my dear brother's mind, who might have viewed the affair in a very different light; as he concurs, no other person will dare openly to object. He is too just to alter now, therefore in all human probability Mr M. will be my partner for life. Oh that a double portion of grace may be granted me to fill with propriety a station so important! I can cheerfully trust the future in the hands of my heavenly Father, whatever trials may be in store for me, because I know He "will never leave me nor forsake me." . . . I can only now add my best

wishes and prayers. May the infinitely wise Jehovah be your guide, guard, and protector!—Your affectionate and most sympathising friend in all your joys and sorrows,

MARIA C. TILSON.

HER SCHOOL AT THE LODGE IS PROVIDED FOR.

WATLINGTON PARK, Oct. 22.

The mercies of our gracious God have been abundantly showered down upon me, and my great anxieties about the poor of this place wonderfully removed. My dear kind brother undertakes the expense of my school at the lodge, £25 per annum, and places it under my care as much as ever. I shall hear regularly from him once a-month; and if it please God to grant us life and health, we shall visit it from time to time during the long days in summer. . . . All my poor people love Mr M.'s character, and say, they rejoice for me, while they sorrow for themselves. It is most gratifying and yet painful to see how they love me, and how their eyes glisten when I tell them I hope often to drive over and see them in the summer. Mr M. is quite interested about them. . . . If you have seen Mr C——, pray, say everything that is kind for me; assure him he will have a high place in my esteem as the dearest friend of my beloved Harriet. . . .—Your most tenderly attached and faithful

M. C. TILSON.

Nov. 26.

I must write three lines to my beloved Harriet, to thank her for all her kindness and affection, and pious wishes for our temporal and spiritual happiness. . . . I was refreshed to-night in hearing Mr M. at the Lock.* He was full of animation when describing the love of our Divine Redeemer, and the character of those who confess Him on earth ; may we and all we love have grace to do so ! Your promise to Mr C—— meets my full approbation ; I cordially rejoice in it, and it cheers me. Wait on the Lord patiently ; wait *His* time, and He will make straight paths for thy feet. Think of *us*, my beloved friend ; this time *four* years how *difficult*, this time *three* years how *hopeless* was our case, and now on the eve of an union for life. “ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name ! ” My kindest love attends you, and my best wishes. Mr M. joins in all. Once more, and for the last time, accept the love of Maria C. Tilson, though Maria C. Marsh will ever feel the same, for our love is founded on the Rock of Ages.—Your truly affectionate

M. C. TILSON.

She was married in London.

* Mr Marsh perhaps inherited some of his readiness as a speaker from his worthy ancestor, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, whose daughter Archbishop Marsh married.

The following is a letter to her cousin, written immediately after her marriage :—

TO MISS LEYCESTER.

MY BELOVED HARRIET,—I must now tell you that I was most graciously supported at the altar. I felt calm, composed, and collected. My excellent and dear friend, Mr Buckle, read the service with great solemnity and much feeling. We returned to breakfast at my brother's, and then drove off for Watlington Park. . . . We had a little experience of the imperfection of human happiness, for on the following Sunday, we received a letter from Mr M.'s only sister, who had received tidings from the West Indies, from her husband, of a very painful nature. She begged to see her brother the next day. We set off for Basildon, expecting to find her there. When we arrived, a message came that Lady Marsh was very ill, so we proceeded to Reading. The sight of their darling son and brother pleased them so much, that we left them better and in good spirits. . . . We are now with Mrs Cadogan ; she will, I think, be a great comfort to me ; she is very kind and affectionate, and truly religious. . . . My dear husband unites with me in kindest love.—Believe me your most truly affectionate

MARIA C. MARSH.

Mr Marsh, to whom she was married, was at this

time Vicar of Basildon, Berks. He had not originally intended to have taken holy orders, but at the early age of sixteen he had entered the army as an ensign in the Rifle Brigade. Commissions had been given to Sir Charles Marsh for each of his sons, in consequence of his long services in the war of the conquest of India under Lord Clive, and of his having volunteered to raise a regiment upon his return to this country. Mr Marsh, however, was led by remarkable circumstances, amongst which may be mentioned a singular and solemn dream of the Day of Judgment, to entertain serious thoughts of religion; and, under the ministry of the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan of Reading, he was brought to an acknowledgment of his own state as a sinner, and to a simple reception of the deliverance which Christ has purchased with His blood of atonement. Upon leaving Reading, instead of continuing in the army, he entered at St Edmund Hall, Oxford, and prepared to take holy orders, as his views were now directed to the Christian ministry. He would be no longer a wielder of the temporal sword, but, still a soldier, he would now fight in another army against spiritual foes; and, arming himself for the battle, he desired to become an officer in the noble corps of witnesses for the gospel, whose banner is the Cross, whose deeds are enrolled on high, and whose laurels, if future, are unfading.

At Oxford he became the companion and friend of

Daniel Wilson, subsequently Bishop of Calcutta, and of other excellent men, who were the chief instruments in the hands of Divine Providence in the establishment of many of those societies, by which the glad tidings of salvation have been made known during the last sixty years both to the Jew and to the heathen. After leaving Oxford he was ordained to the curacy of St Lawrence's, Reading, where, upon the death of Mr Cadogan, he filled up the sphere of usefulness in Reading, which that eminent divine had left vacant. Much opposition was at first excited. The little town was in a ferment. Dr Valpy, his old schoolmaster, threatened to withdraw his school from St Lawrence's Church, if his former pupil continued to preach such "Methodistical" doctrines. Some time elapsed before the ghosts of these fears could be allayed, but at length the alarmed parishioners resumed their seats and listened to their pastor's teaching.* The glorious truths of the gospel won their way, hard hearts were softened, stubborn wills made pliant, untrained judgments informed, and "many who had come to scoff, remained to pray."

* Dr Valpy afterwards received and delighted in these doctrines, and, when dying, sent to his former pupil, as his confession of faith, these words :—

" In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see.
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."





BASILDON.

CHAPTER III.

Life at Hasildon.

"Close to Christ my soul is found,
In the bonds of hope enclasp'd;
Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
And the Rock hath firmly grasp'd.
So no ban of earth can part
From the Lord the trusting heart."
Louisa, Electress of Brandenburg.

"Strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man."—
Eph. iii. 16.

CHAPTER III.

Basildon—Rev. Haldane Stewart's Testimony to her Usefulness—Mr
Simeon's Visit—Marriage of Harriet Leycester—Mr Marsh's
Preaching Tour—Basil Woodd—Removal from Basildon.

LIFE AT BASILDON.

SIR CHARLES MARSH had purchased, for his son, the living of Basildon. When it became vacant, Mr Marsh removed thither. Basildon is a lovely spot upon the banks of the Thames, where the Berkshire Downs rise to an unusual height, and are crowned with rich crests of wood, whilst the Oxfordshire banks are more than usually abrupt and well clothed. The old church and the vicarage house are situated near the river, and the windows of the latter command on either side a home view, thoroughly English, and beautiful for both its richness and variety. Such was the home to which he conveyed his bride ; and here, together, they laid out their plans of future usefulness. She thus depicts her enjoyment of her quiet home :—

BASILDON, *April 29.*

I have been wishing for you, my much-loved Harriet, the whole morning, to enjoy with me the delightful view which sweet Basildon begins to present. The few warm days we have had, have clothed the hedges

with green, the lilacs are almost out, and a full bed of hyacinths have quite perfumed the air. Every day affords some new pleasure to the eye ; the ear also is regaled with the melodious birds, which are singing delightfully in every part of the garden. How gracious, how overflowinglly bounteous is our great Creator in giving such a variety of innocent delights ; “ the year is crowned with His goodness.” I have been sitting in the pretty porch for more than an hour with my book, enjoying the balmy air, and all the delights I have described. Oh for a heart to love my God—to trace Him in His works and in His Word—to see Him by faith in all things—and to rejoice in my unseen yet ever present God, Saviour, and Friend ! . . . On Thursday, Mrs Cadogan and the Miss L——s left, with Mr Marsh, for the lecture at Reading. My dear husband having business there, stays till to-morrow, when he will return to tea, and go off immediately to his lecture at Ashampstead. His being obliged so frequently to go to Reading must ever be a cross ; when I see it as the cross of Christ, I am easy, and can cheerfully sacrifice his society.

For the first few years of her married life, Mrs Marsh was able to devote a large portion of her time to the assistance of her husband in his pastoral duties, for she had scarcely any domestic cares, as it pleased God to deprive them of their infant son.

No mention more accurate or more interesting can be recorded of her at this early period of her married life, than the remarks which were made by one who knew and valued her for five-and-twenty years, and whose acquaintance with her first commenced at this time, as he was assisting her husband in his parochial duties.* In conversation after her death, he remarked—"The fibres of a tree give stability to the main roots, so in little things the character is shewn; two persons may appear the same, but one will be thinking of himself, and the other planning how he may do good to others. The last was dear Mrs Marsh's character; she was always planning for the good of the poor, and that with so much excellent judgment, arranging everything for them to the best advantage. She had a peculiarly sweet manner in visiting them—she helped them both temporally and spiritually." A proof of her unwearied exertions on their behalf may here be mentioned:—The whole of the day previous to the birth of one of her children (the season being very severe), she was employed in giving out blankets to the villagers; being greatly wearied in the evening, that promise was brought with much comfort to her mind: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble."

The friend here alluded to mentioned one instance of the self-denial of my parents, which should be re-

* The late Rev. J. Haldane Stewart.

corded here. To enable them to increase their means of doing good, not long after their marriage, they gave up their carriage and horses, and turned the coach-house into a school-room for the children of the village. On another occasion he thus speaks of my mother :— “ It was my privilege to know her in the morning of life, when, although surrounded by friends among the higher circles, she was led by Divine grace to enter willingly upon the duties of a clergyman’s wife in a country parish. It was then she preferred to sit at the feet of Jesus and hear His word ; and this ought especially to be noticed to remove an error into which some fall, that the sincere followers of our Lord, who enter upon His service, do this from disgust or disappointment. No, there was no disappointment here. It was in the bloom of her days, when all was cheerful and pleasant around her, that she took her station as the willing helpmeet of a pastor’s duty in a country village. And here she made that good confession so accordant with our text, ‘ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord ;’ for frequently in conversation she made known her principles, declaring that her dependence was altogether on her Saviour—her desire to be found in Christ—and her aim to be conformed to His image,—Jesus her Lord, Jesus her Saviour, Jesus her Advocate, Jesus her righteousness, Jesus her example, Jesus her all in all. And this faith manifested itself by cheerful piety, by readiness for prayer, by study of

the Word, by constant self-denial, and by lively zeal and enlarged benevolence. What used much to strike me was her sound good sense and superior wisdom ; that, whilst so spiritually minded, she could yet diligently attend to the ordinary affairs of life, uniting in her measure those rare graces which shone so brightly in our blessed Lord. He, though so conversant with heavenly things as to speak of future glory as mansions in His Father's house, was yet so attentive to minute concerns that He commanded His disciples to gather up the fragments that remained, that nothing be lost. There was in her also an enlarged spirit—a spirit ready to sacrifice the pleasure she derived from the society of her beloved husband, though none more delighted in such society, and willingly to permit him to pursue his duties unconstrained, upon this truly Christian principle, that though, as she beautifully said, 'his Master's service gives me less of his society now, I shall enjoy it more when we reach our home.' For her religion was not of that character which blazes high and soon expires, which 'hears the word with joy, but in time of temptation falls away ;' it was the steady flame which Divine love kindles, partaking of that charity which 'suffereth long and is kind, which seeketh not her own, which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' This was her religion, as I almost daily witnessed for some years after her marriage ; and although 'the great Husband-

man' latterly placed us in different parts of His vineyard, I have since seen and heard quite sufficient to enable me to say that she continued in this same blessed course. But *I* need not bear testimony to her 'continuance in well-doing;' ask her dear family what were her daily employments—ask the numerous friends who shared in her correspondence—or ask the many young persons who have since been instructed by her counsels, encouraged by her kindness, soothed by her consolations, and, above all, blessed in answer to her fervent prayers. Ask *them* what her religion was, and they will say that her path was 'that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' Her faith became more simple, her hope more assured, her views of the Divine character more clear, her sense of the vanity of the world more strong, and her confidence in her Saviour still more entire." *

She remained at Basildon till my father was obliged to leave the curacy of St Lawrence's, Reading, in consequence of the death of the rector; and the dampness of Basildon (it being situated on the banks of the Thames) affecting his health, he felt it necessary to resign this charge also into the hands of another faithful minister of Christ. But, although removed from them by the good providence of God, my mother was not forgotten by those to whom she had been so great

* Extract from the Rev. J. H. Stewart's sermon, preached at her funeral.

a temporal and spiritual blessing. The prayers of the villagers followed her departing steps, and, even after the lapse of a period of twenty years, her name was mentioned with deep and affectionate reverence to one of her children who was staying in that neighbourhood. "She visited us when we were sick, she comforted us when we were in trouble, she instructed our children, and she taught us the way to heaven," was the simple testimony to her instructions, given by one who had learned the value of her soul, and the grace of her Redeemer, from the lips of this earnest Christian.

BASILDON, *Dec. 29.*

I find not an iota of my love for you abated, notwithstanding the great portion of my heart which my dear Mr M. possesses. Christianity is of that expansive nature, that it enables us to love every creature, and yet to give the supreme love to Him who alone can make us truly blest. Oh! my dearest Harriet, how much I have experienced of the mercy of God this week. The night before Christmas-day, my husband complained of a tightness in his chest—a malady to which, alas! he is very subject. He was very feverish: I trembled for the exertions of the day. A neighbouring clergyman, who had not been at Basildon church for some time, was there and assisted him. Oh! how my heart rejoiced when I saw him go into the desk. He had still to preach at St Lawrence's, in Reading;

he slept a little in the carriage by the way, and got through his sermon, and though very ill after it, yet his chest did not seem more inflamed; it has pleased God so graciously to bless the means used, that he is considerably better. . . . I hope you will come to Basildon while my uncle and aunt go to Bath: the longer you can stay the more pleased we shall be. Mrs Cadogan begs her Christian regards to you; her love for Mr M. is that of a mother for an only son. There is something so tranquil in her house, and she is so truly the gentlewoman, that I feel myself very happy in having her for a friend. Our kindest love and best wishes attend you.—Your very affectionate

MARIA C. MARSH.

BASILDON, *April 9.*

I do indeed feel increasing pleasure in surveying your prospects, because the character of your dear friend rises on my mind with increasing interest. Oh, that to all the overflowing mercies our God bestows, He may mercifully add a truly thankful heart! We are indeed highly favoured, my dearest Harriet; and I trust my beloved husband and your dear friend will “turn many to righteousness, and shine as the stars for ever and ever.” What cause for praise in time and eternity! It pleased God to bring us in peace and safety to dear Mrs Cadogan’s soon after four o’clock. We prayed, read, and talked on the most delightful of

all subjects in the carriage. When we arrived, we found our dear friend much affected: she had just received an account of the death of Lord Cadogan, her dear husband's father.* . . . I have been highly favoured with health to enjoy my privileges. I want only a more thankful, humble, holy heart.

HER ESCAPE FROM THE TRIFLES OF THE WORLD.

BASILDON, *May 20.*

You and I, my dearest Harriet, are monuments of our God's condescending care and goodness, snatched from a world of folly and vanity. What would have been our situation now without the knowledge of Christ and His salvation? We should have been wearied of the world's trifling pleasures, and yet pursuing them for want of something better; mortified and disappointed, living without God in the world. Now we are taught to know something of ourselves and our reconciled God, and to desire to know more and to love more. . . . I have the children from the village school two or three times in the week to be taught the Scriptures and questioned; the school from the hill also comes to me once a-week, so that I have the consolation of doing something for the cause of Christ, though it is but little. . . . Dear Lady Marsh, Mr M.'s sister, and her little girl, are with us: all seem much better for Basildon air, and so happy, it does me

* The father, also, of Lady Louisa Marsh.

good to see them. It is a great mercy that God has given me their affection, as well as that of my dear husband. I need hardly tell you how warmly he participates in your and Mr C——'s prospects of happiness being so nearly accomplished, as I trust they now are.—Believe me your most affectionate

M. C. MARSH.

MR SIMEON COMES TO BASILDON.

BASILDON, *May 6.*

I have had a very great privilege the last week in the company of dear Miss Lambard and that holy man of God, Mr Simeon. He has been for twenty-four years a zealous minister of the gospel, and singularly useful; he is now laid by from the total failure of his voice (I trust only for a season). He said to me yesterday, "The Lord deals with me in the greatest mercy; He has been doing some little good by me; now He has laid me by, and now is the time to *get* good for myself. My curate, who took an under part while I was in health, is now exceedingly growing in grace, and wonderfully acceptable to my dear people. I am not wanted at all. If it please God to place me again in a post of usefulness, I hope to serve Him with all my strength; if not, I feel sure that He does not want my services." My dearest Harriet, to have seen and heard him was a lesson that I pray may be deeply engraven on my heart by the Holy Spirit.

Mr Simeon's name and character are well known.

He was a man of sincere piety and ardent zeal. He gave up time, energy, ability, and fortune, to the promotion of sound religion in the University of Cambridge. For many years he endured opposition, and even persecution. But he lived long enough to overcome prejudice, and disarm resentment, and died ranking high in the estimation of all the wise and good in the university, and far beyond its precincts. He was naturally eccentric. One day, when, after a long absence, Mr Marsh revisited him at King's College, Mr Simeon, seeing that his friend had omitted to take proper care of the carpet, led him back through two or three rooms to the mat at the outer door, and would not exchange greetings until Mr Marsh had repaired his error, and obeyed the old bachelor's law of the Medes and Persians which he had unwittingly broken.

Mr Simeon was fond of trite sayings. Thus, of the dissenters he would say, "Out-preach, out-pray, out-pew them. *These* are your weapons."

He was an actor by natural gift. And no one, who has seen and heard him present to the eye as well as to the ear the types of the Mosaic ceremonial law, specially such as the scape-goat carrying the believer's sins away into the wilderness, and leaving them there, can ever forget their significance, or the force of that representation. Once, when preaching at Colchester on the cast-off Jewish olive-tree (Rom. xi.), he seemed to strew the aisles with the broken branches, till the congregation,

when coming out, almost feared to tread upon the remnants. He was Mr Marsh's patron at Colchester, and an attached friend.

BASILDON, *June 19.*

Suffer me to urge upon you, my dearest Harriet, considerable caution in making a large religious acquaintance: I always thought it undesirable; now I am convinced of it. Few Christian characters attain that eminence in grace to make a compensation for the loss of time it occasions. . . . Now that you are likely to be settled near Leicester, I will write immediately to Mrs Babington: to their house you will never go without deriving the greatest pleasure and profit; there also you will occasionally meet my dear and excellent friends, Mr and Mrs Wilberforce. . . . Dear Lady Marsh is here; she is a most kind and affectionate mother to me. . . . I fear we cannot possibly be with you on Monday, as my dear Mr M. has now three sermons to preach on a Sunday, two at Reading and an evening lecture at Basildon, and he is so worn out on Monday that he is hardly able to take a journey; but for *your* marriage we would stretch a point. . . . I passed two most pleasant days at Coombe Lodge with Mrs Gardiner* lately, and was delighted with her conversation. . . .—Believe me ever your truly attached

MARIA C. MARSH.

* The mother of the excellent missionary, Captain Allen Gardiner.

THE DUTIES AND THE PRIVILEGES OF A CHRISTIAN
CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.BASILDON, *July 8.*

I often think of you, pray for you, feel for you, and rejoice and give thanks for you, my beloved friend. How very different must be the feelings of those who are going to be united to men of the world and those who are going to be united to real Christians. When we consider the latter, to all the kindness and affection which so near and dear a relation will shew, we are going to gain a pious adviser, counsellor, and instructor, a perpetual priest and intercessor—one who will talk to us of God, His perfections, His dealings with His children, His gracious promises, His holy precepts, the happiness of His saints, the blessedness and glory of heaven. What a rich treasure does a Christian woman gain when God gives her a partner from one of His own children! It is an unspeakable honour to be united to any of His children, but much more to one of His court—His ambassador, who brings the glad tidings of great joy to all people; but my beloved friend, in a world like this, honey must be mixed with gall; we must sometimes expect to weep as well as rejoice with them. The difficulties attending the due performance of their ministerial duties are great: the opposition of the self-righteous to the humbling truths of the gospel—the contempt and scorn of the profane

—the blindness and ignorance of the majority—and, what is still more painful, the unchristian lives of many professors; in all these trials a minister's wife must bear her share—she must have a word of consolation from the Scriptures to cheer in a drooping moment, and she must be much in secret prayer for her beloved husband and his flock. . . . I have not time to add more than our united prayers for yourself and dear Mr C——. Believe me your most affectionate friend,

MARIA C. MARSH.

BASILDON, *July 29.*

MY VERY DEAREST HARRIET,—With my mind and heart I have followed you all this day, the most important day of your life; my imperfect petitions have been solemnly offered up for you and dear Mr C——. May the blessing of Jehovah, our Triune, gracious covenant God, be the everlasting portion of both my dear friends! May you daily experience the Father's love and favour, the redeeming mercy of the Son, and the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit! . . . My dear husband's excellent curate, Mr Stewart,* has got lodgings about a mile and a-half from us; he dined here yesterday, and went from hence to expound and pray at the house of one of the farmers in the parish, where he was to meet several persons. I think his residence here will

* The Rev. J. H. Stewart, afterwards minister of Percy Chapel.

be an unspeakable blessing; the more I see of him the higher I esteem him. . . . Mr M. is in London; I sometimes feel our frequent separations a great trial, but when in a right frame of mind, I can see God's goodness and love in this. It has a tendency to keep us both more dependent on the Lord for our happiness. We are forced to seek Him in time of need, and He, in return, renders our meetings doubly pleasant. . . . I must bid you adieu; may the best blessings our gracious God can bestow be your portion!—Your very affectionate friend, in the best bonds,

M. C. MARSH.

BASILDON, Dec. 16.

Your delightful letter, my beloved Harriet, was quite a cordial to my heart, and it was a matter of thankfulness to both of us, that our dear friends reached their home in peace and safety: you were both under the protection of Him who "neither slumbereth nor sleepeth," and He has graciously preserved your going out and coming in. Oh, that we were duly sensible of all *known* mercies; the multitude which cannot be discovered by us exceeds perhaps all calculation. I could not write to you last Thursday because my dearest husband was seriously ill. I thank God he is now recovering, though very slowly. The cold he suffered

from while you were with us went off rapidly; but he caught another on Tuesday—a very severe one—which confined him to his bed some days. We had cause to sing of mercy even in this trial, for if the cold had entirely fallen upon his chest, I do not know what might have been the termination. He was very ill on Tuesday night, but his mind in a most happy frame. He talked much of the sufferings of our Lord, and how much the *human nature* did actually suffer. He proved these thoughts by quoting the passages of Scripture which described His sufferings. The conversation was very edifying. I could not but draw a contrast between our feelings under this trial and those of the world in similar circumstances. Such heavenly meditations beguiled the tedious hours, lessened *his* sufferings and *my* anxiety. . . . Tell Mr C—we greatly rejoice he perseveres in expounding, for it appears particularly useful to the people. A very wicked man in our parish, a drunkard and a swearer, has begun to think, and already gives proof of a change. He was with us last night, and we were much pleased with his conversation. He ascribes his serious thoughts to my dear husband's expounding meetings. His wife says the last month has been the happiest in their lives. . . . Excuse haste, my time is so completely occupied between the poor and Mr M.—Your most truly affectionate

M. C. MARSH

READING.

My dear husband has been much engaged in attending a poor lady in dying circumstances at W——. She married a man of the world, who drew her too much from God. She is deeply penitent, but has no consolation. What a contrast to Mr Pentycross's triumphant feelings at the approach of the king of terrors! Mr M. preached his funeral sermon, from "We who have believed do enter into rest." The four heads were—Rest by faith—Rest from evil passions—Rest in the providential dispensations of God—Rest in the arms of death, in hope of glory. If my husband were here, he would send his kindest love; he is at Wallingford. How often are we separated! I seldom know what it is to have two days of his company uninterrupted. But *all* is right, I should be too happy.—Your very affectionate friend, in the best bonds,

MARIA C. MARSH.

BASILDON.

I am busily engaged distributing rugs and blankets to the poor, and hope my strength will keep up till I have finished my work. The frost is very severe, and the poor suffer much; my heart aches for them, they are so distressed. . . . Our dear little M—y improves daily in understanding and affection; she is rather a strong character, but has a very feeling heart, and knows already what *good* and *naughty* mean. I am

happy to say her excellent father, much as he loves, does not spoil her. I hope we shall have your prayers that we may bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. . . . My dear friends at Watlington Park are in grief ; their infant son lived only three days. My dear brother writes me word, "that, through the all-atoning merits of our Saviour, he entered into everlasting rest." . . .

THE CONVERSION OF BASIL WOODD THE YOUNGER.

BASILDON.

I must now inform you, my beloved husband took a journey with our zealous friend Mr M——k, at the end of October, into Cornwall. They had some pleasant opportunities by the way, particularly at Exeter, where Mr Marsh expounded to a large party assembled at the house of an excellent lady. At St Austle, on the Saturday evening, Mr Marsh expounded to a hundred persons assembled at Mr Hamilton's house. On the Sunday, he preached twice at a large church, and expounded again at night at Mr H.'s. The next day, good Mr M——k gave tea and cake to a hundred children at the inn at Charlestown, which pleased the landlord so well, that he allowed him to invite the parents and friends. Two hundred grown-up persons attended. The next morning, the landlady at St Austle sent to beg Mr Marsh to expound the Holy Scriptures at her

house ; she took up the carpet in her large room, and invited fifty of her neighbours. Returning home, he preached twice at Exeter, and expounded two evenings at the former mentioned lady's house, which so overflowed on the Sunday, they were obliged at last to bar the door and *cut the bell-wire*. Oh, pray that these *short* visits may be rendered *long* blessings, even reaching through the countless ages of eternity, to those that heard him !

I must now tell you of an event which will lead you to praise and pray for our dear friends the Woodds. You know Basil Woodd, the eldest son, was not serious, but you do not know how much he had been corrupted by wicked companions. He came here in the summer, and was pleased with Mr M. ; one hope always remained, he never disbelieved the truths of revelation, or shewed any enmity to religious persons. He came again in the autumn to Streatley, to see his sister, and heard Mr M. here in the morning, at Reading in the afternoon, and also expound at our house in the evening. I thought he was remarkably attentive. The subject was our Lord's discourse with the woman of Samaria. Among other remarks, Mr M. observed, "There was nothing between her soul and salvation, but prayer—'If thou knewest the gift of God, thou wouldest have asked'—that the Redeemer, without reference to her past life, invited her to come immediately, and freely receive the blessings He would freely

bestow." This thought fastened on Basil Woodd's mind, and has never since forsaken him. "Then I also may become a real Christian, though I have been so sinful," was the prevailing thought in his mind from that night. He returned to his father's, where he took a violent cold, which has settled on his lungs. The symptoms became more violent, and now he is in a dying state. Mr M. saw him last week ; as soon as he entered the room, Basil Woodd clasped him in his arms, and said, "Oh, my dear friend, you are the instrument of bringing me to God." He is deeply and increasingly penitent for past sins ; he hopes in his Saviour's mercy, and takes great delight in hearing the Scriptures read, or any pious subject discussed. His views of heaven are very spiritual. "How delightful," he exclaimed, "to behold that Saviour who died for guilty sinners like me ! to be free from sin and temptation, and for ever in the blissful presence of God ! there, too, I shall meet my beloved father and my dear Christian friends ; in a few years they will all come to me."

My little school in the village is increased to twenty-eight scholars, sixteen of whom are in a very improved state since you saw them. The Bible class consists of nine ; we have gone through the Book of Genesis. I hear them read a chapter, and then require them to look it over, and give me an account of its contents next time we meet. I have found this mode of in-

struction very beneficial. I generally hear them two mornings in the week. I have also taken in hand the school at Upper Basildon. . . . You will be thankful to hear my health continues very good. I have no gloomy thoughts connected with my approaching confinement, but I pray to be prepared for a removal, if it should seem good to my God to take me. I need not urge you, my sister-friend, to be kind to my beloved little M—y. Will you transfer your love from me to her; write to her, have her with you if possible, and interest yourself in her education; tell her of the vanity and insignificance of the world, and endeavour to lead her to surrender her young heart to her Saviour? I only write as one who knows she *may* die. I hope, through the all-atoning blood of my dear Redeemer, I may say, “Lord, *now*, or whenever thou pleasest, let thy servant depart in peace.” Adieu, my much-loved friend and sister.—Your most tenderly and faithfully attached

M. C. MARSH.

BASILDON.

This is another anniversary of that happy day which united me to my most excellent husband; I am determined to devote an hour of it in conversing with my beloved Harriet. When I review the mercies of the Lord, I am lost in wonder and admiration. Such a husband, so kind, affectionate, and indulgent—so

heavenly-minded and devoted. He is everything to me as a friend, a companion, a Christian, and a minister. Oh! what praise, what thanks I owe. Yet the Lord has added to this blessing two lovely, promising children. He has given me health, ease, some opportunities of usefulness, with the means of helping others.

- Pray for me, that I may have grace to live more to Him who is the author of all my mercies—that I may become more humble, holy, and spiritual, more active and zealous. . . . I am happy to tell you both the dear children are well. M—y is quite a little woman, tall, stout, and active beyond her age; she can hold a conversation, and understand a little story perfectly; she can almost repeat two of Dr Watts' hymns, "The little busy bee," and "Whene'er I take my walks abroad." She will have a musical ear and voice, I think, for she frequently catches the tune when we are singing a hymn at family worship. Oh! may my sweet child learn to delight in singing the praises of her God and Saviour. She loves her father to excess; to do him justice, he does not spoil her, only indulges her in little things, but if anything be really wrong, he is mildly firm till it is subdued.

Little M—— is a lovely child, sweet tempered, very fond of papa and mamma. I hope they will grow up to use every talent they may possess in the service of their God and Saviour. I cannot bear the thought of their being the *half-way* characters one often meets

with among the children of many good parents. I hope they will be real, thorough Christians, employing themselves from morning till night for God's glory, and their fellow-creatures' good. . . . You will rejoice to hear that Auxiliary Societies for spreading the Bible are likely to be formed at Henley and Wallingford. Mr F——, a clergyman near us, recently become serious, is a judicious, active man, and very zealous in this cause. My dear eldest brother is to be one of the vice-presidents. . . . Dear Lady Marsh and Mrs Bolton are doing some good in Monmouthshire. Mr M. went to see them for three Sundays, and preached at Chepstow: we know he was made useful to one lady; I trust to more. Lady M. becomes more and more heavenly in mind and conversation. I must bid you adieu; may the rich blessings of our gracious covenant God be your portion, and that of dear Mr C——; and while watering others, may you be watered also yourselves!—Your very tenderly attached and faithful friend,

MARIA C. MARSH.

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HER COUSIN.

BASILDON.

How often, my beloved friend, have I wished to write to you, and various have been the hindrances from day to day. I love you, if possible, more than ever, and

daily make mention of you in my petitions at the throne of grace. You have probably seen in the papers the death of my poor cousin, Countess de Bruhl—short, very short was her warning; she came home at one o'clock in the morning perfectly well; but while undressing she was seized with a spasm to which she was subject, and was called into the world of spirits before four. I think she knew and felt herself a sinner, and had more knowledge of the way of salvation than many; her prejudices were quite removed, and the last time she was here with us she purchased and read Dr Adam Clarke's "Commentary on the Bible." She has been kind enough to leave all her property among our family: the General inherits her estates, and takes the name of Chowne. I desire to devote a portion of her legacy to me to any purpose which really forwards the kingdom of our blessed Redeemer. . . . I am sure it will gladden your heart to hear that I have at last established a Sunday school, which is well attended by more than eighty children. We have converted our coach-house into a school-room, and there I generally pass four or five hours every Sunday teaching them. . . . I long for more time to talk to you of my dear babes. My beloved Mr M. is blessed with health, for although he suffers pain and fatigue in his public labours, yet he is scarcely ever laid by even for a single day, although his labours are so great and numerous; my health also is very good. Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth

us with mercies ; how great is His goodness to me and mine ! Adieu, my beloved Harriet.—Your truly attached and affectionate

M. C. MARSH.

THE DEATH OF HER NURSE.

BASILDON.

This has been a more eventful year than any since I resided at Basildon ; but what has chiefly engaged my thoughts and attention lately has been the illness and death of my faithful old nurse, Day ; she had the care of me from my earliest infancy, and never left me, having resided with me since I married. She was seized with a violent complaint on the chest the 3d of January, and was removed from this world on the 26th of the same month. Blessed be the name of the Lord, there was sweet hope in her death, and she now sleeps in Jesus. She was deeply humbled, frequently repeating, "I am a great sinner." She looked to the Saviour with a trembling yet a true faith, I have no doubt ; she was patient to a degree, mild and thankful. I never heard a murmur, though she suffered a great deal ; she never expressed anxiety but for her soul. A few days previous to her death, she told Mr M. she had been favoured with such freedom in prayer as she had never before experienced. We asked her the subject of her prayer. She replied, "The pardon

of sin, Divine teaching, and a change of heart." I doubt not she received a full and gracious answer to those petitions. You know she was not a talker, therefore everything she said on the subject of religion was less than she felt. I stood by her when she breathed her last sigh, and felt it a privilege to see and attend this faithful old servant in her dying moments. Her tender care of our dear little M—y, and seeing her soul drawn to God by Mr M.'s ministry and family instruction, amply repaid us for any trouble and expense that we incurred on her account. She is buried in the green nook between the belfry and the first entrance. We sang her favourite hymn at the grave (the 75th in Mr Cadogan's collection)—

"O happy saints that dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white," &c.

Dear little M—y often inquires for her, and says she wishes God would send her back again; she wanted also to continue to pray for her, which shews her feelings are very strong, as it is six weeks since she saw her. My dear M—— just runs alone; she requires incessant watching, being very active. . . . My beloved husband has been unusually hurried, and has suffered more from weariness than he has ever done since our marriage. I trust he will have a little more rest, for it is indeed too much for him. He has had some pleasant things in his ministry at Reading, which are sweet solaces under every trouble; the attention of his people

is very great indeed, the rising generation are very promising, and many have received the truth, and are walking in the way of holiness. . . . Dear Lady Marsh and Mrs Bolton talk of coming into Berkshire; I long to see them again. . . . Mr M. desires his kindest love; mine ever attends you and dear C——. —Your very affectionate friend,

MARIA C. MARSH.

BASILDON.

MY MOST BELOVED HARRIET,— . . . I have to impart the mournful yet happy event of dear young Basil Woodd's departure from this world, which took place on the 19th of March. The solid proofs he gave, during four months, of a real change from sin to holiness, from a carnal to a spiritual state of mind, are most decided and satisfactory. Every grace which could be displayed in a sick chamber, was visible in his temper and conduct; full of humility, hatred of sin, faith in Christ, desire after full sanctification, gratitude for mercies temporal and spiritual, submission to the will of God, whether for life or death, great anxiety for the souls of others, particularly his former companions, tender affection towards his family, and exemplary patience; all these holy and Christian tempers appear to have been habitual by the expressions which daily flowed from his lips. . . . One day his father observed with sorrow that his limbs were very much

reduced ; Basil seeing that he was weeping, said, "I have most dearly loved you. I am sorry you saw my limbs ; I may yet recover ; if so, I hope it will be to serve God and be useful. I had much rather die now than recover and return to my former habits. I desire, at all events, to be submissive to my heavenly Father's will ; I am not cast down at the thought of death. I think I should not weep an hour if I were sure that in three months I should be in my coffin. If I should die, we shall meet again." He went on conversing, that his friends whose sons were gone to India would probably never see them again, and added, "You should regard my dust in the churchyard in the same light as my great-coat in the hall, and think of me as safe and free from danger." He chose for his epitaph the following lines:—

"In youth's gay prime a thousand joys I sought,
But heaven and my immortal soul forgot ;
In riper days affliction's smarting rod
And deep decline taught me to know my God.
The change I bless'd with my expiring breath,
And life ascribed to that which brought my death."

. . . . I hope you remember your dear little God-daughter in your prayers ; she will have three praying sponsors, yourself, Mrs Bolton, and Mr Stewart. I indulge the sweet hope that great grace will be granted unto her ; I anxiously hope and pray that she may never spend any part of her life in the service of sin and the world, but, like Obadiah, "serve the Lord from

her youth." My dear M—y is equally the object of my anxious wishes and prayers. Mr M.'s love with mine.—Ever your most tenderly attached friend and sister,

M. C. MARSH.

It will be evident from these letters how kindly and affectionate was the spirit of the writer. As she truly says, "Christianity is of such an expansive nature that it enables us to love every creature, and yet to give the supreme love to Him who alone can make us truly blessed."

WATLINGTON PARK.

MY BELOVED HARRIET,—How frequently have I desired to write to you without the power of putting that wish into practice. Great have been the fatigue of body, hurry of spirits, and distressing feelings excited by our departure from dear Basildon and the neighbourhood of Reading. Blessed be God for such gracious support under these trials that my heart has not sunk. I have been comforted in Him who changeth not—who was, I humbly trust, my God at Watlington, at Basildon, and will be my gracious guide, comforter, and support also at Brighton. Blessed be His name, though I have left an abode so dear to me as my beloved husband's habitation, where he placed me on our happy, happy union, yet I have not left it as a widow, nor have I left the mortal remains of either dear babe in its churchyard.

My spiritual blessings, my dearest earthly comforts, and even my domestic comforts (for all our good servants share our lot)—all, therefore, which constitutes my chief happiness and comfort—will attend me to Brighton. But oh! how my heart was wrung when my school children stood weeping around me when I closed the door of that room where I had endeavoured to instruct them in the Word of God; when I bid adieu to all my poor, and when they came out to give a last look at our departing carriage. My tears flow now when I think of those moments; but, blessed be God, we have not left our little flock without a shepherd; we leave them under the care of good Mr F——, whose piety is sound and scriptural, who will teach adults and children their fallen state by nature, and to seek salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord. . . . I came to this dear place last Tuesday, when I found dearest Sophia a much greater sufferer than I expected; she has been struggling between life and death for thirteen weeks, and still her recovery appears very doubtful. I think her state of mind most promising and comforting; her patience is quite an example, and her resignation to the Divine will. May this trial be fully sanctified to us all! I shall remain here till the 2d of April, and then proceed to Brighton. Adieu, my beloved friend; meet us often at the throne of grace.—Your very affectionate friend and sister,

MARIA C. MARSH.

CHAPTER IV.

Life at Brighton.

"Well reported of for good works."

1 *Tim.* v. 10.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

CHAPTER IV.

Brighton—Her Influence over Young Persons—Extracts from Conversations—Hooker—Letters—St Chrysostom—Venn's Complete Duty of Man—St James's Chapel—Law-suit—Mr Simeon's Letter—Colchester—Military Station.

LIFE AT BRIGHTON.

THE spring of the year found them established at Brighton. Mr Marsh had been appointed to the incumbency of St James's Chapel. Grieved as they were to leave their flock at Basildon, they yet were convinced that Brighton must afford a larger sphere of usefulness. Mrs Marsh often spoke of this period with much delight. Her beloved husband's ministry was made instrumental in the conversion of many persons, and this filled her heart with gratitude. She also enjoyed the society of many Christian friends ; some of whom still remain to deplore the loss of one with whom they had so often held communion concerning the things which belong to their everlasting peace, and by whose conversation they had so frequently been cheered and instructed on their journey heavenwards. Whilst she was at Brighton, her consistently Christian conduct and judicious advice were made useful to several young persons moving in the higher ranks of society. Her elegant and courteous manners, combined with a mind stored with information, and a heart filled with kindness, rendered her peculiarly attractive to young

persons ; and she did not fail to improve the opportunities of intercourse with them to impress upon their minds the indelible truth, "They that seek me early shall find me," and that Religion's "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

EXTRACTS FROM CONVERSATIONS.

Christ is the "true vine." The whole body of believers are the "branches." How could He sustain, strengthen, and support the whole Church hanging upon Him, unless He were *Divine*? How could He give spiritual life unless He were *God*? And from John xv. 5, we learn that all spiritual life is derived from Christ. See what St Paul says, Gal. ii. 20.

The Scriptures uphold every *relative* and *social* duty, and never set us free from *moral* obligations. The whole of the third chapter of the 1st Epistle of Peter proves it. How striking is the first verse in reference to *conduct* and *example*! Conduct has a silent influence. "A meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of *great price*." "Learn of me," said the Saviour, "for I am meek and lowly." Christianity will regulate even our *dress*: "whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair," &c.

There are constant exhortations in the Scriptures to

prayer and *watchfulness*. The spirit of *watchfulness* will discover our need of *prayer*; and the spirit of *prayer* will excite a spirit of *watchfulness*.

“Love not the world.” The *love* of *God* cannot dwell in that heart which *loves* the *world*. The *instability* of the world affords a striking reason why it should not be loved. “The world passeth away.” The blessedness of the true Christian is, “He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.”


“*Sin is the transgression of the law.*” How simple and clear is this scriptural definition of sin; extending, however, to the transgression of the law in *thought*, *word*, and *deed*, to every precept and the *spirit* of it. It will be the grief of the Christian that he is still subject to sin, and it will be his daily effort and prayer that the power of sin may become weakened in him. No man can be a sincere Christian if he habitually indulge in any sin. “How very low and weak are our *best* attainments here. If we more fully *realised* our high privileges as Christians, the more holy should we become, and act less in conformity to the world.”

“Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His *Son* to be the *propitiation* for our sins.” Propitiation here means a *covering*. As the two tables of the *law* were placed in the ark and

thus concealed from sight, so Christ covers all our transgressions of that law, and hides them from the sight of God.

Nothing seems to assimilate us to *Deity* like the spirit of *love*. What a proof that it should be diligently cultivated !

As the Israelites could not enter into the *earthly* Canaan because of *unbelief*, neither shall we enter the *heavenly* Canaan if we are Christians in name only, and have but the form of religion without the power. Faith is the grand medium of receiving all spiritual benefits. Those who *believe* enter into the *rest* of *faith*. When we can truly believe the gospel, it brings rest to the soul—peace to the conscience. “Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.” How beautiful is the faith of Abraham ! He left his home, country, and kindred, “not knowing whither he went.” In Heb. xi. 10, however, we have the *why* and the *wherefore*—“he looked for a city whose builder and maker is God.” What a wonderful instance of his faith, in being ready to offer up *that son* in whom God’s promises to him were centred ! Abraham was to learn from his own feelings, and from the figure before him, the wonderful love of God, who “spared not His own Son, but freely gave Him up for us all.” Isaac’s was also a *voluntary* offering, and



therefore becomes more typical of the love of our God and Saviour, who *willingly* laid down His life.

The Bible records things just as they are—that there *may* be for a short time *pleasure* in sin, though it will not last. The mind of Moses was raised to high and heavenly things, therefore he could despise the throne, the crown, because he knew there was a better inheritance for him in heaven. The Old Testament believers must have been men of superior piety; they had to look through types, shadows, sacrifices, to learn what is now clearly revealed to us by the gospel.

How beautiful is the exhortation in Heb. xii. 1—“Let us lay aside every weight,” &c. As those who run a race divest themselves of every burden, so are we, in our Christian race, to lay aside the greatest burden, the weight of sin, and cast it at the foot of the cross. The whole of this chapter is very encouraging to the tried and afflicted Christian; it graciously comes down to our natural feelings, for under great trials it is very difficult not to “be wearied and faint in our minds.” We are not to “despise the chastening of the Lord”—*not* to *faint* under it; and as a strong motive for its patient endurance, we are taught that, “whom the Lord *loveth* He *chasteneth*.” Did we fully believe our afflictions sent in love, we should be supported under them. Chastening is a proof of *sonship*. God designs our real

benefit in all our afflictions and trials, "that we may be partakers of His holiness."

How beautiful the apostolic wish!—"Grace be to you and peace from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ." It shews us for what we ought to pray, not worldly riches and honour, but *grace* and *peace*. Without *grace*, no duty can be performed, and without *peace*, nothing can be enjoyed. We might have all the world can give, but without "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," we cannot be happy.

We are not justified by any works or deeds that we have done, but solely and entirely by the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. When justified, the Christian must seek to "adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things." The *law* extends to our thoughts, motives, words, and actions; therefore we cannot be justified by the works of the law. "He who offendeth in one point offendeth in all." *Sanctification* must follow *justification*. If we are saved from the condemning power of the law, then "we no longer live to ourselves, but to Him who died for us and rose again." Every part of Scripture seems to point to the *atonement*, to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." No work of ours must be mingled with the Saviour's. His work stands single and alone—nothing can be put with it. "The law

was our schoolmaster," &c. The *moral* law teaches us by convincing us of sin ; the *ceremonial* law teaches by its types and its sacrifices leading us to Christ. The more we enter into the spirituality of the law, the more do we become sensible of our inability to obey its precepts. Though we cannot be saved by the works of the law, yet they are to be the rule of life, regulating our actions. The law is obeyed, not because it is to be our righteousness, for *that* righteousness is in *Christ*, but we obey it from motives of love and gratitude to Christ, and as an evidence that we have a true and lively faith.

The spirit of Christianity is a *decided* spirit. We are not to be afraid or ashamed of owning Christ crucified, and must have holy Christian boldness, being "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

It is very important to remark the coincidence between the 23d Psalm, the 40th chapter of Isaiah, ver. 9, 10, 11, the 34th of Ezekiel, ver. 11, &c., and the 10th and 21st chapters of St John. "The Lord is my shepherd," &c. The Lord, in Hebrew capital letters, always means *Jehovah*, the *self-existing* God. David calls the *Lord his Shepherd*. Isaiah says, "Behold, the Lord God (*Jehovah*) will come," &c. "He shall feed His flock like a *Shepherd*," &c. Ezekiel says, "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold *I, even I*, will search *my sheep* and seek

them out," &c. Our Saviour's own language is, "*I am the good Shepherd*;" and His command to Peter is, "*Feed my sheep*." What inference from the whole can we draw, but that *Jesus is Jehovah*? The Jews, under the *Old Testament*, had *Jehovah for their Shepherd*. In the *New Testament*, *Jesus* is the *Shepherd* of His people. If, indeed, it could be proved that *Jesus* is *not Jehovah*, then would it be better to return to *Judaism*, if the Christian is to lose so great a privilege. Yet Christianity is intended to *complete* the Divine plan of salvation. May our Unitarian friends seriously consider this important question!

Hooker says, "Although in ourselves we be altogether sinful and unrighteous, yet even the man who is impious in himself, full of iniquity, full of sin, him being found in Christ through faith, and having his sin remitted through repentance, him God upholdeth with a gracious eye, putteth away his sin by not imputing it, taketh away quite the punishment due thereunto by pardoning it, and accepteth him in Jesus Christ as perfectly righteous as if he had fulfilled all that was commanded him in the law." This was her creed, as she writes

TO MISS H——.

BRIGHTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I often think of our interesting

conversations on the most important of all subjects. I was very happy to discover you had made such attainments in *self-knowledge*. When we are enabled by Divine assistance to turn our thoughts to the state of our hearts, and measuring ourselves, not by the defective standard of worldly morality, but by the unerring and unchangeable law of God, we must discover not only innumerable omissions of duty and commissions of sin, but likewise the *imperfection* of our best actions in the sight of that holy Being who searches the heart. These discoveries will humble us, and lead us to see that we need a *complete* Saviour, and not, as too many hold, one who will make up for *our deficiencies*. No, my dear friend, we must be justified wholly and entirely by faith in the merits of our blessed Saviour. His atonement and righteousness must be our plea at the bar of mercy. This appears to be a fundamental principle of the Christian religion, and was the grand article of debate between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches at the Reformation. The Articles and Homilies most decidedly hold the important doctrines of man's fallen state, and justification by faith in Jesus Christ our Saviour. Another equally important lesson self-knowledge leads us to learn is, our need of regeneration, and sanctification by the Holy Spirit. These doctrines run like a golden thread through the sacred volume (see Psalm li. 9, 10; Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, 27). Our blessed Saviour expressly declares it in the third

chapter of St John's Gospel, ver. 3, 5, 7, 8. I have only selected these few. In tracing these leading truths through your Bible, you will find innumerable passages to the same effect. This gracious work, the Holy Ghost undertakes to perform in our hearts ; He is granted in answer to our prayers. Oh ! my dear friend, how exactly does the gospel meet all the wants of fallen, sinful man !* It delivers us from guilt, and removes that evil which lies deep within, and thus prepares us for the enjoyment of eternal and complete felicity. How gracious, how merciful, does the Divine character appear when we enter into this important plan ! We see infinite wisdom devising the great remedy, and infinite love executing it. May we learn more and more our need of it, and feel daily gratitude for the unspeakable blessings of redemption ! May not only our lips but our lives praise Him, and may we find that in keeping His commandments there is great reward !—Believe me your sincere and affectionate

M. C. MARSH.

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT AS THE TEACHER AND
COMFORTER OF THE CHURCH.

TO THE SAME.

BRIGHTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The simple fact is this ; we are

* “Unclasp thy conscience before God, and *show thy wounds to Him, and of Him ask a medicine.*”—ST CHRYSOSTOM.

wholly fallen from God. He graciously pitied us in our low estate, sent His only begotten Son into the world to take our nature, suffer and die in our stead, and now invites us to come and receive pardon and righteousness through Him ; but we are not able of ourselves to arise and receive the gracious gift. This is the work of the Holy Spirit. He first convinces us of our need of these blessings, and then gives us that faith which enables us to apply them to ourselves. *He* is the great Teacher and Comforter of the Church. Read the 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters of St John's Gospel (our blessed Saviour's last discourse with His disciples), and there you will see how delightfully He consoles His afflicted followers under their apprehension of His speedy removal from earth, by the assurance of the assistance and continual influence of the Holy Ghost. The more we pray for His guidance, the better we shall understand the Holy Scriptures,* the more lively our faith will be, the more we shall increase in all holy obedience to the commandments of God. No wonder our excellent Liturgy teaches us to pray, "Take not Thy Holy Spirit from us : " and again, in the Communion Service, "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit," &c. See also the Collects for Whitsunday and Quinquagesima Sunday. Oh, that these prayers may become ours, and

* "The Scriptures of God are not to be practically interpreted without the Spirit of God."—DR A. BUTLER.

that we may daily receive the assistance of that Holy Spirit, who will graciously lead us into all truth, and enable us to perform every duty from Christian motives!

I have been very much pleased by reading Venn's "Complete Duty of Man:" there is a chapter on the nature and extent of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ which I am sure would afford you comfort. I thank you for the kind solicitude you express for me and mine. My dear Mr M. is better for rest and sea air, and I trust the place will agree with him. He has experienced much kindness from the trustees of St James's, particularly Mr and Mrs N. Kemp and Sir T. Bernard. From other quarters he has had trials; but I am thankful to say those trials have only given him an opportunity of shewing the meekness of a Christian, and a readiness to pray for those who have not used him well through mistake and prejudice. It is a greater mercy when God enables us to exercise Christian temper than to have the greatest earthly gain. Riches and honours perish in a short time, but faith, hope, and charity are those cardinal graces which can never perish; for faith will lead to the Saviour, who overcame death and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers—hope, to the enjoyment of the heavenly bliss—whilst charity, or love, is the very temper of the heavenly world. God is love—the angelic host love Him above all, and love each other as themselves. The spirits of the just will be perfected in love.

Give my love to all the dear circle at Watlington Park.—Believe me ever your affectionate

M. C. MARSH.

Brighton was at that period rising into note. The fresh air of the Downs, the extent of the sea view, the cheery look of the white chalk cliffs stretching up to Beachy Head, and the comparatively easy access from London, were contributing to draw thither many families seeking for health and enjoyment at the sea-side. This circumstance induced Mr Marsh to accept the offer of St James's Chapel. He felt that there was much work to be done for his heavenly Master, amongst an influential class of persons. A beneficial influence exercised over them would react upon a large number of souls with whom they were connected. The event proved the truthfulness of these expectations. The little chapel was thronged. Many profited. The glad tidings of salvation, full and free to all who wished to be saved, were at that time seldom faithfully announced. A cold and dry statement of duties was the usual characteristic of a sermon. The English pulpit was not dumb, but it spoke only half the truth. The great theological verity, which Mr Wilberforce so well declared, had been forgotten, "That the true Christian knows that his holiness does not precede his reconciliation with God and become its cause, but follows and is its effect; in short, it is by faith in Christ only that he

is to be justified in the sight of God." But when this ancient Bible truth was once more sounded forth, it appeared as if it were a novelty. Opposition was provoked, and some of the elder clergy endeavoured to prevent those of their brethren who preached this doctrine from entering their parishes. So it was at Brighton. The then vicar was opposed to the constant preaching of this truth, and although he had consented to waive his legal right to put a veto upon the appointment to St James's Chapel, and had agreed to leave the decision to the Bishop of Chichester, he was afterwards induced to claim back the right, and to exercise it against the nomination of Mr Marsh. The case, however, by the advice of friends, was tried; but the Court advised its withdrawal, by which withdrawal Mr Marsh was deprived of the ministry of the chapel. Thus the door, which seemed to have been widely opened, after nine months of ministerial labour, was suddenly closed.

There was work to be done elsewhere. At this moment, when his congregation at Brighton were in grief, and Mr Marsh was in uncertainty as to what course he should pursue, or what pathway would lie open before him, Mr Simeon, of Cambridge, wrote to him to say that he had been watching the proceedings of the trial, and had been keeping vacant to the last legal moment the vicarage of St Peter's, Colchester, that he

might be able to offer it in case of the result of the suit being unfavourable.

Colchester, therefore, was apparently the post in which Mr Marsh was to be placed. After brief consideration he accepted the offer, and removed thither from Brighton. At Colchester he laboured assiduously and usefully for more than fifteen years. St Peter's was a large church, and the principal church of the town; but the emolument was so small as to be insufficient, without a considerable outlay of Mr Marsh's private property, to sustain the charities and expenses which devolved upon him as the leading clergyman of the place. Colchester was at this time a town of some note; for during the war with the first Napoleon a camp had been formed in the neighbourhood, and a large number of soldiers were quartered in and near the town. This opened up a more extended sphere of usefulness than a country town would usually have afforded. Mr Marsh's ministry, especially his week-day lecture, was rendered useful to several military men. More than one Cornelius was instructed and confirmed in the truth. The schools also of St Peter's parish were large, and the parish itself extensive. There was at first some opposition manifested on the part of a few of the attendants at the church, whose views were rather more Calvinistic than Mr Marsh's; but after a time it ceased.

CHAPTER V.

Life at Colchester.

"Old men beheld, and did her reverence,
And bade their daughters look, and take from her
Example of their future life. The young
Admired, and new resolve of virtue made."

Pollok.

CHAPTER V.

Duties at Colchester—Interest in the Slaves—Life at Home—
Labours—Letters—Lady Marsh's Character—Bradley's Ser-
mons—Non-conformity to Worldly Fashions—Archbishop
Leighton—Mr Marsh's Journey to Ireland with Mr Lewis Way
• —Morning Visits—Domestic Sorrows—Comfort in her Children
—Sermons by Mr Gerard Noel—Death of Lady Marsh.

LIFE AT COLCHESTER.

THE wife of a clergyman in a large parish has no sinecure. There are schools to be inspected and directed ; there are institutions to be maintained and enlarged ; there are sick and dying to be visited and instructed.

In Colchester Mrs Marsh's active exertions in the cause of her Redeemer took an extended form. She not only superintended the Sunday and week-day schools, but presided at the Ladies' Committees of the Bible, the Church Missionary, and the Jews' Societies. In addition to the management of these local auxiliaries, she also felt a lively interest in the anti-slavery cause, and was, with Mrs Hannah More, one of the first ladies who were written to on the subject, by that zealous friend of the slaves in the West Indies, Mrs Townsend, and their answers to Mrs Townsend's letters were a great encouragement to her to proceed in her benevolent work. She also managed several societies formed for the temporal relief of the poor. And on the Saturday afternoon she devoted two hours to the religious instruction of the children of the trades-

people. The sick, also, were the objects of her special attention. She loved to point the dying eye to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world;" and to whisper into the ear, so soon to be deaf to all the sounds of earth, the comforting assurance, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Yet, let it not be thought, by any one who may peruse these pages, that, amidst all this public usefulness, private or family religion were ever neglected. No, her first morning hours were given to her God. Early did she pour forth the petitions of her heart to Him who heareth and answereth prayer; and no sooner were her own private prayers concluded, than her attention was directed towards those who were committed to her charge. She rose at six in the morning, and at half-past seven assembled her children to read and explain the Scriptures, and to pray with them. She delighted in leading their thoughts to that gracious Saviour, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." She also would frequently pray with her daughters separately, especially if she had observed anything wrong in the course of the day. She would take them aside into her own room, and, with a heart overflowing with all a mother's love, she would point out the sin they had committed, how grievous it was in the sight of God, and how painful to

her, and then taking them by the hand, she would kneel down, and implore the pardoning mercy of God for the past, and grace to do better for the future. She also encouraged them in placing the most unreserved confidence in her, and urged them frankly to tell her of anything wrong which they had done when out of her sight. One example of her deep humility will never be effaced from their minds: At a moment when she was particularly engaged, two of them ran into the room to ask her some trifling question. She answered them in a hurried manner, but, immediately afterwards, retired into her dressing-room, and, after spending some minutes in prayer, returned and expressed her sorrow at having spoken so hastily to them. They felt quite distressed at such an acknowledgment from their mother, yet, though then very young, it taught them a lesson of humility which they desire always to keep in mind. Pope indeed states, "that a man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday." But, excellent as is the precept, it is one very difficult to obey, especially when the confession is to be made by a parent to a child. She also diligently attended to the religious instruction of her servants: she would converse with them, read the Scriptures and pray with them, for deeply indeed did she feel her responsibility as a parent and a mistress; and, knowing

the public and unwearied exertions of her beloved husband, she strove to lighten his cares by her diligent attention to duties of a more private character. Often, when he has been called away to advocate the cause of those religious institutions which are the glory of our land, his language has been, "I can leave my home, without an anxious thought;" for well did he know that the spiritual welfare of his children, his household, and his people, would be the constant object of her warmest solicitude. She spared herself no fatigue to promote the welfare of the poor. She has been seen on a lecture evening supporting the steps of a poor and very aged Christian up the steep hill which led to the church, thus enabling her to enjoy the privilege of attending the house of God, which she could not reach without assistance.

In the year 1824, my father was called to the severe trial of losing his beloved and valued mother, who was a woman of genuine piety and very superior intellect, which she was so favoured as to retain clear and unimpaired until her last moments, although she had attained the advanced age of seventy-nine years. In Lady Marsh her daughter-in-law had ever found a most judicious and affectionate counsellor; and the dying testimony of this valued relative proves that the love had indeed been mutual:—"Had she been my own child, I could not have received more devoted love or more constant attention than I have always experi-

enced from my beloved daughter-in-law," were her words to an attached friend who was watching beside her. Her memory is still deeply cherished by her grandchildren, who ever found in her a second parent. Her son has justly characterised her in the words inscribed upon her tomb—"Humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unshaken in her faith, and abounding in hope, she departed this life, trusting only in the merits of her Redeemer."

TO MISS F——.

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAR MISS F——,—I fear you will find some difficulty in excusing me for my apparent inattention to you. I can assure you that I have said much more to myself than you would think necessary; and I believe if you saw my daily occupations, you would cheerfully and willingly seal my pardon. Accept of my most sincere thanks for your very interesting letter. Mr Marsh and I read with very great pleasure the account you so kindly gave us of your schools, and the delightful occupations which employ your time. I often think of you, and sincerely wish I could transport myself to witness your daily labours, and your morning instructions to the poor shepherd boy. May that Almighty Being, who has graciously inclined your heart to exert yourself for the best interests of your poor fellow-creatures, crown those exertions with His

blessing, that the seeds of His holy Word being sown in their hearts, may produce the fruits of true repentance, lively faith, and holy obedience !

Permit me to recommend your questioning the children, and also your little protégé, on what they read in the Holy Scriptures. Suppose they had been reading the parable of the lost sheep, in the 15th of St Luke, ask them, Who are the lost sheep? *You* must at first give the answer, which ought to be, "Sinners." Who came into this world to seek sinners? "The Lord Jesus Christ; He came to seek and to save that which was lost." Where is there joy when a sinner repents? "In heaven." Should not this encourage us all to pray for repentance? Do we need repentance? Our Saviour says, Luke xiii., "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The righteous persons mentioned in this parable are supposed by some commentators to mean the holy angels, whom our blessed Saviour left in heaven, and came down to earth to seek the *lost sheep* of mankind. Others consider them as persons who, having already repented and believed, need not that deep repentance which a sinner first brought to lament his sins must feel. Doubtless, to the end of life a real Christian repents every day, because every day he is sensible that his obedience, however sincere, falls short of that perfection he aims at. Every day, therefore, a Christian laments his sins, and seeks for mercy through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

The simple view of the parable I gave on the other side of the paper is best for children. Lazarus and the rich man is another simple parable; and the 25th chapter of St Matthew's Gospel is a very excellent one to impress their minds with the importance of real inward religion, right use of any talent God has given us, and a solemn view of the day of judgment. I always begin by teaching children the 1st, 2d, and 3d chapters of Genesis. I endeavour to impress their minds with a clear apprehension of man before and after the fall, and to shew them the heinous nature of Adam's sin, ingratitude, pride, and unbelief, the evil of *disobedience*, and its dreadful effects. I then shew them that they have partaken of this sad state, proving by their *disobedience*, &c., that the same spirit is in them. Till there is a proper sense and belief of the fall of man, the *recovery* through the atonement of our blessed Saviour, and the sanctification of the Holy Spirit, are not felt or prized. I think you will find Miss Neale's Sacred History a very useful work for your little protégé; I also recommend you to get "Questions on the New Testament," by the Rev. Mr Clarke, Chaplain of the Military Asylum, Chelsea; also "Letters on Education, by a Parent"—the author is Mr Babington, member for Leicester; they are very excellent.

I must now tell you that we have every reason to be thankful for the kind care of our merciful and

gracious God. The parish over which my beloved Mr M. presides in Colchester is a most important station, and he has great opportunities of working in the vineyard of his Divine Master. The serious people appear to be conscientiously attached to the Established Church, and very exemplary in their conduct. We are much pleased with our station, while we affectionately remember our dear people at Brighton, and wish them all blessings from the God of mercy and grace. We shall never forget their kindness to us, and their readiness to hear the word of God. We like our vicarage very much, and also the town of Colchester. Our dear children are well. Mr M. desires his kindest regards and best wishes.—Believe me your sincere and affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAR MISS F——,—I have delayed writing some time, partly that I might be able to fix the day for having the pleasure of seeing you here, and also that I might write a long letter. The first I can do, the last I must give up, hoping I may have the delight of conversing with you upon all the “good news from a *far* country” we so love to talk of. I hope God will graciously grant us a happy and profitable meeting for Christ our Saviour’s sake; may we have grace to realise in some small degree His agony and bitter pas-

sion ; may we go to Gethsemane and Golgotha, and there learn the evil of sin, and the love of Christ! . . .

In a short note she thus writes :—

. . . . I had sincere pleasure in your kind visit, and only lamented we had so little time together. All our pleasures here are short, and leave something to be regretted. Hereafter, “fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore, at His right hand.” We had a beautiful sermon yesterday from Heb. i. 8—“1st, The nature and extent of Christ’s kingdom ; 2dly, The qualifications He possesses for the discharge of His offices ; 3dly, The benefits and blessings His people receive from Him.—His kingdom is spiritual on earth, perfect in heaven. His qualifications—He is omnipotent, omniscient, possesses all knowledge, and exercises perfect rectitude. The benefits—He subdues their enemies, sin, Satan, the world—He will bring them to glory.” May we rejoice that He has made us willing in the day of His power!—Believe me your affectionate friend,

M. C. M.

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAR MISS F——,—Had I possessed the power of putting pen to paper as frequently as I wished to write to you, I am sure you would have received many

letters from me ; but since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I have been more fully employed than ever I was in my life before. I can only say, sweet is His service ; it is, indeed, perfect freedom. All I have to lament is, the great imperfection of my best services. May He pardon what is wrong, and bless what is right for His name's sake, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, from whom cometh the will, the power, and the opportunity to do His will in any degree !

I hope you will give us the pleasure of seeing you here for a week or ten days, to enjoy our precious privileges. How is your aunt ? I fear suffering from the severity of the season. I beg leave to recommend to her Bradley's Sermons ; there are some on affliction remarkably touching, instructive, and beautiful. May God, the Holy Spirit, lead her to the Saviour, the great Physician, who healeth the souls of those who apply to Him, and their bodies also, if it would be *well* for their souls ! Since I saw you, I have had so many interesting scenes passing before me, that I know not which to select. I must tell you of my visit to Watlington Park. I had the unspeakable delight of finding all the family making progress in true religion. My sister's attainments are wonderful ; she is deeply humble, possesses much self-acquaintance, and is very self-denying. She rises at five o'clock in the morning to read her Bible.

Her sister dedicates her time to the instruction of eighty poor children. I never yet saw such a school. She visits the sick also a great deal, and is ready for every good work. She also is an early riser.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.” Oh, what mercy to witness such a change ! You will easily believe that my visit was pleasant indeed. I have some reason to hope that my three dear nieces (the daughters of my youngest brother) derived benefit from their visit here. Since their return home, they have established a Bible Association in their own house. Their father and mother are patron and patroness ; the eldest is secretary, the others are collectors ; the servants subscribe, and also procure subscriptions from their friends. My brother promised to take the chair at their first Bible anniversary. Oh that there was such a society in every family ! Our congregation has been visited with much sickness and death. One young man bore an illness of nine months with exemplary patience. He was not able to turn on either side for nearly five months. He had always been most amiable, and was so dutiful, that his father never recollects one act of wilful disobedience after his most childish days ; yet he was deeply convinced of sin. One day he was reading the first chapter of Nahum ; the first six verses filled him with awe and terror, the seventh with com-

fort, and his soul rested on the gracious words it contains. He died in sweet hope of eternal joy. . . .

UPON NONCONFORMITY TO THE WORLD—ITS FASHIONS
AND ITS PLEASURES.

EPISCOPAL PALACE, NORWICH.

MY DEAR MISS F——,—I was very much delighted to receive your kind letter, and to find that amidst the various snares of a subtle enemy, an alarming world, and a deceitful heart, your face was still Zion-ward. Blessed be His holy name, who first kindled and graciously keeps alive the spark of grace in our hearts amidst such a world as this is! I daily find it is a warfare we are called to maintain, even in my highly favoured situation, where I have fewer hindrances and more helps than almost any human being. Oh, my dear friend, when I reflect on my innumerable privileges, and the very little improvement I make under them, I am ashamed and humbled, and ready to exclaim, Why am I so greatly favoured, who can glorify Thee so little!* Yet would I be unspeakably thankful for such mercies, while I acknowledge—and oh! that it were with the deepest humility—that I am not worthy of the least of all Thy mercies, and of all the truth which Thou hast shewn me.

* "The believing soul had rather be rid of sin, than gain a world."—ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

I was very happy to see your determination to avoid the appearance of evil, by not conforming to the present style of fashionable dress. I am sure the precepts of Scripture are directly opposed to it—"Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," &c. ; see also 1 Peter iii. 3, 4. I am sure such fashions are contrary to both modesty and good sense, as well as to religion. Indeed, I am fully of opinion that true religion is a reasonable service, but then it does not appear so to *mere* fallen reason ; but to that faculty of the mind when rectified by the Holy Spirit of God. Mr M. is going from home for four or five weeks, to preach in behalf of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. The labours of St Peter's are so great, that he finds it necessary to remove from home sometimes ; and by preaching for some of the Societies, he still carries on his great Master's work, and returns invigorated and refreshed in body and mind, to pursue the duties of his holy calling at Colchester. He is a zealous labourer in the Lord's vineyard, and I trust his useful life will long be spared, for his health is really improved. We are highly favoured in the society we have at Colchester : several pious families followed Mr M. to that place, so that our circle is truly Christian—a privilege and blessing we can only learn duly to estimate by seeing what others endure where that is not the case. The more I see of the world, the more I am convinced that in its

best form it is totally *opposed* to the Bible. We cannot belong to Christ, and *voluntarily* pursue its *vain* and trifling pleasures. "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Oh that we may ever choose Christ and His ways, and be willing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. When I reflect on the *motives* which the religion of the Bible gives us, I am astonished at my own coldness, deadness, and ingratitude towards that gracious Saviour who gave Himself for me. Oh! I am not afraid of enthusiasm, but of lukewarmness.

What plan do you pursue in reading the Bible? I think much time should be given to the study of that blessed Book, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. Let us pray that we may read, mark, *learn*, and *inwardly* digest, His holy Word, and meditate therein day and night. There is a richness of Christian experience in the doctrines, promises, and precepts to be attained by a diligent perusal of the sacred volume. This is what I wish to attain, to have the Psalmist's feelings when he could say, "It is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." A spirit of prayer is strictly united with devout reading and meditation on the Holy Scriptures. While meditating on a chapter or passage, we are laying in a fund of materials for prayer. We may pray over the *doctrines*, plead the *promises*, and

beg that the *precepts* contained therein may be engraven on our hearts. O Lord, make us wise unto salvation by faith in Christ Jesus ; and let us find that the doctrines of Thy holy Word, its precepts and promises, cheer and animate our hearts. Mr M. desires his Christian love to you.—Believe me your very affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

MR MARSH'S JOURNEY TO IRELAND WITH MR LEWIS
WAY.—HER OPINION OF MORNING VISITS.

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAR MISS F——, Could you know how much I have been employed, I am sure you would willingly pardon my long silence. My dear Mr M. went to London, on his way to Dublin, on Wednesday, April 13, and through the great mercy of our God, he returned safely to me on Friday, May 19, after having experienced the kind care of the Lord by land and by water, and the most gracious influences of the Holy Spirit helping him forward, and blessing all his attempts to do good in the sister kingdom. Prelates, deans, noblemen, &c., all lent a willing ear, and entered warmly into the cause of God's ancient people. It is wonderful what an interest Mr Way and Mr Marsh excited among the Irish nation. They were most kindly received, and it is hoped that permanent good

may have been done. Praise our Lord to whom belongeth all the glory, and pray for His future blessing, that the cause may flourish there.

I most tenderly feel for you in the new situation in which you are now placed—your trials must be much increased—yet, I have no doubt that the same gracious Lord who has hitherto guided you, will neither fail nor forsake you—the pillar and the cloud will go before you, and direct you on your way. “In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy path—Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee—He will guide you by His counsel, and at length receive you to glory.”

I hope you will come and see us ; we can then talk over the matter, and pray together for Divine direction. What, alas ! is human counsel ; how short-sighted, how imperfect are the best guides ! Be much in *prayer*—be diligent in reading the *Word*—pray for a single heart, for sincerity and uprightness in every act, and for a simple dependence on the Lord, for daily, yea, hourly wisdom. To His gracious care I commend you ; may He preserve you from every danger, and bless you more and more ! “Ye shall not be tempted above that ye are able to bear, but with the temptation He will make a way to escape.”

. . . . Avoid morning visits as much as you can, or they will impede your real usefulness, under the semblance of great good. I should recommend days as

well as hours for receiving visitors, and I would have some poor persons to call upon at certain hours, to prevent too long visits.

I think the morning hour should be for our own souls, the chief of the day for the poor and the cause of Christ, and only the evening generally for our richer neighbours.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— I can truly say, although my pen has been silent, my thoughts have flown towards you, and I often wish to hear of your sorrows and your joys. In this state of existence, the Christian weeps, prays, rejoices, and praises alternately ; a few more years, and “fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore” await the blessed followers of Jesus. Nor is the bliss confined to a few distinguished Christians, but the crown of glory will be given to “all that love His appearing.” May we keep the prize of our high calling in view, and run with patience the race set before us, “looking to Jesus the author and finisher of our faith!” I hope your path has been smooth on the whole since I saw you, or rather, I much more desire to hear that in every trial the Lord has been with you, guiding you by His counsel, supporting you by His arm, and cheering you by His presence. We have experienced great blessings as individuals, and as a family, although we have

not been exempt from pain and sickness, yet the visitations have been light, and sweetened by innumerable fatherly mercies. Mr M. has been well in general; he is going to preach this evening. He expounds one psalm every Thursday; I think the plan most delightful, and full of spiritual instruction and comfort. I wish you could come and hear a few lectures. . . . My dear children are all well at this time. . . .— Believe me, dear Miss —, with sincerest affection,
yours faithfully, M. C. MARSH.

GOD IS LOVE: WE MAY ENJOY HIS LOVE EVEN NOW,
BUT OUR REST IS FUTURE.

COLCHESTER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . It will give us the truest pleasure to see you at the Vicarage next week. I hope you will be able to come on Monday, as that will be our Quarterly Missionary Meeting, and on Tuesday a Lecture on St John's Epistle. On Wednesday the Quarterly Meeting for the Jews, and on Thursday a Lecture on the Psalms. . . . I rejoice to hear you have had privileges in London. I doubt not the crosses were sanctified as well as the blessings. Our great and good Shepherd leads us by the right way to a city of habitation. All our trials as well as our comforts are ordered by His infinite wisdom, whose name and nature is *Love*. I have had innumerable mercies

in my own family, but the Lord has given me a sympathy with His people. This is a sin-polluted world, and all our enjoyments are accompanied with sorrows. This is not our rest; but, "there remaineth a rest to the people of God." Let us keep the prize in view, the purchased inheritance. Our Forerunner is entered therein, and we may hope through His meritorious cross and passion, soon to follow. Oh, may we so behold His glory as to be changed into the same image by the power of the Holy Ghost! . . .

I hope you will endeavour to leave all the future in the hands of your gracious covenant God. He will provide.

"Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care"—

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

THE ILLNESS OF MR MARSH'S MOTHER.

COLCHESTER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . I have been anxiously watching the sick-bed of my dearest Lady Marsh. She has had one of the most severe coughs I ever remember. Her strength is very much reduced by this attack, and I tremble for her precious life, which is very valuable to us. I am selfish enough to wish to keep her, but not if she is to suffer much pain; that would be cruel indeed. She is in the hands of our

gracious covenant God, who wills her happiness, and when the work of grace is done, He will call her up to glory. She is kept in perfect peace, trusting in the Lord. Last night she said with all her animation, "I am a great sinner, but I have a *greater* Saviour; I do not fear."

MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND,—I have grieved many times at my apparent neglect of you, but I can truly say, my affections remain unchanged; circumstances which I could not control have obliged me to neglect almost all my correspondents. My dear M——'s fever reduced her so low that she remained very delicate for several weeks, and required a great deal of nursing and attention; such a long cessation from all my public duties made them return with double weight; and I had also innumerable visits to make both to rich and poor. I am thankful to write that my health has been remarkably good, and I have cause for praise and thanksgiving to our gracious God for all His great and unmerited mercies. I rejoice to hear you have been so supported under the loss of your excellent minister. What a blessed and glorious end of all his persecutions and toils! Washed in the blood of the Lamb, he is now before the throne, with that countless multitude, who, like him, "came out of great tribulation." Now he chants the high praises of his Redeemer, and rejoices in His love for ever.

Our dear mother has been seriously ill, but she is better, thank God! I hope she may be spared to us at least for a little season. Her faculties remain as good as ever. Her hope is firm, and she is full of love. My dear Mr M. has had good health through the winter; he is now very much fatigued, having nearly the whole duty upon him. Our gracious Lord has wonderfully preserved and strengthened him for the work, but it is too much for him, and I begin to feel very anxious about him. . . .—Believe me, with sincere esteem, your affectionate friend, M. C. MARSH.

A CHILD EARLY TAUGHT OF GOD.

TO MISS B——.

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAR MISS B——, I should have written to you several days since, but the dangerous illness of my dear L—— engaged all my time. The Lord has been pleased to restore her. I pray that I may be thankful, and increasingly earnest to train all my dear children for that eternal world, into which they may so soon be called. I cannot sufficiently praise our gracious Saviour for His kindness to my little child, the state of her mind has been so pleasing throughout her illness. One morning I said, "Are you happy, my love?" She said, "Yes." "What makes you happy?" She replied, "My Saviour Jesus Christ is with me." At

another time she said to me, "I do not love my Saviour as I ought." I replied, "But you desire to love Him." She said with energy, "Oh, yes!" She was heard to pray, "Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities; create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." She asked the servant who sat up with her to read her a chapter on the sufferings of our Saviour. She has been remarkably mild, gentle, and patient throughout her illness—an inflammation on the lungs—and bore all the remedies very cheerfully, such as blisters and leeches. God has so blessed the means that she is rapidly recovering. To-day she gave me a shilling for the Bible Society, and sixpence for the Jews, because God had been so good to her. Her age is five years and eight months. May I not hope that the Holy Spirit of God is guiding the mind of my dear child? I thought these particulars would interest you, and lead you to praise the Lord and bless His holy name for these mercies. I trust you will also pray that these early proofs of the beginning of true religion may be brought to perfection in His good time. We ought to be thankful for any appearance of grace, though it be but the slightest dawn, for in due time we may hope He will bring forth the perfect day.

I am very much pleased to hear that your books arrived safely. I strongly recommend you to consult *your pastor* in everything; he knows all the local cir-

cumstances of the place, and I do not. I shall not cease to pray that God may abundantly bless your endeavours there to sow the seed of eternal life among your neighbours. May the harvest prove abundant ! I must add, be not discouraged if it should not be so successful as you wish and desire at first. Some difficulties you will have to overcome, and some prejudices likewise. Still I feel a cheerful hope, that He who puts this desire into your heart, will in His good time abundantly bless it ; and if even one soul should be spiritually and eternally benefited by it, shall we not have abundant cause to praise our infinitely gracious God ?

I have not seen your cousin lately ; my time is much engaged at home with my baby and children ; when I have an hour to spare, I go and visit the poor in my own parish. Our young friends in general go on steadily, and are ready for every good work. I have a pleasant monthly meeting, consisting of ten or twelve young ladies, who drink tea with me ; we work for the poor, and read. Our present book is Bickersteth's "Treatise on Prayer"—a very excellent work ; we conclude by singing a hymn, and prayer. One of our servants is become decidedly serious, and my children's governess is a truly pious young lady. Oh, what a mercy to have a household who, however imperfectly, desire to fear the Lord. We are, indeed, a family of peace and love, blessed be His name who makes and

keeps us so!— Believe me your very affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER,

MY DEAR MISS B——, Every year as my children grow older, I find they need more constant attention. The duties of this large parish and congregation also require much more time than I am able to give from my family duties. I am very seldom able to write letters, and have relinquished almost all my correspondents except my near relations. I derived much pleasure from the perusal of your letter, as I think it reveals a heart influenced by Christian truth, and a deep sense of your own sinfulness and unworthiness connected with a lively and affectionate trust in our blessed Saviour; how gracious, how suitable is such a Saviour to such sinners as we are! Are we *guilty*? “He is our atonement; He was made sin for us.” Are we *unrighteous*? “He is the Lord our righteousness; He is made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.” Are we *helpless*? “He is our strength.” Are we far off from God? “He brings us nigh;” “He is the way, the truth, and the life;” “Through him we have access to the Father;” if we sin, “He is our advocate and the propi-

tiation for our sins." Who can number the gracious offices and the lovely titles of our Divine Saviour? He is our Shepherd, who laid down His life for us, who will guide us continually, who will never suffer any of the enemies of our souls to pluck us out of His hand. How wonderful is the work of redemption! May our hearts prize it more and more! may we rejoice and be glad, and our affections be fixed on this unseen yet ever-present Saviour! "To them who believe He is precious."

I thank you for your kind inquiries after my dear Mr M. He has been remarkably well during the last year—blest with an unusual portion of health and strength, which he has employed for the glory of God and the benefit of immortal souls. At this time he is laid aside with a very bad cold, attended with fever; he is a little better, thank God, though not well enough to leave his room. One young lady who came here about three years past departed in full assurance of hope about a month since; the three sisters and two of the brothers were converted since their residence in this place, through the instrumentality of Mr Marsh's ministry. Others have also departed, of whom we have good hope through the mercy and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Mr M. desires his kind regards and good wishes.—Believe me your affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

Since I last wrote to you, it has pleased God to remove Miriam S—— from this world of sin (and to *her* peculiarly of sorrow and agony) to that glorious rest which remaineth for the people of God. Her sufferings increased very materially during the last ten months, so that she was racked with pain; but, as the outward man decayed, the inward man was renewed more and more. Her faith increased greatly; she was “strong in faith, giving glory to God, and believing that what He had promised He was able to perform.” She was clothed with humility, and her love abounded towards God and man. It was delightful to see the animation of her countenance while speaking of her God and Saviour. She delighted in prayer and praise; whenever her dreadful sufferings abated so that she could attend, she considered it as her sweetest privilege to hear the prayers of her Christian friends. The last few weeks she enjoyed the uninterrupted sunshine of God’s countenance; her *hope* of heaven seemed almost a *certainty*. The last time I saw her, she said, “Oh, how glad I am to see you; I wanted to tell you the Lord’s goodness to me. He has granted me *perfect* peace. Oh, the peace of God passeth all understanding; I cannot tell you what it is, only this I can say, it is blessedness beyond expression.” When I

rose to take leave of her, I said, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance." She interrupted me, saying, "He does—He *does* shine into my soul as much as it is possible in this dark world." Almost the last act of her life was to instruct a poor ignorant person, who knew nothing of religion, and who came to sit up with her. The impression has been abiding since that time. At the time of the funeral we all assembled at Mrs Austen's. The coffin was placed in the drawing-room, and several of her pious friends were assembled. Two hymns were sung, and prayer offered up; it was a most impressive season. We then followed her to the church, where, after the remains had been committed to the silent grave, Mr Marsh addressed the congregation from one of her favourite passages of Scripture—Rev. xxi. 6. I can only add our united kind Christian regards.—Believe me yours, &c.,

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter afforded Mr M. and myself much pleasure; we trust our most gracious God will be pleased to accept your feeble attempts to glorify Him and do good in the world. How blessed are *His* servants; *tribulation* does not separate from His love; no! it brings them nearer.

We are frequently more happy in the Lord when all around us is dark and distressing, than when our path is smooth and we have no trials from without. I rejoice to hear you have the blessed privilege of hearing the gospel once on the Sunday. The opportunities may not be so frequent as you would desire, but if you diligently improve the means of grace within your power, your soul will prosper, and you will enjoy that peace of God which passeth all understanding; may it keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus!

The tender feelings you express for your dear relations are very pleasing. Knowing as we do, something of the blessedness of vital Christianity, we long for them to experience the same. The most probable means of attaining this desired blessing is, to be *much* in prayer for them to God; and in your conduct to manifest meekness, affection, and the most dutiful attention to their wishes in everything that is not expressly forbidden by God's holy Word. Ere we dispute the authority of parents, we should pause, consider, read, and pray; then we are enabled to oppose in a right spirit, and then the Lord directs our ways, and often inclines them kindly to consent to our requests. We have lately been called to rejoice and praise the Lord for His goodness to three young persons, whose conduct towards their family has been much blessed. When they began to make a more

serious profession of religion six or seven years since, their relatives were very much displeased; yet, so excellent has been their conduct that the parents began gradually to lose their prejudice, and to read and hear the Scriptures faithfully preached. The week before last the father was seized with a dangerous illness, and before his death gave a blessed testimony that he died in the faith, declaring his simple trust in the Saviour, and a longing desire to be with Him for ever. The mother is in a most pleasing frame of mind also, thanking God for her pious children. Is not this encouraging? Wait on the Lord. We have had another gift from the Lord. Our dear little C—— was born on the 15th of last September. May she be one of the lambs in our Saviour's fold! "May the Lord bless you and keep you; lift up the light of His countenance upon you, and give you peace."—Your sincere friend,

M. C. M.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR MISS B——, The state of my health for the last two or three years has been so indifferent, I have been obliged to drop many correspondents; this is the cause why you have not heard from me. I am truly thankful to hear of the providential supply sent to your school; I rejoice to know that you are engaged in this good work; my heart praises God that He still

continues His grace to you, and enables you to rely on His mercy and love. Doubt not, my dear friend, "He who hath begun a good work in you will finish it to the day of Jesus Christ." His unchangeable love, His faithful promises in our Lord Jesus Christ, are a firm foundation on which to rest your hopes of eternal life. "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." I have had a long season of delicate health, but have been mercifully preserved from much pain, and have rarely been confined to my bed, but I have been prevented engaging in any public services. I have found this season of retirement and comparative rest, after a life of great activity, very refreshing and beneficial to my mind. I have had time for more reading, prayer, and meditation. I have had time "to commune with my own heart and be still." Yet, alas! I can say with you, my progress is very slow; I find by sad experience that I have a body of sin and death cleaving to me. I can say, "Oh wretched that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Here is deliverance—He has made a complete atonement for our sins; He has brought in everlasting righteousness; He ever liveth to make intercession for us; and He will come again and raise our bodies from the grave, and unite our souls and bodies in bliss and glory for ever and ever. May we keep this glorious prospect in view, and daily look at Mount

Sinai to see our desert, and to Mount Calvary to see how we were ransomed, at what a price—the price of the blood of the Son of God—Jehovah Jesus. Let us also look at Mount Zion, and behold the glorious day, when “the ransomed of the Lord shall return with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away for ever.”—Believe me, my dear Miss B——, yours affectionately,

MARIA C. MARSH.

TO MRS E. DYSON.

COLCHESTER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot suffer another post to depart from hence without writing a few lines to thank you for your very kind solicitude about my health. I thank God I am better; may that gracious Lord who has restored my health render me increasingly thankful for this and all my other mercies. I am just returned from a *very* beautiful lecture on Exodus iii. Mr M. first observed “that Moses was humbled and prepared, by forty years’ residence in the wilderness, to become the leader of the Israelitish nation.” Then he spoke upon God’s appearance in the bush:—first, it was typical of the Israelites in Egypt, afflicted, mean, and despised, but *not* destroyed—God was with them. Secondly, typical of the Church of Christ in all ages; the fire of persecution, the fire of tribulation, the fire of temptation assault her, but do not destroy her, because

the Lord is with her. This may equally be applied to any individual believer, whom the Lord will preserve under all these trials and make them more than conquerors. Under the name "I AM," he spoke on the divinity of our Saviour, referring to John viii. 58; Acts v. 30-36; Rev. i. 8. His gracious care over His people, His promise to protect them, and His condescension to Moses in reasoning with him, were most encouraging. Under the name "I AM," he said, we might write, my Father, my Friend, my Guide, my Counsellor, my All in All, and God, our covenant God would own every name to His servants. What encouragement, my dear friend, for us to trust in Him. May our faith increase more and more! Mr M. desires his pastoral love; the children send much love.—Ever your affectionate friend,

MARIA CHOWNE MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—The gracious providence of God has crowned us with mercies and loving-kindness; we have all been preserved in health, though the arrows of sickness and death have been flying around us. You heard, I think, of the distressing death of our young friend, Mr T. H——; poor Mr M—— has lost his wife, and is himself dangerously ill; and

Mr and Mrs J. M—— are mourning the loss of their only son—these, and many other melancholy events, have occupied our time and thoughts. I have, indeed, wept with those who weep, and sorrowed with those who mourn, yet how faint, after all, are our sympathies—how weak our best services. Well is it that we have a compassionate High Priest, and one who not only intercedes, but has also atoned for all our sins and the imperfection which attends our best duties. “He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.” We have had some delightful sermons and lectures since you left us; I often wish for you on these occasions as well as many others.

Mr Marsh preached a most striking sermon on James i. 27. It was singular that the text came exactly on the Sunday before the annual amusements at Colchester. He faithfully and affectionately warned his hearers, and requested they would consider these things; he brought many ancient and modern authorities to prove their injurious tendency. It was an excellent sermon, and delivered in so affectionate a manner, that even those who did not approve could not have been offended. We have been hearing to-night, Heb. xi. 23, “*Faith* runs through every part of the Christian life; we cannot take one step in religion without it, we cannot proceed well unless this principle is in *lively* exercise, nor can we close it happily unless

faith is in *vigorous* exercise. The principle is the same; it acts differently under different circumstances—1st, How faith operates; 2dly, How it was recompensed. Faith has a special regard to God's will; it is diligent in the use of means; it is undaunted in the path of duty. The examples were, Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Example of weak faith—Peter walking on the sea, and denying his Master. 2dly, How it was recompensed—the life of the child was preserved; how wonderful that Pharaoh's daughter should pity the infant of a Hebrew; still more surprising that she should suffer a Hebrew woman to nurse it. God's providence was rewarding the faith of the mother, which the Spirit of God had inspired. God delights in this principle; it works by love, thus leads man back to obedience, and gives all the glory to God." I hope my dear friend continues to derive comfort from reading her Bible. May the gracious Saviour be with you to comfort and support your soul. May the blessing of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be your portion.—Believe me your truly affectionate

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot suffer the old year to pass away, and a new one to enter, without writing a few lines to express our earnest, warmest wishes that

it may please God to bestow upon my beloved relatives at Watlington Park, "every good and every perfect gift;" in which I include everything that relates to time as well as eternity, which our infinitely wise and gracious God sees good for you. I have been earnestly praying for dearest Sophia and all her dear children, my beloved brother, yourself, and dear Eliza. My heart's desire and prayer for you and them is the same as for myself and those dear to me, that this year we may become more humble, more simple in our dependence on our blessed Saviour, believing that He has atoned for our sins, and is the Lord our Righteousness: that the Holy Spirit may so graciously influence our tempers, that, to use the words of our excellent collect for the second Sunday after Easter, "We may thankfully receive the inestimable gift of His sacrifice for sin, and daily endeavour ourselves to follow the blessed steps of His most holy life." How beautifully comprehensive are the words! May we feel their influence more and more.

I am sorry that I have not been able to work for the repository, but every day brings fresh employment. The number of poor and sick is very great. We have also established two large schools for boys and girls, which require a great deal of attendance. I go from four till nearly six on Monday, and again from half-past six till eight to attend the girl's evening school. On Thursday I do the same, and also frequently assist

Mr M. in the boys' school, as he has not so much assistance from gentlemen as I have from ladies. These schools take up a great deal of time, but I trust will be beneficial to the children, who are very desirous to learn. We have also many serious characters, who are anxiously desiring further instruction from Mr Marsh, and visit us for that purpose. My dear little girls are well, and send their love: M—— can read a chapter very nicely, and is very fond of it; dear L—— is a sweet baby, and very intelligent for her age. Mr Marsh desires his love.—Believe me ever your truly affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND,—We tenderly sympathise with you in the loss you have sustained, and join the mourning circle at W—— P—— in weeping for the removal of so amiable a young man. His mind appears to have been happily directed to the only source of true consolation in life as in death. I trust he sought, and *then I am sure he found* an interest in that Almighty Saviour who casts out none that come to Him. May we be enabled to turn our eyes from this scene of sorrow to that bright world where weeping is unknown, where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore! I trust my dear friends will be enabled

to realise the delightful hope that this separation is not of long duration. You possess the same Holy Scriptures, the same gracious Saviour offers Himself to you, the same Holy Spirit will sanctify your hearts, and the same blessed Father will receive you to that kingdom which He hath prepared from the foundation of the world for all who obey the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I have had a very sickly household this spring. This is a world of business to those who are in a small measure desirous of doing their duty; hereafter we shall have no fatigue or trouble; all will be peace and joy. Oh for more realising views of that glorious purchased inheritance; it makes every trial sweet, and every rough road smooth. Our most affectionate love attends your circle.—Believe me your truly affectionate

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAREST S——, I have frequently wished to write to you, but have had more than my usual avocations since dear Mr M. went away. I thank that gracious God, whose kind care over him, during his long absence, preserved him in health and safety. Last night he was restored to us. The joy we all experienced I cannot express, but the dear circle at W—— P—— will form some idea of it. He is looking remarkably

well, and has had a most successful journey in making known the cause of the poor Jews to the Land's End in Cornwall. At Bristol £600 was raised, and we hope that the remainder of the journey may be profitable, but the sum is not yet known, for he always leaves it in the hands of the clergyman to transmit it to the parent society. He has also had the opportunity of conversing with many of his brother clergymen who are thinking seriously, and to whom I hope he may have been in some degree useful. Several of them were young men, to whom an experienced guide would be of service, and he, having long and diligently studied the sacred volume, can give sound instruction from the repository of all truth, doctrinal and practical. It is quite a holiday in our town, now he is returned ; some of the people cried with joy when they saw him again ; we are all longing for to-morrow evening when he will preach.

Sickness, as well as health, becomes a blessing, when we are under the teaching and influence of the Holy Spirit. The former leads us to exercise the passive graces of patience, submission, and humility. In seasons of sickness, devotion is also more fully practised. In a season of health, we are better able to perform active services. The former is perhaps most beneficial to our own souls, the latter is more useful to the world. God gives us both as seems best to His infinite wisdom. *May He* ever give us grace to improve each season for

.

His glory and our own benefit ! My best love attends
you all.—Your very affectionate M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

“ If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up
his cross daily, and follow me.”

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAREST S——, Self-denial is the path our blessed Redeemer has marked out for His followers, and it does in some measure conform us to Him, and that thought renders it sweet even when most painful. Let us look beyond this state to one of enjoyment. *Here* we are called to self-denial, exertion, suffering, and affliction ; *there* we shall behold Him, be changed into His image, and be with Him for ever. I am sure St John is right “ that every one who hath this *hope* in Him, purifieth himself even as He is pure.” It is a device of Satan to keep this hope very low. Pray over the 1st Epistle of St John, dearest S—— ; I have derived some benefit from it, I trust ; it leads to the examination of evidence : get well established in the first, “ the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” Keep the doctrine of justification very distinct ; then you will more clearly and comfortably proceed in the way of holiness.

I can add no more : we all unite in kindest love.
Adieu.—Your very affectionate

MARIA C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

MY BELOVED S——, I longed for you particularly last week, when our annual Bible meetings were held. The zeal and spirit of speakers and auditors appear to have increased since last year. We had three delightful sermons from dear excellent Mr Gerard Noel, whose heavenly mind breathes in his sermons, conversation, and speeches; he is a most spiritual character. Oh for more of his spirit, or rather of the spirit of his Divine Master. The collections were very great; £85 at St Peter's, and nearly £100 at the doors. The Sunday before St Peter's was opened, after having been shut for five months for alterations, my dear husband preached three times with remarkable energy and feeling. The morning sermon was from, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts;" afternoon, Gen. xxviii. 32; evening, "It is good for me to draw near to God." The collections were £45 in the morning, £24 in the afternoon, and £35 in the evening. The church is very neat and handsome, and it will accommodate three hundred more than before the alteration. I cannot express the emotion of joy and gratitude I felt when I returned to our beloved church once more, after so long an absence. I think it is fuller than ever; may the glory of the Lord fill the temple! I have engaged a nice pious young lady as

governess to my children. This will take the *labouring* oar off my hands, which is now become too heavy for me to wield. I also want a confidential person to leave them with when I must go out, which at times is absolutely needful. I shall continue to preside at the *helm*. My dear nieces, C—— and E——, are very sweet girls; I trust they have real delight in reading the Scriptures. Oh that it may prove the incorruptible seed which is able to save their souls. Adieu, my beloved friend.—Believe me, with true esteem, your very affectionate

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

MY VERY DEAR S——, My old excuse is more in force than ever; I find five dear children take up more time than four; indeed all our hands are full. I cannot therefore write either so often or such long letters as I could wish, but I do not fail to remember all my beloved friends at Watlington Park daily in my prayers at a throne of grace. I think of you all perpetually, especially my beloved Sophia, whose affection renders her peculiarly dear to me. I am sure she is very dear to that gracious Saviour, who so loved her as to die for her sins, and now ever lives to intercede for her, that she may be strengthened and sanctified. I know not how to be grateful enough to a gracious God, for

restoring my health and strength. I am wonderfully recovered, even to be almost as well as I ever was in my life. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." May the life He has so wonderfully preserved, and the life He has so graciously given, be devoted to His blessed service! O my dear friend, we may say of the Lord Jesus, "Happy are thy people, happy are thy servants." What a gracious master do we serve; surely no one owes Him so much as I do; may I be truly grateful! My baby is a fine lovely creature; she was christened last Friday fortnight. Mrs Austen and Mrs English were her godmothers, and Mr Torriano stood proxy for Mr Simeon. After the service was ended, we all dined together, and I invited several of the pious poor to dine with the servants. After dinner, they all came into the drawing-room, when fervent prayer was offered up for the dear babe. After tea, some other friends came, and my dear husband expounded the 44th of Isaiah most beautifully. The drawing-room was quite crowded with rich and poor, old and young. It was a delightful day. I wished much for my beloved friends at Watlington. I feel our distance a great trial, but our God knows what is best for us. Adieu, my beloved friend. All under this roof unite in kindest love. I shall write to dear Sophia very soon.—Ever your very affectionate friend,

MARIA C. MARSH.

ON THE EVIL OF, AND LOSS RESULTING FROM, SIN.

COLCHESTER.

MY VERY DEAR S——, I am sure that you will not hear without emotion that poor Mrs C—— has entered the world of spirits after a short illness of three weeks. You will be anxious to know the state of her mind. Mr H——, my dear husband's curate, a truly good young man, had an interesting conversation with her previous to her decease. She deeply lamented her useless, unprofitable life, and expressed great humiliation for the past. He directed her attention to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, and she was comforted. Her despondency was in a great measure removed, and I trust her latter end was peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Her life, my beloved friend, forms a sad comment on the danger, folly, and misery of a lifeless profession of religion. She had known something of the truth for many years, but the society she kept, and the life she pursued, were opposed to it. When she came under its glorious sound as delivered by my beloved husband, she heard and approved, but I fear felt but little. The *cares* of the world, which she then felt deeply (having gone through a fortune of more than £30,000), succeeded to the *pleasures* she had formerly so eagerly pursued, and choked the good seed, and prevented its coming to perfection. Thus, with a generous, noble,

and friendly disposition, she did comparatively little good. She spent and gave in presents to friends profusely, but, alas! "laid not up that treasure which moth and rust doth not corrupt, and thieves cannot break through and steal." She was far from being a happy, and certainly not a useful character, though kind to a degree. I have entered more at large on this subject, because the lesson it teaches is most useful. Oh! may we and all we love cultivate a spirit of vital Christianity, deny ourselves, seek to have our feelings regulated, and endeavour to promote the glory of God and the good of our fellow-creatures.

I must now give you a little account of my dear husband. His labours of love are as abundant as ever, and, upon the whole, his strength holds out pretty well; but a curate is absolutely necessary, for he cannot read prayers and preach at the same time without great fatigue. One of his sermons lies before me; I will give you a sketch of it. 1st Epistle of John iii. 4. First, the evil nature of transgression; second, the punishment it deserves. It is rebellion against the authority of God—of a God infinitely holy, wise, and good. Wilful sin against God renounces His right to govern even by the law of love, and pours contempt upon His wisdom and His goodness. Sin is also an act of base ingratitude. Such a Creator, who has furnished His creatures with so many excellent faculties, may reasonably expect and demand a return of love

and obedience ; but to employ those very talents and powers for the dishonour of God who gave them, is abominable in itself, and highly displeasing to Him who formed us. Sin tends to the overthrow of that wise and beautiful order which God has appointed to run through His whole creation. Sin is an act of cruelty against ourselves ; as sin brings disorder into the creation of God, so its natural consequences are pernicious to the sinner. Every act of wilful sin tends to deface the moral image of God in the soul, and ruin the noblest part of His workmanship, as it warps the mind from its chief good.

THE EXAMPLE OF DAVID IN AFFLICTION.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I have anxiously wished to write to you for some days, but sickness has been so completely the inmate of our house, that I have had no time for letters. Ever since the 14th of November, when little W—— was taken ill, eight more of our household have been so also ; but all praise be to our gracious God, they are now recovering.

My dear husband has begun to expound the Psalms ; a few thoughts I retained on the third Psalm I will send to you. He began by observing, “that the path of

sorrow is the one in which believers are frequently called to walk, and even the highest stations in society are not exempt from many and grievous trials. There is much wisdom in a proper behaviour under affliction. The Bible not only gives precept but also example; this psalm was written in a season of affliction, and shows how David conducted himself. Let us consider, 1st, His conduct under distress; 2dly, His confidence in danger. Worldly characters look to subordinate sources of relief. David looks to God. Observe first, he opens his case in prayer. Secondly, he professes his dependence upon God. In the third verse he notices how surprisingly his enemies had increased, and what malice they manifested towards him. They put a wrong construction on his troubles, and endeavoured to drive him to despair, but his dependence upon God was to him a source of safety, honour, and deliverance. Secondly, his confidence in danger. His prospects were at this time exceedingly alarming; yet he says, "I will not be afraid." Whence arose this confidence? From a retrospect of God's past dealings with him, from renewed applications for present help, and from a just reflection on God's power and goodness. We are surrounded with danger—our enemies are great and powerful; but He who has protected will continue to preserve us. Let us learn from this psalm the due desert of sin. What a proof of God's hatred of sin do the afflictions of David after his fall manifest! God

did indeed pardon him as to his eternal state, but He chastised him most severely for his crimes. Adieu, my beloved friend.—Believe me your very affectionate sister in Christian bonds,

MARIA C. MARSH.

PEACE IN BELIEVING.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAREST S——, I am thankful God has given me strength to comply with your most affectionate desire. I trust this will reach you on your birth-day. “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath begotten you again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.” Yes, my dearest friend, I feel fully persuaded that God hath begun a good work in you, which He will perfect unto the day of Jesus Christ. The change which has taken place in your mind is divine; none but God could have taken your heart from the world, and taught it to aspire after heavenly and eternal things; none but God could have convinced you of sin and shown you a precious Saviour. Be not discouraged, my dear friend, because you mourn over a corrupt and sinful nature which still dwells within you; the great Apostle of the Gentiles did the same; yet, I would

urge it on myself and you, not to rest satisfied in this state, or to think we must endure it. I would earnestly press it on my own soul and your's to wrestle with God for the blessed assurance of His free favour and love in Christ Jesus. I think it is the privilege of Christians to know they are born of God, and that it is our duty to press after it. The primitive Christians certainly possessed it. St Paul urges it upon his converts, and prays for the believing Romans, "that they may have joy and peace in believing, and abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." I am convinced it is the will of God to comfort those who trust in Him. He is all gracious to the soul that seeks His favour and image through Christ Jesus. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith the Lord." Look at Isaiah lxi.; throughout it speaks comfort to mourners, to captives, to those who are bound. May the Lord give us eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to believe His exceeding great and precious promises!

Lord and Lady Castlereagh were at church last Sunday, and heard Mr M. from that text in St James' Epistle—"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." They expressed themselves very much pleased with the sermon. My dear husband did indeed deliver it in a most solemn and impressive manner. I regretted they did not hear him the following Sunday, when he preached on the close of the verse, "Draw nigh to God,

and He will draw nigh to you." What lessons would they have learned in few words, to resist their great adversary; to draw near to their Almighty Friend. I must bid you adieu. Kindest love to Augusta, and to my dear brothers.—Believe me, with sincere esteem, your very affectionate,

M. C. MARSH.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST AS MEDIATOR, AND FIRST-BORN
OF EVERY CREATURE.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

My beloved friend's letter was truly acceptable, and I read with the greatest pleasure the little sketch she drew of Mr W——'s sermon; the idea was quite new to me, and I greatly admired it, but I have not yet had an opportunity of conversing on the point with my beloved Mr M. The other subject you mentioned respecting sin in heaven; Mr M. thinks our blessed Redeemer is the *Head of Confirmation* to the angelic host, as He is the *Head of Restoration* to the fallen race of Adam (Eph. i. 10). I think this thought brings great glory to our Divine Redeemer, and sets the mind at rest that He will for ever bar the gates of heaven against the entrance of that monster, Sin. Oh, what a blessed season will that be when it

will be slain in us for ever! I am persuaded, my dearest S——, that we are living far below our privileges. Having been convinced of sin, and led by the Spirit of God to trust in Christ alone, we are accepted in the Beloved and have redemption through His blood; the Lord Jesus is become our Saviour, God is our Father, the Spirit is our Comforter. Oh! let us pray that this faith and hope may increase in us more and more.

We have had much, very much illness in our house since Christmas. I have not had one week without at least two on the sick list. Amidst these trials I have innumerable mercies to record; my beloved husband's health has been good, and so has been my own. Sweet little W—— is the picture of health, and so are L—— and M——. Miss H—— is a great comfort to me; she is a very amiable young lady, aims to gain the affection of the children, and teaches them exceedingly well. I fondly expected to have had much time, when I had a governess, to devote to my own soul and to the poor. Little E——'s illness almost prevents both; yet I live in hope that the season of refreshment will come; this discipline is needful for me.—Ever believe me, your very affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

THE PRESENT PRIVILEGES AND OPPORTUNITIES OF THE
CHRISTIAN.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

MY BELOVED S——, It was indeed a luxury to hear that I had given a few minutes' pleasure to my tenderly beloved Sophia. Tell her she is indeed frequently in my thoughts and in my warmest affections. I feel a sister's love for her; and oh, how sweet to think that we are sisters in Christ!—our union of soul is not for time, but for eternity. When my heart is pained because I cannot see her, I am solaced by the recollection that we meet daily at the mercy-seat, and that our blessed Redeemer will perfect that which concerneth us, and admit us into His everlasting glory, where we shall adore together the riches of His grace, mercy, and love. I wonder not she finds it difficult to return to earth—a glimpse of the portals of heaven must fill a regenerate soul with joy and delight—yet tell her, that *here* chiefly she can pray for the conversion of a rebel world; *here* only she can relieve the miserable and comfort the afflicted; *here* only she can testify to an unbelieving world that she is a disciple of Christ. Are not these things worth living for, when an eternity of bliss remains to be enjoyed? We had a beautiful sermon last night from the text, "God is love." Love in creation, love in redemption, love gives

grace first, glory hereafter. Faith is the stalk, hope the blade, and charity or love the beautiful flower. May God increase in us faith, hope, and love! How is dear Lady Macclesfield? Mention her particularly when you next write. Give our kindest, best love to all the dear circle, and believe me your most affectionate

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

FOLEY PLACE, Aug. 12.

MY DEAREST S——, I thank you in my own name, and that of all this mourning family, for your tender sympathy and affectionate prayers. Thank God! they are wonderfully supported; and I do believe that my dear brother's is truly Christian resignation. I trust these deep afflictions may be abundantly sanctified to all this dear circle. I arrived here just four days previous to my dear sister's departure, and had the mournful pleasure of attending her both night and day. The dear departed was too weak to speak on any subject connectedly after I arrived, but she loved me to pray with her, to read the Scriptures to her, and Belfrage's *Sacramental Meditations*—a very pious Scotch writer. She was also very fond of the *Olney Hymns*, particularly, "There is a fountain filled with blood," "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and, "God moves in a mys-

terious way." She also often repeated, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She particularly loved to hear the 14th, 15th, and 16th of St John, and the 12th of Hebrews. These evidences, connected with her wonderful patience, lively gratitude, and sweet affection to those who nursed her, leave no doubt on my mind that she is passed into the skies, for ever to worship and praise her Redeemer and her God. Sweet Anna's state of mind is most tranquil: heavenly peace rests on her lovely countenance; not a murmur, not a word that indicates impatience. She is meekness itself. I daily pray with her, read hymns and the Scriptures to her, and we converse a little; but her breath is so short, I cannot let her talk much. She seems to have a firm faith in her Saviour, and quite a spiritual taste. If you have not seen Gisborne's work on knowing each other in a future state, pray read it when you can; it is very satisfactory indeed. I must conclude with fervent prayer that God our Saviour may bless, comfort, and support you all.—Believe me your truly affectionate

M. C. MARSH.

THE DEATH OF HER SISTER-IN-LAW, AND OF ONE OF
HER NIECES.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . We read the account of ——— with great delight, and praised God for His

grace manifested towards him; may he continue to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I think you must exceedingly rejoice that the Lord has been so merciful to another of your family, who had lived afar off, and is now brought nigh by the blood of Christ. It encourages us to hope, expect, and pray for those who know not the blessed Saviour. May all your prayers be answered for those you love, and your heart set at rest to serve and love Him more and more, who is daily loading us with blessings. . . . I have had some heart-affecting trials, mixed with very great mercies. I was called to a very solemn and mournful scene in August—the illness and death of my dear sister-in-law, Mrs James Tilson, which greatly afflicted me. I was with her the last few days. She was an exemplary wife and mother, and a kind and faithful friend. The same house contained one dead, and one dying person. My sweet niece Anna followed her mother in a few days. She was in a delightful state of mind. She had been divinely taught from her twelfth year. She was then nearly sixteen. The sweet hours I passed in her sick-chamber I can never forget. She was as patient as a lamb, and longing for conformity to her blessed Saviour. I was obliged to leave her three days before her death, as I was needed at home. Her last words to me were, “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? we shall be more than conquerors through Him.” Dear creature, my love to

her was great, and I look after her with delight, believing she has joined that innumerable company who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. She was twenty hours in the act of dying. She said to her dear father, "Pray for me." He did, and she was comforted. Hymns and texts of Scripture were repeated to her till the last. She died in the arms of the beloved sister who had tenderly nursed her during her long illness. I bless our God and Saviour at every remembrance of her.

I am sure you will be grieved to hear that dear Lady Marsh is very unwell. She has been growing gradually weaker for the last ten months. All things are possible with God, and she may yet be lent to us a little longer. We are unwilling to part with any of our blessings and comforts. Her state of mind is very happy. She appears prepared for her last great change, whenever the summons shall be given; indeed, she longs to depart and be with Christ. . . .

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER, *Sept. 9.*

MY MUCH-LOVED FRIEND,—I have been so much engaged that I could not write letters to any one but my dearest husband, who has been absent. You will be glad to hear that he returned in safety on Saturday, bringing dear little W—— with him, who is looking

remarkably well. Tell dearest Augusta how tenderly I sympathise with her in the loss of her sweet cousin. Anna was indeed a lovely creature. I never knew how dear she was till she was going to be removed. The hours I passed with her were some of the sweetest of my life, and have left a holy savour behind them. I bless my God and Saviour for His grace vouchsafed to that dear child, and humbly hope, when through His rich mercy and love I shall enter heaven, that blessed friendship may be renewed which was begun on earth. Our hearts were knit together in tender love; I believe she found some comfort in my conversation. I sat up with her three successive nights: the hours passed rapidly, repeating hymns, texts of Scripture, and occasionally conversing. Her last words to me were, "My beloved aunt, who shall separate us from the love of Christ? we shall be more than conquerors through Him." Kindest love to all the dear circle from Mr Marsh, the dear children, and myself.—Believe me your most affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

REFRESHMENT OF SOUL IN ILLNESS.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER.

. . . . I found the season of my illness a sweet one; *I never* enjoyed more peace, or such delightful views of

the sovereignty and grace of God, our covenant God in Christ Jesus. Since my recovery, the incessant sickness of my children, joined with my impaired strength, have rendered it a season of conflict and trial. I have not been able to get that time for retirement which so sweetly composes and refreshes the soul. Yet I doubt not this season is as good for me as the former. I have learned more of the ingratitude and sinfulness of my heart, and more of my Saviour's patience and long suffering. Oh! how I wonder at His love to one so unworthy; may He pardon and strengthen my soul! I have lost the sweet lectures, which I feel deeply, yet I desire to be very thankful for the great privileges I have enjoyed.

. We have all been deeply interested for the brother of our dear friend Miss G——. He had been almost an unbeliever. We have now every reason to hope that he is becoming a truly pious character. What a brand snatched from the burning! His dear mother died just as the change took place; she was insensible when the letter came which announced the joyful intelligence. I trust the angelic host, who rejoice at the conversion of every sinner, when they came to fetch her disembodied spirit, brought her the glad tidings; surely it must have added new hallelujahs to the heavenly choir, when she gave thanks for her son, "who was lost and is found, was dead and is alive again."

COLCHESTER, *Sept. 11.*

My most dearly beloved S——'s letter came at a moment when a line from those we love is doubly precious. It came when my heart was full of anxiety for my beloved children; yet, blessed be His name, accompanied with a firm trust and confidence in His love and mercy to me and mine. Monday, September 3, was a memorable day—my dear girls returned home; the young ones being so recovered, no apprehensions of infection were entertained. We all met around our family altar and happy table, after a separation of seven weeks; judge of our joy and gratitude.

On Tuesday the 4th, L—— complained of a sore throat, and was very ill all the night. . . . She suffered a great deal for seven days and nights. I never left her except for three hours' rest in the evening. When the fever turned, it threatened to fix on her lungs. The mercy of the Lord in hearing my unworthy prayers, I must here record. The preceding night, after having prayed for a sanctified use of the affliction to myself and to my dear child, I added, "O Thou who beholdest all the hidden springs of this fierce disease, guide us in the use of those means which are best qualified to remove its malignity." The symptoms of L——'s attack were so different from those of my other children that I felt quite dismayed. A short cough, accompanied by acute pain in the chest, convinced me that the fever was about to settle there. I

instantly wrote to our medical attendant for leave to apply leeches. In six hours after they had been put on she breathed freely and coughed without pain. Oh! how can I sufficiently praise the Lord; surely He heard and answered my feeble petitions. If He is so gracious to my temporal desires, will He not be much more so to my spiritual supplications for my beloved children? Oh! I trust He will admit them all into His family, honour them with usefulness here, and crown them with glory hereafter. I do hope and believe "we shall form a family anew, unbroken in the skies."

On Tuesday the 10th, my dearest M——, who had been remarkably well, was seized with all the usual symptoms of the disease. Two painful nights I have watched by her bedside. Finding the usual routine of gargling and inhaling inefficient, blisters were applied to the throat. I trust they have been blest; she swallows thin liquids with more ease. The sweet patience, meekness, and submission depicted on her countenance is most delightful to me. Yesterday, while sitting by her, I said, "God has condescended to assure us that He loves those who love Him, and those who seek Him early shall find Him." She said with great energy, "I humbly hope I have sought Him for some time past." "He will make all my bed in my sickness." She has not been able to speak since, except in monosyllables, but she has requested me to pray by her. Her uplifted eyes and earnest look show how

she attends to the petitions I offer. I cannot but hope this dear child is under the teaching and influence of the Holy Spirit. Her affection, obedience, kindness, and self-denial, encourage me to believe that God is with her, teaching her to profit. Oh! if it shall please Him to raise her up from this illness, may she be purified more and more, and have cause to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Dear L—— was very patient and good; her love and gratitude, and fear of fatiguing me, were very delightful. When M—— was taken ill, she cried bitterly at the thought of "what dear mamma would suffer from fatigue and anxiety." The goodness of God in strengthening me has been wonderful What shall I render to the Lord for all His great and tender mercies?

My dear husband is tolerably well; he feels acutely the sufferings of his children; but his sermons, I hear, are most delightful, and have been all through this trial. How sweet is your account of poor M——! such testimonies of the faithfulness and love of our gracious God are indeed encouraging, and from such simple untutored minds peculiarly valuable. How delightful it must be to you, my dear S——, to think she learnt all this at your school. How joyful we shall be to see you, whenever you can possibly be spared from Watlington Park. Dear Miss B—— often speaks of you; her kindness and Mrs C——'s to my children while I was at Harwich was very great. Give my

kindest love to the dear General; tell him I fear our fever will frighten him; but if not, I hope he will remember Colchester is only fifty-two miles from London. Many thanks for your solicitude about dear W——; he has recovered the use of his limbs, but is not quite so well as he was a week past. Sweet little C—— is better. They ride out on donkeys, and are a great deal in the open air. I have only room for tenderest love to all.—Your very affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAREST S——, The sight of your handwriting made my heart rejoice. I was most anxious to receive a letter from Watlington Park. I have often wished to write and inquire, but my time has been so fully occupied in C. S——'s equipment for India, and the many other things which daily occur in such a post as ours. I was obliged to content myself with wishing to hear. I was grieved to receive such a sad account of dear Sophia's health. May it please our gracious God to raise her up again. How I long to see and converse with her, and all the dear circle at Watlington Park. My thoughts often fly there; and I wish for wings, that I might transport myself to that much loved party. . . . My dear friend Mrs M—— was called to resign her sweet babe, who was unexpectedly given after the death of dear Louisa. \

will transcribe part of her letter. After describing how ill the dear infant had been with inflammation on the lungs, Mrs M—— thus writes :—" On the night of the 27th, she rested better than before her severe illness. At ten in the morning of Tuesday, I stood by her bedside watching how sweetly she slept, and how freely she breathed. I retired into my own room, and could think of nothing but the past goodness of the Lord, and the inestimable privilege of having our all, body, soul, time, and eternity, in His hands. I spent a sweet hour. Just at eleven, Anne called me to come immediately. I went, and found the dear babe awake and in violent shivering fits, which continued till twelve, and then ended in strong convulsions. She was perfectly sensible, and held out her arms to me. I took her on my lap; she then kissed me. Dr Clarke and Mr Woodd were both out when I sent—it was near two before they arrived; but it pleased the adorable Saviour to manifest the riches of His grace and love to my soul, so that I could rest on Him, and entirely give up myself and babe to His wise and gracious will. The medical help was delayed, but the great Physician was at hand to relieve, to impart health, or to supply her loss. It was indeed a season of great distress to feeling, but of peculiar support and consolation. Our Lord's own prayer and Abraham's case were sweetly impressed upon my heart, and that hymn,

'In every trouble sharp and strong, my soul to Jesus flies.'

When Dr Clarke came, on looking at her eyes he said 'pressure on the brain was the complaint,' and added, 'She is in immediate danger, cup her instantly;' and on my begging his real opinion, said, '*There is no hope.*' Though much overcome with the words 'no hope'— 'a hope of eternal life, which God that cannot lie, has promised in Christ Jesus,' came with such power to my mind, that I was absorbed with it—*eternal life!* About four the sweet babe lost her eyesight. The convulsions continued until half an hour after eight o'clock, when she fell into a sweet sleep, and about nine her happy spirit took its flight, and, washed in the blood of the Lamb, entered into glory. Sweet Hannah knew not the blessed Saviour in this vale of tears. She was just one year and seven months old; her tongue had not learnt to lisp His praise. Now she experiences the blessedness of redemption, and chants His praise with all the company of heaven. Surely her dear sister would welcome her arrival, and unitedly they would cast their crowns at Jesu's feet. Happy, happy children! they go no more out, but drink of the rivers of pleasure at God's right hand for ever. My dearest friend, what can I say more? the earliest desires of my soul are fulfilled, yet I daily feel the loss and vacuum exceedingly. The dear child had just begun to talk. Her only sentence was, 'mamma's dear Hanny,' and this she incessantly repeated. But we must not reason, but adore and submit. 'It is well; Thou, Lord, hast

done it.' Oh! may it be for spiritual good, and yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. 'Though oft cast down,' I am still a monument of the care and faithfulness of the blessed Saviour, and under every trial He manifests fresh discoveries of tenderness and love, not to swallow up maternal feelings, but to subdue, quiet, and support the soul."

I could not help transcribing this interesting letter. I think it may comfort you all. How do the schools go on? May the Lord bless all your labours of love! I can only add my tenderest love.—Believe me, your truly attached friend,

M. C. MARSH.

COLCHESTER.

My much-loved S—— would have received many a long letter from me, if I had as much time as I have inclination, for indeed I love you most affectionately. . . .

On my return home I found poor Mrs H——s had been removed from a bed of great pain to the kingdom of her Redeemer. The support of her soul in her last hours was that sweet promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." She delighted in hymns and passages of Scripture, and appeared to feel, as well as say, "God be merciful to me a sinner." When I consider what a useful life her's had been, it is a sweet evidence of grace to see her thus brought to the foot of the cross. She

is deeply lamented by her family and friends. She was indeed a valuable woman, and I miss her very much. What a change in my little circle of friends has one year made! Dear Lady ——, Mrs Lambard, and Mrs Halls are gone into eternity. Mrs A—— and family removed; yet my God and Saviour is the same gracious, unchangeable friend. Oh! that I may love Him more and more, and simply trust in Him. He is a friend whose love is as great as His power. He is never weary of our complaints, and is ever ready to assist and bless us.

COLCHESTER.

. . . . I cannot tell you, beloved S——, how disappointed we were not to see you, but I hope you will come to us (D.V.) next spring. In this uncertain world I love the time present. We are journeying to that land, of which the Lord hath said, "I will give it thee." Let us continually look beyond this changing scene, to that blessed state where all will be joy, and peace, and love. A few short years of trial, and of conflict, and we shall be delivered from the burden of the flesh, from the snares of the world, and from the deceits of Satan. In a few years we shall meet for ever; blessed, blessed hope! praise, praise our God and Saviour.

COLCHESTER.

MY DEAREST S——, Soon after I received your kind letter, I left home on account of my dear husband's health, and ever since we have been moving from place to place. I fear a longer rest will be requisite. He has ceased from all public duty for five Sundays. It is, indeed, a trial to see him, who so loves to speak of his Divine Saviour, obliged to be silent, and that dear voice seldom heard, which has so long rejoiced our hearts, and led us to the fountain of life and joy. Oh! how I lament my slow progress, and the little improvement I have made of those precious opportunities I have so long enjoyed. . . . May our gracious God be your ever present help in time of trouble. He, and He only, is a never-failing refuge. He changes not, and His love is ever flowing; His patience is inexhaustible, and His tenderness greater than that of a mother to her feeble infant. Oh, that we could cease from man, and simply trust in the Lord, realise His love, His presence, His care, and do those things which are pleasing in His sight, desiring His smile, and dreading only His frown. Oh, for this cleaving to the Lord with full purpose of heart, rejoicing in His mercy, hoping in His love, and believing that all things shall work together for our spiritual and eternal welfare.* Oh! my beloved sister and friend, I

* "Of all Divine graces, hope is the hardest to attain unto, because it presupposes the possession of all other graces."—CHILLINGWORTH.

long thus simply to trust in Him, who has condescended to assure me of His love and kindness towards me. I think that daily I become increasingly acquainted with my own weakness, sinfulness, and ingratitude; daily exclaim, Oh, the patience, the forbearance of God! Daily I offer up the publican's petition, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and my anchor is, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

THE CHRISTIAN WORKS FOR ETERNITY.

COLCHESTER.

My much-loved S——'s kind letter was sweet indeed; my heart is with you continually, and often when I am otherwise engaged, my thoughts are uplifted in prayer for you. . . . Remember daily that you work for *eternity*; all your labours will tell, when those of statesmen and other great men, unless they work for God, will all be forgotten. Remember also, that every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour, *not* according to the *success* of his labour. Let this encourage you, if ever you appear for a time not to meet with all the success your heart desires. I am very thankful to tell you that our dearest Augusta is listening to the Word of God with every mark of attention. I do hope the Divine Spirit is working in her heart, convincing her that she is a sinner, and shewing her that she has an Almighty Saviour. I fear

she must return when her dear uncle goes to the Jews' meeting at Oxford; but I hope, if life be spared, she will be a frequent visitor at our house. I enjoy her society very much—we visit the poor together. . . . My dear children are going on delightfully; they spend all their pocket-money on the poor. Oh, praise the Lord for me, and let us bless His name together.—Believe me your tenderly attached sister,

M. C. MARSH.

COLCHESTER.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,— You will see that my handwriting is more than usually unsteady. I have been very ill—inflammation at or near the heart came on. I saw by the countenance of my good friend Mr B——, that there was danger; my pulse was at 150. Poor M——, L——, K——, and my servants, all wore the face of sorrow. The Lord my Saviour enabled me to turn to Him. I felt no sensible joy, but *full* of reliance on His atoning blood and intercession. I never felt death so near before. I commended my dear husband and M——y to the Lord; I believed they would either find me dying, or the spirit fled. Dear M—— was supported by thinking of our Lord raising Jairus's daughter.

The Lord was pleased to hear and answer prayer, and through His great mercy I have continued to re-

cover, and now I can sit up a few hours, and am able to work and read ; for three days I could scarcely read more than a few verses. Dear M—— prayed with me; what an honour and happiness to have a child minister to our temporal and spiritual wants. My heart is full of praise. Dear L—— stood many hours fanning me on Saturday. When I could say, "I am a little better," joy seemed to run through the house. Oh ! how good is God to me. I pray for grace that I may love Him more and serve Him better the remainder of my time. Surely I have been a most unprofitable servant to the best, the most gracious, the most adorable of masters. Oh ! how much I need His cleansing blood, His righteousness, His intercession, His Holy Spirit. But I must say adieu, as I feel much fatigued. May the light of the Divine countenance be lifted up on you !—
Your very affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

TO MRS TILSON.

Nov. 14.

MY BELOVED SOPHIA,— I never met with any circumstance in my life which excited such a general feeling as the death of the Princess Charlotta. I often accuse myself of not having prayed particularly for her preservation through the hour of trial ; and I think a life of so great importance to the State ought to have been publicly prayed for. Certainly God's

never-failing providence is not sufficiently acknowledged. May this afflictive dispensation lead us all to consider the uncertainty of life, the vanity of the world, and the blessedness of true religion, which renders death desirable for an individual even in the most exalted station, and the fullest tide of earthly happiness; for who would not exchange an earthly for a heavenly kingdom, and the imperfect pleasures of this life for "fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore at God's right hand?" Oh, for true faith to prevail in our hearts and in the world, that all men may believe what God has promised through His dear Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. . . . —Believe me, with true love to yourself and dearest Tilson, your most affectionate sister,

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

MY VERY DEAREST SOPHIA,—I do indeed tenderly sympathise both in your joys and in your anxieties. Blessed be God, both are and have been sanctified! To see the Divine hand in our trials and in our mercies is the sweetener of all; gives stability to all our comforts, sanctifies even our common mercies, and renders every event a means of grace.

My dear husband intends travelling through Scotland this summer to plead the cause of Israel; he is going through most of the great towns to Edinburgh,

I indulge a hope that if I and my children visit Watlington Park in September, he will be able to steal one Sunday and come to us. The work in which he has engaged both at home and abroad, leaves him but few holidays; what did I say? every day is a holiday which is consecrated to God and His delightful service. . . . Adieu, my beloved sister. May God of His infinite mercy bless you all, and restore dear Sophy to health, is the prayer of your affectionate sister,

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

MY MOST BELOVED SOPHIA,— My thoughts fly to your dear child: how I wish it were in my power to visit her sick couch, that we might cheer each other with our future prospects. One thing I have gained since my late illness; I more frequently look beyond this transient scene, and take a glimpse within the veil, whither our Divine Saviour is gone to prepare a place for us; and hope, when our work is done, and our portion of affliction accomplished, that He will send and take us to Himself. Oh, my dear sister, to be like our Saviour, and with Him for ever! how does such a thought sweeten all our sorrows, and lighten all our burdens. He is faithful who hath promised. His salvation is for sinners. He casts out none who come to Him, and will never leave nor forsake the souls who trust in His power, and grace, and love.

I have thought much of dear W—— this week, and prayed much for him ; may the Holy Spirit guide, preserve, and bless him continually ; protect him in every danger, preserve him under every temptation, and give him grace to exert all the powers of his mind to obtain human, but above all, Divine knowledge. May the same gracious Spirit lead him continually to the atoning blood of his Saviour ; make him increasingly acquainted with his own weakness and sinfulness, and strengthen him to overcome every evil ; confirm him in all goodness, and fit him to be an able and faithful minister of the Gospel of our Divine Redeemer. My beloved husband has gone to Ireland with Mr Simeon, to attend the Dublin Anniversary Meetings. I felt much at parting, but can trust in the Lord that all will be well.—In haste, your tenderly attached sister,

MARIA C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER, *July 3.*

MY VERY DEAREST SOPHIA, I could not but trace, with extreme delight and thankfulness, the glorious and happy change in your sentiments. What a contrast between your present feelings and those of former visits to town ; then, though not dissipated, you *could* enjoy those pleasures which now appear to you

vain and insipid, or delusive and injurious. Glory be to that gracious God, whose mercy and love have touched your heart, and drawn you away from earthly to heavenly pursuits. You now possess that faith which realises things unseen, and substantiates things invisible. You can see that vanity of vanities is written on all earthly things; and those only which are in any degree connected with Christ and His kingdom are worthy of the name of pleasure. How can I praise my God sufficiently for this great and unspeakable mercy. . . . I am very anxious to fix a time for visiting W—— P——, but I hardly know when I shall be able to leave home. My dear husband has promised to preach for the Church Missionary Society two Sundays in August; when he is from home I cannot be absent from Colchester, so much rests with me while he is away, and the care of our dear mother also. It is become an essential duty that she should not be left without one of us at her advanced age.

We have lost a very valuable friend in our neighbourhood, old Mrs Cooke; she had attained her 85th year, and had lived in one house sixty-three years, and during all that time had laboured to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of all around her; she had also brought up a large family in the faith and love of our Lord Jesus Christ, and she lived to see children and grandchildren serving the Lord. It was her custom to rise at six o'clock and spend the first hours of the morning

in her closet. She always entered the breakfast-room as the clock struck eight, when she began to play the Morning Hymn, and her family joined her ; family worship succeeded. She divided her day in the most profitable manner, and was one of the most holy and cheerful Christians I ever saw. Her life and her death were blessed. She said several times, "*How pleasant!*" the last days of her life. Mr M. preached her funeral sermon from "Enoch walked with God." . . . My kindest love to all your dear circle.—Believe me, &c. &c.

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

July 11.

MY BELOVED SOPHIA,— . . . We have had a visit from Mrs —, who came from the Continent, to see us this year. During the month she was with us, I was much engaged with her. I hope her visit to us will be blest, as she appeared to be much pleased with her reception, and by not being wearied on the subject of religion as she expected to be. Before she left us, she requested to have a Bible and some forms of prayer for family worship. You will easily believe how much I was rejoiced to supply her ; we also gave her some sermons, and Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." Oh ! may it please God to bless these things to the good of her soul. *She has had many trials, which makes us more anxious,*

if possible, to bring her to the feet of that gracious Saviour who alone can speak peace to the soul. She is a very interesting-looking young person, and the traces of sorrow in her countenance affected me much. She is the child of many prayers, so that I feel a lively hope of her being brought into the narrow path which leads to everlasting glory. You cannot imagine how much it occupied and interested me while she was here. We wished her to remain longer, but she was obliged to return to her husband and children. Dear Lady Marsh was very happy to embrace her beloved grandchild once more. . . . My dear husband had great delight in his visit to W—— P—— and was very glad he could go over to help you ; for he always says how he rejoices in the labours of love he sees going forward there. May our God and Saviour bless them from on high, and cause the seed sown to produce an abundant harvest. Adieu.—With tenderest love from all at the Vicarage to your dear circle, believe me, your very affectionate friend and sister,

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

HARWICH, *July 29.*

MY BELOVED SOPHIA,—I was so weary in body and oppressed in mind that I could not write yesterday. The dear children were very feverish and their nurse very ill. I thank God they are better to-day. All is

in the hands of their infinitely gracious God, who orders all things after the counsel of His own will, and that will is holy, just, and good. Dear W—— is much better to-day ; he is sitting up in a great chair, writing a little letter to Miss Dyson. Little C—— is amusing herself with a pen. Oh, how gracious is our God ! He does not afflict beyond what we are able to bear, but with the temptation makes a way to escape, that we are not overcome therewith. “He stayeth His rough wind in the day of His east wind.” I hear good accounts of my three dear girls from Colchester ; I trust they will be preserved from this fever.

I am truly grieved to hear of your great sufferings, though I know it is more a cause of congratulation to you than of sorrow, because it has brought you nearer to that heaven, after which your soul aspires. We have had four long and severe illnesses in our family this year, but I desire to bless and praise my God for the large portion of health that we have formerly enjoyed. May we receive all the benefit He intends for us by this fatherly chastisement ! . . . —With kindest love to all, I am, &c.

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

COLCHESTER, Oct. 24.

MY BELOVED SOPHIA,—It is long indeed since you and I exchanged letters ; I have had more than ordinary

occupations, and also have been far from well part of the time since I came back from town. I was graciously strengthened before the Bible Society Anniversary commenced, for I had the ladies' report to prepare, and the account to settle; but I was wonderfully supported through the fatigue, and my dear husband helped me through the report. When I went to meet the two secretaries, they were enjoying the thought how useful single women are in the world. I sat by rejoicing that I was married, for with such nerves I could not have written the report without help this year; so we were all very much pleased with our different lots, and each, I hope, thankful to God. . . . Love to all your dear circle.—Your most affectionate sister.

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

Nov. 7.

MY BELOVED SISTER,— . . . We have been very anxious about our dear Lady Marsh; she has been more seriously ill than usual, but I thank God she is better, and we hope will recover again. Her state of mind was truly delightful; we could only have indulged in sorrow for our own loss had she been removed; but the Lord has graciously spared her again, and I hope she may yet enjoy a few months or even years on earth. Her powers of mind are as brilliant as ever, and she

is full of life and animation. Dear Dr Mackintosh attended her with the kindest care.

I grieve to hear that you are still so suffering, but I indulge a sweet hope that the great and good Physician will cure you Himself. My cousin, Countess de Bruhl, was a very great sufferer from similar complaints, but it pleased God to restore her and spare her to the age of seventy. Oh! that He may hear our prayers, and spare your valuable life. I have just had a hasty but very affectionate letter from my brother, General Chowne, informing me of his intended marriage. I trust he will be happy. Do you know the lady? Adieu, my dearest sister.—Your own with much affection,

MARIA C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

MY BELOVED SISTER,—I have only a few minutes to tell you that my dearest W—— bore his journey from Brighton beyond expectation. When I survey the mercies of our gracious God through these trying scenes, I am astonished at His goodness, and ready to exclaim, “The Lord our God is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; He knoweth them that trust in Him.” We have been mercifully sustained, and have received such brotherly and sisterly kindness from dear Mr and Mrs G——, as I cannot express. Mrs K——, too, was all kindness and attention. May God reward and bless them abundantly!

Our dear friend, Mrs Lambard, has entered her eternal rest. After a long indisposition, which gradually weakened her, she fell asleep in Jesus. My loss is great indeed. I lament that I profited so little by her excellent example. Adieu, my dearest Sophia; my kindest love to all the dear circle.—Ever your affectionate sister,

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

Nov. 16.

MY BELOVED SISTER,— Your letter for a short time quite overpowered me. Dear Mr M—— wrote a sweet letter to our beloved and deeply afflicted ——. Oh! that the Holy Spirit may convey comfort to his troubled heart, and enable him to see the hand of a Father in this affliction. God is love. Let this blessed truth be the anchor of your soul. He intends nothing but good in this trial, yet for the present it is grievous. Let us hope that God will be pleased to remove the trial in some measure; my dearest sister *knows* that God's never-failing providence ordereth all things, both in heaven and earth, and *believes* that all things shall work together for good to them that love God. Yes! I am persuaded in eternity we shall all praise our God and Saviour for this as well as every trial we may receive at His hands. We shall then see the *wisdom* of the dispensation, the *good* it produced, the *evil* it averted; we shall see that God was glorified,

and our souls benefited. Let us remember the shortness of time, the nearness of eternity, and these things will lose much of their poignancy. Give my tenderest love to dearest S——, my beloved A——, and sweet little Susie; and with much sympathy, believe me, my beloved sister, your very affectionate

M. C. MARSH.

THE ILLNESS AND DEATH OF AUGUSTA TILSON.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . We have had an affecting death in our family—dear Augusta, the eldest daughter of my eldest brother. She passed the winter in Devonshire with dear Mrs C——, who attended her with maternal affection and kindness. She was also much blessed in leading dear Augusta's mind to a clearer and more heart-affecting view of her Saviour's love. She was enabled to cast her soul on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, and to believe the promises made to believers in Him. The fear of death was entirely removed, and she was anxious to depart and be with Christ. Her dear father, who arrived at S—— four days before her death, was greatly comforted by the state of her mind; and now she is gone, he talks with delight of her happiness, and anticipates a glorious meeting in the kingdom of heaven. How blessed is the Christian in life and in death, in sorrow and in joy, in time and in eternity. Dear Augusta said, "Tell my dear aunt I am perfectly happy in the

prospect of death;" and to her brother she said, "O W——, I am glad to see you, to tell you what great things God has done for my soul." She wrote herself to prepare her father for her death, and then added, "I feel a humble confidence that, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, we shall all meet in heaven, and spend an eternity of bliss together." She was just twenty-one, very clever, well informed, extensively read in more literature than a lady usually is, and well acquainted with several languages. She was elegant and lovely in her person, and much admired; yet the grace of God drew off her heart from earthly things, and fixed it on her Saviour. We have, indeed, great cause for gratitude that our gracious God has delivered this dear girl from sin, sorrow, and sickness, and brought her to everlasting glory.

Dear M—— is quite recovered—as well as ever she was. We have indeed cause for the greatest gratitude. I am better, thank God! but not so strong as I was before my late illness; but the Lord best knows the measure of strength I ought to have, and I pray that I may learn in every state I am, therewith to be content. Mr M. is a little better, but his health is still delicate. I can only add the united love of our whole party, and believe me, my dear friend, your affectionate and obliged

M. C. MARSH.

TO MISS SHEPPARD.

Feb.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Although I am suffering a little from an inflammatory attack, I must take up my pen to express, in some faint degree, how sincerely I sympathise with you under your present heavy affliction. You have indeed suffered one of the greatest of trials, the loss of a truly Christian friend, whose conversation and example encouraged and stimulated you in your Christian race. Yet, my dear friend, I would lead you to look from your own irreparable loss to her eternal gain. She has fought “the good fight of faith”—she has entered into that “rest which remaineth for the people of God”—she has dropped the encumbering body, and is “for ever with the Lord.” Sorrow, pain, weariness, and sin, are fled away for ever. “Fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore” are hers for eternity. Oh! that you may by faith realise her bliss, and anticipate the period when your warfare will also be accomplished, your tears be wiped away, and that friendship which began in time will flourish through the countless ages of eternity. May the Father of mercies and God of all consolation comfort your afflicted heart, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,

MARIA CHOWNE MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Truly have I wished to take up my pen, and as often been obliged to defer it till the morrow; yet when that morrow came, I was still unable to write. Mine has for many years been a very active life, but I never had quite so much as during the past summer; yet blessed be His name, my strength has been equal to my day, and I can still raise my Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." So many little domestic circumstances have arisen, that I scarcely know where to begin and relate them as I could wish.

The most important has been the illness and removal of Miss H——. For many months I had been praying for Divine direction respecting her. Since her illness she had found three pupils more than she could attend to; while I was thinking and praying upon the subject, Mrs B—— offered her a situation in her family, to take the charge of two children much younger than ours. Her mind was led to accept it. We therefore parted most pleasantly, and she seems very happy in her new situation. It would have grieved me much if she had been hurt, or wounded, for her services have been very valuable, and I shall ever feel grateful and affectionate towards her.

The next point was where to find a Christian governess. I went to my God and pleaded His promises.

CHAPTER VI

Guernsey—Removal to Birmingham—Schools—Her Illness—Recovery—Offer of a Church in Hereford—Decision to Remain at Birmingham—Journey to the Isle of Wight—Comforting the Afflicted—The Uncertainty of Human Things—Decline of Health—Aberystwith—Mr and Mrs Carus Wilson—Mr Marsh's Sermons—Lake Windermere.

LIFE AT BIRMINGHAM.

FIFTEEN years had passed away. During this time Mr and Mrs Marsh had made Colchester their home. Large had been the amount of labour which Mrs Marsh had expended upon the parochial machinery which she directed. She had scarcely looked forward to a change as possible. Every spot was now familiar. Her affections were deeply rooted in the field of her duties. But the providence of God had appointed a change in her lot. *L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.* Mr Marsh's health began to fail. His duties had accumulated until they had become too much for his strength. It was at this juncture that one of the patrons of the parish of Birmingham came down to Colchester, and offered him one of the new district churches in that populous town ; and about the same time an offer was made to him of a church in Guernsey. They first went to Guernsey that they might make a trial of the church, and of the climate of the island. Mrs Marsh was much delighted with this pleasant spot, with its beautiful bays, and its island-gemmed sea views. But, as it did not afford so

large a sphere of labour as Birmingham, the final decision to which they came was, that Birmingham should be selected. With this prospect in view, she wrote

TO MRS T——R OF COLCHESTER.

GUERNSEY.

MY VERY DEAR MRS T——R,—Goodness and mercy have followed us to this place, and we daily experience the loving-kindness of the Lord. Dear Mr Marsh's health is very much improved since he came here: he has had the rest he so much needed, for he has only preached twice in the fortnight, Mr Neville being still here. I know not how to be thankful enough for this great mercy. My own health also is certainly improved.

The island is pretty, and the air of comfort in every part I have seen quite delights me. Your benevolent wish that every cottager should have a garden is here fully realised. In my drive yesterday, I rarely saw a cottage without one; often there was an orchard, and a field with a cow. It is pleasant to see them coming into market, driving a little cart with the produce of their gardens, in all of which the hydrangia grows, and large myrtles climb over the front of the cottages. In the gardens of the higher orders, orange and lemon trees are seen laden with fruit, and the grapes are very fine.

You will doubtless have heard that Mr Marsh has

received an offer of a church at Birmingham. It has been *pressed* upon him by the patrons and the bishop. Mr M.'s mind is led to consider this as providential, as it came at a time when he was deeply feeling the pressure of Colchester on his strength, and after some months of prayer for direction under this pressure. The peculiar circumstances which brought the offer of Birmingham, and the earnest and pressing request made to him to accept the church, caused him to think it might be the leading of Divine Providence; but he is desirous not to do anything hastily, but take time to consider, to pray, and to watch how the "pillar and the cloud" move. We entreat your prayers.

The town of St Pierre-le-port is beautifully situated—high hills on each side, with handsome villas strewn over them. The shipping in the harbour, the ocean, and the islands of Herm, Jethon, Sark, and Alderney, are all fine objects in the picture. We all unite in kindest love to your dear family.—Believe me your affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

They left with regret the island, as Mr Marsh called it, "of fruits, flowers, and friendship," and arrived at Birmingham in October 1829. And here, or rather at Edgbaston, at some distance from the town of Birmingham, the remainder of her useful life was spent.

It cannot be supposed that an individual such as the

one whose character has been imperfectly traced in the previous pages, could be set in the foreground, and known for fifteen years, in one small town, without raising, in the hearts of many, an imperishable monument. Years may pass away, but her name will be as much loved and revered by the inhabitants of Colchester, as if she were still living amongst them, stimulating them by her Christian example, cheering them by her unvarying kindness, and comforting them by her ever ready and disinterested sympathy. But God, who causes everything to work together for good to them that love Him, saw fit thus to remove her from the midst of a parish and a congregation by whom she was so justly beloved.

At first, she felt the trial to be severe indeed, but she knew that He who ordered the bounds of her habitation could not err, and therefore, with Christian submission, she prayed to be enabled to resign her will to His, and though to the last she rarely spoke of Colchester without tears, yet she frequently acknowledged, from the results which followed, that she firmly believed her beloved husband had simply followed the leadings of Providence in taking a step as painful to himself as to her.

The new sphere of his labour differed widely from the one which he had left. The parish of St Thomas', in Birmingham, was extensive and densely populated, and many of the people had never been in the habit of

attending a place of worship till this church, which had but recently been consecrated, was built for their accommodation. Very cheering, then, was it to the heart of one who so rejoiced in the conversion of souls to Christ, to witness the crowds who, Sunday after Sunday, thronged the temple of God to hear the gospel of salvation faithfully preached to them; and often has she said to her children at the conclusion of the Lord's day, "Each Sabbath shews me the reason why your dear father was permitted to leave Colchester."

Her letters, written from Edgbaston, will describe her life in her new sphere of labour.

THE REMOVAL TO BIRMINGHAM.

Dec. 1.

MY DEAREST S——, I hasten to answer your question as well as I can; it is undoubtedly uncertain whether we remain at this place. It is a grand station, and if Mr M. were younger, he would delight to have such a glorious opportunity of declaring the gospel of Christ; but he fears that his strength will not be equal to it, and on that account hesitates. He is still praying earnestly for Divine direction, and I doubt not he will be guided to do the thing which is pleasing to God. I do not think we shall go back to Colchester; I have felt much in leaving that beloved

people, but I see it was necessary. . . . I now commit it to the gracious decision of my infinitely gracious God: He will direct us, I doubt not, and make every path of duty straight.

I had a sweet letter from dear Sophy last night; she writes in a truly Christian spirit of resignation on the loss of her beloved mother. Oh, what a tender mother was our dear departed sainted sister! How sweet were her last words—"He fills me with joy and peace." . . . I forgot to tell you that the good people at Guernsey are so fond of Mr Marsh, that they will not elect their minister till February, hoping he will return. I feel now to lie at the Lord's feet, saying, "Send us where Thou wilt, only let Thy presence go with us, or remain with us here; let Thy blessing rest on the ministry of my dearest husband, make him wise to win souls to Christ Jesus our Lord." We have established a Sunday school here. Dear M—— and L—— are teachers, and the younger ones have a little class. Mr M. meets the teachers on a Friday, as he did at Guernsey. I never saw a school so admirably conducted as at the latter place; there were seven hundred children, and seventy voluntary teachers. M—y and M—— taught in it; a little girl in M——'s class sent for her when dying. There were evidently serious thoughts in the mind of the dear child, and I trust she found her Saviour. Is not this encouraging? What an honour to train up children to

serve our blessed Saviour! May my heart rejoice and praise His holy name, who has dealt so graciously with us.

Adieu, my much-loved S——. May our God lift up the light of His countenance upon you.—I am your very affectionate
M. C. MARSH.

CHASTENING IN LOVE.

TO THE SAME.

EDGEASTON, Oct. 4.

. . . . The time has passed painfully since we parted, yet I trust the Lord is chastening me in love; and when He has tried me, oh! may I come forth as gold. Although the disease is bodily, yet, for wise and holy reasons, it is permitted to affect the mind. I have taken a close review of my past life; the omissions of duty, and the sins committed, are indeed most humbling; but, blessed be God, though He cause grief, He doth not entirely cast off. Many sweet promises have occurred to my mind, and I have had the rich consolation, sometimes, of being able to cast myself at my Saviour's feet. "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." "Help, Lord, I beseech thee." "Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation." Last Sunday I read that beautiful promise, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." But, my beloved sister, when I think how little I have lived to

the glory of God, oh! how it grieves me. May the Lord pardon all my negligences, ignorance, and omissions! May He overrule all to promote His own glory! Pray that this dispensation may not be removed till it has done all the Lord intends. He chastens because He loves; and He chastens us that we may not be condemned with the world. I do not feel so anxious to be relieved as to be benefited.

My beloved children are most attentive to me; they often bring some sweet promises from the blessed Word of God, and speak so sweetly and so comfortably to me. My beloved Mr M., and Archdeacon Hodson, are gone to Cambridge this week to celebrate Mr Simeon's fiftieth year of preaching in that University. What a mercy that his valuable useful life should have been so long preserved! Who can tell what good he has been instrumental in diffusing from that pulpit throughout the kingdom? May his life be yet lengthened, and his labours more and more blessed. . . .

HER RECOVERY.

TO THE SAME.

EDGBASTON, Dec. 28.

. . . . From day to day I have longed to write to you, but, as my mornings are so much interrupted, and my eye-sight is not very good by candle-light, I have been obliged to defer it. Let me ask you to praise the

Lord with me for His great, His very great mercies. After consulting Mr —— and two other medical men, I began to think it was the will of God that my complaint should remain; but Mr M. and my children were so unhappy, that I consented to consult Dr Davies, the son of my kind friend Mrs D. It pleased God, in great mercy, to bless the medicines he prescribed. . . . The gloom which had so long pressed on my mind was dispersed. Again I enjoy peace with God through Jesus Christ my Lord, and can rejoice in the tribulation He has graciously carried me through, and delivered me out of this spiritual darkness, and caused light to shine in on my soul. I found some comfort during my darkest hours from the 13th Psalm, and Psalms 32, 51, 62, 80, 130, and 143. Oh! what unspeakable mercy to have been brought out of such deep waters; may my lips and my life praise the Lord, my gracious God and Saviour! I am very anxious to hear from you, and also to receive some accounts of dear Mr and Mrs W. Carus Wilson and all the family. I often think of all their love and kindness to us last autumn.

I am sure it will rejoice your heart to hear that our dear W—— is conducting himself admirably; his tutor gives him high praise both for diligence and excellent conduct. This, indeed, is a cause for much gratitude. We are much in prayer to be directed as to our plans for dear C——; I doubt not the Lord

will enable us to discern *His* plan for that dear child. Dear Eliza is in daily expectation of her summons to India. The young lady she is to go with is a most devoted Christian, and is to be married to a very good young man, who is appointed a missionary to Madras. Miss H—— has had a desire to devote herself to the missionary work ever since she was a child. All my prayers for dear Eliza, respecting the companions of her voyage, seem to be most graciously answering. A sweeter and more pious person than Miss H—— could not be found. My dear girls have been most active in doing everything for me respecting her equipment. My mercies are indeed more than the hairs of my head. Oh! pray, beloved S—— that I may have a thankful heart, and serve the Lord with cheerful spirits. . . . We all unite in tenderest love. I am your most affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

I give you a motto for the new year:—"His banner over me is *love*."

A CHURCH IN HEREFORD IS OFFERED TO MR MARSH.

EDGBASTON, *January*.

MY BELOVED FRIEND, . . . Dearest Eliza leaves us on Monday for London, and expects to embark on board the *Warren Hastings* on the 24th. She sends much love. Dear girl, it will be a heavy trial to us all; yet much mercy mingles with it, and we can

praise while we weep. The united livings of St Owen's and St Peter's, Hereford, are offered to Mr Marsh. We are earnestly praying for the direction of the Lord, and beg your prayers that we may follow the leadings of Divine Providence. We shall be satisfied, whichever appears to be the path of duty. Mr M. sends kindest love.—Believe me, your most affectionate sister and friend,

M. C. MARSH.

MR MARSH DETERMINES TO REMAIN AT BIRMINGHAM.

EDGBASTON.

MY BELOVED S——, On Sunday morning my dear husband announced to his people that he had been led to believe the providence of God had clearly pointed to Birmingham, and he would cheerfully continue to minister amongst them, so long as God should be pleased to give him strength for the work. I could not see many of the people in the pews, but those in the gallery had joy expressed in their looks. Ever since his determination has been known, the church has been more filled than ever. The church-warden of St Peter's, Hereford, was in the church, and heard for the first time that my dear Mr L. had resigned the livings there. When he called on us the next day, he said, with tears in his eyes, "When I saw that large congregation I said within myself, Mr Marsh cannot leave it, I am sure." L

trust the great Head of the Church will provide a truly faithful minister for that dear people.

Our old and beloved friend Mr B—— has been pleading the missionary cause at Hereford. He came to us afterwards, and was so much struck with St Thomas's congregation, that though he was delighted with the people at H., he could not but rejoice in Mr M.'s decision. We had three days of delightful Christian intercourse with this dear friend. Oh! how sweet is the communion of saints! . . . I have engaged Miss M. H—— as governess to dear K——. She is decidedly pious, very sensible, and well-informed. Dear Mrs H——, her mother, is a Christian indeed. I feel it a high privilege to have one of her daughters under our roof. Adieu, my much-loved friend, &c. &c.,

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

EDGEASTON, *April 2.*

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—I am really distressed at having so long delayed writing to you, but when I tell you that I have still three children absent, you will know that I have a great many letters to write. I have also been writing several long letters for India to Mrs S——, dear E——, and her sisters. You will probably have heard ere this time that Mr Marsh has decided to remain at St Thomas's. We had been praying nearly three months for the gracious guidance

of our God, according to His promise, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths;" and He has been pleased, we humbly trust, to hear and answer our prayers. Several striking circumstances have occurred which have made our path plain, and Mr M. has resigned St Peter's, Hereford. We feel perfectly *contented and happy* to remain here. The love that has been manifested towards my dear husband, not only from his own congregation, but from the whole town, has been most gratifying. All his clerical brethren wished him to remain here; the Dissenters expressed the same feelings. The Society of Friends were all anxious he should stay; one of them said, "Friend Marsh, if thou leavest, the Friends will put on crape." I thought you would like to hear all these particulars. Dear W. and C. come home to-morrow; we shall be truly delighted to have two more of our dear children at home again. Dear M. is at Lynton; her health seems to be very much re-established. Great indeed are our mercies! Oh for truly thankful hearts to praise and bless the Lord our gracious God! My dear girls unite with us in much love.—Believe me, &c. &c.

M. C. MARSH.

LETTERS TO THE LATE MRS M——K.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Hitherto, my tender sympathy has been divided between you and the dear

departed. Now I can rejoice with joy unspeakable for *her*; but for you, my dear friend, my tears of sympathy must flow; you not only lose a much loved, much endeared child, but a Christian sister, a bosom friend, whose thoughts and your's were one. You lose a companion whose conversation raised your thoughts to the adorable Redeemer and things unseen. Oh, what a loss is your's! I do indeed share with you in this grief; yet, I know that He, whose love has been so marvellously manifested towards you and the dear departed, will be the same. He can, and He will support you in this most trying hour. He is the faithful God, whose promises are more sweet and more powerful in proportion to the darkness and sorrow which surround us. May you abundantly experience His gracious comforting presence! May you realise the bliss into which she has now entered, and anticipate that day when you will meet to part no more before the Throne, to sing the praises of redeeming love throughout the countless ages of eternity.

When I think of the wonderful support vouchsafed to the dear child during her long and most trying illness, I cannot sufficiently adore the goodness of the Lord. Her experience was not merely that of a little child whose sins are forgiven him for His name's sake, "but even of a father, knowing Him that was from the beginning." She appears to have attained a knowledge of the Saviour in His gracious offices, so

far beyond what is usually attained even by pious children, that I cannot but consider her as a wonderful monument of the power and riches of Divine grace. "We bless Thee, O Lord, for this thy dear young servant, who has departed in thy faith and fear." May grace be given us to follow her, so far as she followed Christ!

I have delightful accounts from my dear Mr M., of the Lord's great goodness in giving so much success to the Jewish cause in Ireland. The Bishop of Kildare has joined both the Jews' and the Church Missionary Society. In consequence of his interview with Mr Way, he went to the Jews' meeting, and was so well pleased with what he heard, that he joined the society immediately. The Bishop of Limerick, the Dean, and the Archdeacon, also attended the meeting. The Bishop invited them to dine at the palace, and afterwards went to hear Mr M. preach. I think these are encouraging signs. I hope the work of the Lord is really going on in Ireland. All praise and glory be to Him. Adieu, my dear friend. Give my kindest regards to Mr M——k. Believe me, with the truest and tenderest sympathy, your affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Ever since I heard of your sweet little H——'s removal from a world of sin and sorrow, to that state of rest and bliss which our

blessed Redeemer purchased for her, I have felt a peculiar tenderness and sympathy for my dear afflicted friend. I doubt not our most gracious God was with you in those hours of trial, and has again put a song into your mouth, "even praise unto our God." Yet I know a mother, and a tender mother like you, must feel a great deal, and those wounds which were so deep after the death of dear Louisa must have been again opened, and bled afresh. Though I never had the pleasure of seeing the dear happy infant, while clothed with her mortal garment, yet I loved her as your babe, and hoped to know her here below. Oh, how everything teaches us the uncertainty and vanity of all earthly things!

May every event lead us to set our affections on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. May the Holy Spirit influence us more and more to rise to high and heavenly things, and live above this stormy and tempestuous world. My dear Mr M. is about to lose the valuable assistance of our excellent friend Mr B——. He is going to his living, a dark corner in Essex, where I trust he will be much blest. . . . I have had a great deal of occupation lately. Our young friend Miss Smyth, who was consigned to our care by her parents, has finished her education, and is about to return to them in India. I have had her equipment to order; it is nearly completed. As there was no other friend to undertake it, I felt it my duty,

and have been helped through it. The lady who will take charge of her is a pious, sensible woman. I can see much mercy in this arrangement, and my heart is quite at ease about her voyage. Dear —— is very poorly. I do not see any immediate danger, but when I consider her advanced age, I cannot but feel some alarm. Thank God! her lamp is trimmed; she is ready for the Bridegroom's coming. My dear children have all been remarkably well, excepting M——, through this severe winter. Oh, for a more thankful heart!—I am your truly affectionate and sympathising friend,

M. C. MARSH.

WEST COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

MY MUCH LOVED FRIEND,—My thoughts have been with you frequently since we parted, realising all the varied kindness I and mine received from you and your dear husband. My heart feels more than I can express for all your love and kindness to us. When I look back on the hours I passed under your friendly roof, my heart rises in thankfulness to God for the sweet resting-place we found there. How delightful is Christian friendship, and how peculiarly are we favoured in having so many dear friends!

We had a very good journey to Portsmouth, and had only one adventure, the loss of our sandwich basket. When we arrived at P., we found it was the great fair, and every room in the hotel, excepting one, was

occupied ; the three girls were most kindly received by Major and Mrs B——, and Mr M., and I dined with them the next day, and then we all sailed over to West Cowes. We are delighted with this pretty, quiet place ; if our dear friends were with us it would be still more delightful ; but we cannot have our roses without thorns, or our pleasures without alloy, in this world. My beloved husband seems a little better ; I hope he will be induced to pursue the plan of silence effectually. Adieu, my much loved friend.—Believe me ever your much attached

M. C. MARSH.

THE MOULDING OF THE WILL INTO THE WILL OF CHRIST.

LETTERS TO MISS M——K.

MY VERY DEAR M——,—I have tenderly sympathised with you in the deep anxiety you have felt whilst witnessing the sufferings of your tenderly beloved and excellent mother. I trust our merciful God will be pleased to hear our prayers, and lengthen the days of her valuable life, that she may be spared to you and your dear father a few years longer.

In wishing to detain her from her Saviour's blissful presence we may seem too selfish, but she can glorify God in a sinful and unbelieving world ; she can testify to the young how blessed His service is, and how sweet to bear His yoke in youth. Surely to do this she will cheerfully wait a few more years in this vale of tears. I pray that we may know no will but that of our Lord

and Saviour, and resign our all to Him, who has so loved us, that for our sakes He left His high throne of glory to dwell on earth, to suffer, to obey, to die for us, and now He ever lives to intercede for us, that we may behold His glory and be for ever with Him. Oh, may our wills be moulded into His, and our affections set on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, and our life be hid with Christ in God, that when He who is our life shall appear, we may also appear with Him in glory!

I have had many hours of weakness and languor since we met, but the Lord has been very gracious, and granted me that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. I can bless Him with my whole heart for the mercies of my illness. Adieu, my beloved M——. May our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God even our Father, who hath loved us and given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your heart and establish you in every good word and work. —Believe me your affectionately attached friend,

M. C. MARSH.

THESE PASSING EARTHLY THINGS.

TO THE SAME.

MY VERY DEAR M——,—It seems a long time since we have heard anything from Brighton. We feel great anxiety respecting your dear mother ; give my tenderest love to her, and tell her I daily endeavour to committ

her to our infinitely gracious God and Saviour, praying that she may be kept in perfect peace, trusting in His name, that she may be preserved from every temptation, doubt, and fear, and may have a full assurance of her Saviour's love, and the light of His countenance filling her with joy and peace in believing. For you, my dear M——, I continually pray, that our merciful Lord may manifest Himself as your friend, teaching you to cast every deep-felt care upon Him, and leading you to continual trust in His love and power. I am very thankful to tell you that dear M. is considerably better.

We have had a striking proof lately of the instability of all earthly things, in the long and dangerous illness of our young friend Mrs C——. She was married last year to Mr C——. Her illness has continued six months, and the account yesterday was, that her happy spirit was about to take its flight. She has been favoured with a large portion of peace and joy. "Christ is very precious to me!" is her continual exclamation. She said to Mr M., "I had rather be redeemed by Christ than have stood in Adam. Oh, what a Saviour He is!" She took leave of all her friends about a week past, and said, "Now I have done with earth; now I shall go to my Saviour." Yesterday, whenever she had strength she exclaimed "Hallelujah!" She is just twenty-one, and leaves behind her a very affectionate husband and a sweet little boy, besides her sorrowing parents, brothers, and sisters; but every tie is dissolved, and she

longs to be with her Saviour. Oh! I hope this blessed end will be the means, under God, of leading all who witnessed it, to seek the same joyful hope in Christ. May we, dear M——, and all we love, value this salvation more and more. Give my kindest love to your dear grandpapa and grandmamma.—I am your very affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

ON THE LOSS OF A MOTHER.

MY TENDERLY BELOVED M——,—Your letter of this morning has been a cordial to us. To read of the support God has graciously given you in this hour of trial, is indeed a source of praise and thanksgiving. The Lord our God is good, and His tender mercies are over all His works. How much then may we expect from Him when His own dear children are in sorrow. “In all their afflictions He is afflicted. Yes! the hand which dealt the blow, gently raised you, and sustained you, saying, “Fear not, it is I.” Oh! my dear M——, my heart has indeed sympathised with you. Twenty-two years have nearly passed away since my beloved mother left this earth; yet I well remember the desolate feeling which came over my mind when I felt myself alone in the world. I could only pray that the Lord our God would graciously support and comfort you. Blessed be His name, He has done so, and He will never leave you, nor forsake you. He will guide you by His counsel, and

then receive you into glory. He will manifest Himself to you, as He does not unto the world. Let us remember the character of our God, it is Love. "Can a woman forget her sucking child? Yes, she may forget, but I will not forget thee." You have lost the tenderest, the wisest, the most Christian of mothers; but all her tenderness, all her wisdom, all her grace were but drops from the ocean of tenderness, wisdom, and holiness, which dwells in our Saviour. Oh! may He become increasingly precious to our souls, and may He fill us with holy confidence in His care and love. May every bereavement lead us nearer to Him, that our affections may be set on things above, not on things of the earth! I hasten to tell you how delighted we shall be to see you. I hope you will come as soon as you can, and stay as long as your health will permit. I loved you always very tenderly, but I love you now with almost maternal affection. M. has written to you at —, as we found it impossible to get a letter to Brighton before you left it.—Believe me your very affectionate and sympathising friend,

M. C. MARSH.

ON THE BEST MEANS OF ALLEVIATING SORROW.

MY BELOVED M——,—To say I have felt for you, would be much too weak an expression. I have most tenderly sympathised with you and your dear friend, *under* your bitter trial, but I am thankful, my much

loved M——, that you have been able to prefer a parent's happiness to your own. I am sure that grace sustained you in your trial, and you could look up to your heavenly Father with thankfulness, that He had strengthened you to deny yourself, and take up the cross He appointed for you. My prayer is, that this trial may be abundantly sanctified to both of you, that it may draw your hearts nearer to Him who is the fountain of bliss and glory. May He impart to both the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit, filling you with joy and peace in believing.

It was a source of grief to M—— and myself, that we could not be near you to shew a portion of the love and sympathy we have felt, by affectionate attention and soothing converse; but this privilege was withheld by Him who doeth all things well. I was thankful to hear that you were better, as I feared the effect on a frame so delicate. I shall be anxious to hear again, for I agree with good old Howe, who, in writing to Lady R. Russell, says:—"The second stage of grief is more difficult to bear than the first. There is a degree of excitement at first, which seems to carry us above our feelings; but when the mind returns to its former tone, the chasm is most painfully felt; the wilderness journey seems long and tedious; the heavenly rest appears less clear. We seem to have lost the bright gleam of sunshine which lighted us on our way, and all appears dreary and dark." Have you

felt this, my dear M——? I well remember having such painful feelings. My first resource was prayer; be much in prayer, my beloved young friend. My next resource was the precious promises of God in Christ Jesus; and my third resource was incessant occupation. I went steadily through some pious authors, and enlarged my studies as much as possible. As I resided in the country, I daily passed some hours amongst the poor. These means were so much blest, that in a few months I regained my usual cheerfulness, and was enabled to leave all in the hands of my gracious God. How mercifully He was pleased to bring back what I had been called to resign, I must not now dwell upon. We know that He can do all things, and that He will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly. I continue wonderfully to bear the winter, through the rich mercy and goodness of my God. I sometimes go to the lectures, when the evenings are clear and fine. Dear Mr M. is much better, indeed we are all well, thank God. Great are our mercies. Oh! may we be truly thankful for them. We all unite in kindest love.—I am your very affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

THE RESTLESSNESS OF THE COUNTRY IN 1831.

TO MISS LEYCESTER, TOFT HALL, CHESHIRE.

EDGBASTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot suffer my dear brother

Tilson to go to Toft without writing a few lines, to express how often I have reverted with pleasure to our interviews at Aberystwith. My thoughts and prayers have followed you and your dear family. May the best blessings be the portion of each, even those rich, spiritual, and eternal benefits which flow from the love of a gracious God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. At all times Christians must wish those whom they love to possess these blessings; but when was there ever a season in which temporal mercies were held with a more precarious tenure? The restless state of the country on one hand, and the awful pestilence on the other, render all earthly possessions very uncertain; but the Christian has "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for him." Receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear. May this be your portion, and of all we love, and may the kingdom of our Saviour extend itself over all hearts, till the knowledge of the Lord cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.

I am sorry to hear that dear Laura is still an invalid; give my kindest love to her, and tell her to remember that our Saviour says, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten;" "no chastisement for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous; yet afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." May she richly experience these precious

truths, and say with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Give my kind love to dear E—— and R——, and my affectionate remembrance to your beloved parents.—Believe me your truly affectionate

M. C. MARSH.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF ALL HUMAN THINGS, AND REST
IN GOD ALONE.

TO THE LATE MISS LANGFORD.

MY VERY DEAR SOPHIA,—If thoughts, good wishes, and prayers, could have flown to you without the medium of pen and paper, you would, long since, have heard from me. My heart has tenderly sympathised in your trial; and my fervent prayers have ascended to the throne of the Most High, that this affliction may be fully sanctified to your immortal soul. You have not yet attained a third of those years which are usually allotted to the life of man, and you are already suffering from a most painful lingering complaint. How loudly does such a message from God say to *you*, to *me*, to *all*, Behold how uncertain are all things here below! Surely it not only warns, but invites us to seek that precious Saviour, who left His heaven to dwell on our earth, that He might suffer and obey for us, and bring us at last to His glorious kingdom. I can assure you, my beloved Sophy, that I wish to bring these thoughts close to my own heart, as well as to yours. *May* the Holy Spirit, who alone can bless and sanctify

our souls, lead us both “so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

To know ourselves as sinful, helpless creatures, and to know God as our Father, the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour, and the Holy Ghost as our Sanctifier, is the only true knowledge which can bring peace to the soul. When we think of the exceedingly great love of the eternal Father, who gave His only begotten Son for our salvation—when we think of the wonderful love of our blessed Saviour, “who thought it not robbery to be equal with God, yet humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross,” for us miserable sinners—when we think of the love of the Holy Spirit, who bears with all our weakness, perverseness, ingratitude, and hardness of heart, and never will leave us till He has renewed us throughout, and made us meet for the kingdom of heaven—surely we shall all say, in the language of St John, God is love. Oh that my beloved Sophia may acquaint herself with Him, and be at peace! May that joy which flows from a sweet sense of the pardoning love of God be your portion, and may you say with the Psalmist, “It is good for me that I have been afflicted.” I wish you to study frequently the 12th chapter of St Paul’s Epistle to the Hebrews: you will learn from it God’s design in chastening us, that we may become partakers of His holiness. I hope you will read frequently and pray over the 15th chapter of St Luke, the 3d and 10th of St John, the 2d of Ephe-

sians, the 53d of Isaiah, and the 25th, 40th, and 53d Psalms. I think they are peculiarly adapted to give us a view of ourselves and of our Saviour; but the whole of the inspired volume is a treasure of such inestimable value, that one knows not how to select a *few* rich jewels where *all* is so brilliant, so precious! . . . My dearest husband and children unite in best love to yourself and all the beloved party at Watlington Park, with my dear Sophia's very affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

CHEERFUL ACQUIESCENCE IN THE DIVINE WILL.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I am glad to avail myself of Mr S——'s return to Colchester to thank you for your last most welcome letter. The removal of our beloved friend, Mrs English, was indeed so triumphant and blessed, that for a season I could only praise God for His mercies and love to her; but I am still so earthly and selfish that I cannot cease to mourn her loss. I had for so many years found her society so pleasant and so profitable, that I cannot tell you what I suffered in the loss of it when I left Colchester. I was often refreshed by her sweet letters, and hoped to see her at Birmingham. But our heavenly Father has ordered it otherwise. He has called her to the marriage supper of the Lamb; she has joined the countless multitude who surround the throne. I must remain a little *longer* in the wilderness, and then, through the riches

of His grace and mercy in Christ Jesus, I may hope to meet her again to part no more for ever. Oh, could that thought be habitually in the mind, we should indeed say with the apostle, "These light afflictions, which are but *for a moment*, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!"

I am sure you will rejoice to hear that the Lord has reconciled me much more to this place than I ever expected to be. I do not love dear Colchester less, but I am contented to sojourn here, because I see it a post of great usefulness for my dear Mr Marsh; my children also are usefully employed, and I have strength to do a little. We have several Christian persons who are truly kind to us, and who esteem my dear Mr M. "highly in love for his work's sake." There is something very pleasing in the warm-heartedness of the people: I think this is characteristic of all ranks.

You will rejoice with us, I am sure, and give thanks to God, that our beloved M—— arrived safely in England on Wednesday the 18th: I expect her this evening. She has been preserved from sickness and accident throughout the whole time of her absence. I may indeed say, the Lord has been abundantly gracious to her. Oh for a truly thankful heart! We all unite in love.—I am your affectionate friend,

MARIA CHOWNE MARSH.

FAITH RESTS BENEATH THE SHADOW OF CHRIST'S CROSS,
AND IS CONTENT AND SAFE.
TO THE SAME.

EDGEASTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was truly thankful to hear you were better when your letter was written ; and I hope it has pleased God to bless this fine weather to your further recovery. How I wish we could go to Walton as we once did ! those pleasant days at Harwich I shall never forget.

I am thankful indeed to say, that through the infinite goodness of our God I am recovering from my late illness. My sufferings at first were very distressing, from spasms on the breath. I used to struggle for an hour as if life were departing. But it pleased God, at the end of a fortnight, to relieve me from this great suffering, and I have enjoyed the refreshment of taking the air twice in our open carriage, which was truly beneficial to both body and mind. The sight of the trees and blossoms was most refreshing and animating : my heart was lifted up in praises to Him who clothes the trees of the field in all their magnificence and beauty, whose tender mercies are over His people, and whose goodness extends to all. I have been mercifully kept in a state of peace and dependence from day to day, trusting in the precious blood of my Saviour, "which cleanseth from all sin ;" resting in His mediatorial work, "who is able to save to the uttermost all

who come to God by Him." I could commit all for time and for eternity into His hands. I never felt more deeply my sinfulness and my utter inability to do anything without Him ; but I was enabled to believe that "He would work in me all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power." Now that it seems His good pleasure to raise me up again, I entreat your prayers, that I may have grace to glorify Him who is so rich in mercy, and so full of loving-kindness to me, the most unworthy of His servants.

I fear you have had an unpleasant time during the last election. The power the people seem to be gaining in every place is alarming indeed : the whole state of Europe is full of commotion ; and our own happy country partakes too much of it. I only wish to think of these things, that I may cling less to the things of time and sense, and may pray more for my king and country, and, above all, for the unity, peace, and holiness of the Church of Christ. Alas ! the anniversary of the Bible Society. What a sad reverse it was of that beautiful assemblage where once all was harmony, peace, and love. May the Lord heal all our divisions !

My excellent friend, Mr Basil Woodd, is gone to his everlasting rest, after a most holy and useful life. Few have done so much good as he did during the forty-seven years he laboured in the ministry. His last words were, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace." Mr Daniel Wilson's sermon on his death

sets forth the character of my inestimable departed friend very sweetly. He was my chief friend and adviser when I began to differ from the world. I owe him very much; many, many happy hours have I passed under his roof. He was almost a father to me, and I loved him with filial affection, and his excellent wife also. My kind love to your daughters.—Believe me your affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

THE LOSS OF THE "ROTHESAY CASTLE."

ABERYSTWITHE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your two letters followed me to this place, where I have been staying three weeks, and through the Divine mercy and goodness my health is perfectly restored. I have been a great sufferer for nearly five months; my last illness was a rheumatic fever, and I was so completely reduced by it that I thought I was on the brink of eternity, and began preparing the minds of my dear Mr M. and my children. I was most graciously supported; my fears were all removed, and I was enabled to cast myself on my blessed Saviour, in full dependence on His mercy and love. It pleased God to bless the means used by dear Mr Boutflower, who came on the wings of friendship to see me. He found me in great danger, but through the goodness of God left me recovering, though in such

a weak state I could not turn in my bed, or feed myself. My dear children attended upon me with the greatest tenderness and care. I cannot tell you half the affection and kindness of my beloved husband and these dear children. My servants also were so truly kind and attentive; I cannot recount my mercies, they were so very great. All I want is a heart to praise God, to love Him more, and serve Him better. . . . You have heard of the loss of the packet between Liverpool and Beaumaris. Mrs Austen and one of her daughters were waiting for Mr and Mrs Foster. They waited in vain; their beloved relatives came not. After some hours' suspense their fears were all confirmed, and they heard their dear brother and sister had perished. Mr and Mrs F. were evidently pious persons. In the awful season, from twelve till half an hour after one, when it sank, they and their little group were all collected in one part of the vessel, silently praying, and waiting their solemn summons. The rest of the passengers were weeping and making the most mournful exclamations. The contrast was most affecting, and was related by a gentleman who was preserved almost miraculously. It is feared one hundred and thirty persons lost their lives. What an awful event! May it be sanctified to the Saviour's glory!

My dear Mr M. has been here three weeks; he has thrown open his drawing-room at the time of family worship; several pious persons have attended,

and appeared to enjoy it very much. We have found some excellent Christians here, which renders it very pleasant. I like the place exceedingly; a fine bold sea, and the Welsh mountains rising behind the town, form a grand picture. Adieu, my dear friend. My dear Mr M. and our children send much love.—I am your very affectionate friend,

M. C. M.

TO THE SAME.

EDGBASTON, *Sept.* 22.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I am sure you will unite with me in praising God for all the mercies we have received “going out and coming in.” My health and strength are wonderfully restored; and I have only now to pray for grace that I may employ them in the service of my infinitely gracious God and Saviour.

We had a very pleasant journey, both going to and returning from Aberystwith. We were first delighted with the beauties of Montgomeryshire: on each side of the road, which runs through a valley, hills rise, covered with wood. On entering Cardiganshire the face of the country changes; we passed through a chain of high barren hills, which continues unbroken for thirty miles, and terminates only at the sea-shore. Imagine yourself on a terrace-road cut half-way up *the mountains*, with a precipice below and above, and

a similar chain on the opposite side of the valley. At the end of twenty miles the scene again changes; you go down a steep descent, and find yourself again surrounded by high hills covered with wood, and beautiful falls of water dashing from rock to rock. This is called the Devil's Bridge, and is considered one of the finest things in Wales. From this place to Aberystwith we had a beautiful drive, still on the side or top of the hills, and overlooking the lovely valley of the Rheidal, through which the river winds its course till it reaches the sea. We were much pleased with Aberystwith; the sea and rocks are very fine. We had delightful Christian privileges; the clergyman is an excellent man. We also met many pious families there; and Mr Marsh had family worship open to a certain number; we frequently had fifteen or sixteen besides our own family. Mr M. expounded the Epistle to the Philippians; it was a delightful season of spiritual refreshment. We need more gratitude and love to our heavenly Father for His abundant mercies. . . . Adieu, my dear friend. May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus!—Your affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

FAITH EVER LAYS HOLD UPON THE TRUTH, THAT THE
BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST CLEANSETH FROM ALL SIN.

TO THE SAME.

EDGBASTON, Dec. 24.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—From day to day have I reproached myself for having so long delayed answering your last kind and affectionate letter; but, for several weeks after I received it, I suffered so much, that whenever I began to write, I was obliged to give up the attempt. My family persuaded me to consult Dr Davies, a very skilful physician in Birmingham; and it pleased God so mercifully to bless the means he prescribed, that the complaint which had for so many months distressed me, was removed in about three weeks. Since that time the uneasy sensations have gradually subsided, and the consequent depression which was so great a trial to me, God has, in infinite love, also caused to be entirely removed. Oh, that the health He has again vouchsafed to restore, and the spirit which He has strengthened, may be more entirely devoted to His blessed service! Again I use the 40th and 103^d Psalms; during my illness I found the 13th, the 32^d, the 51st, and the 143^d, peculiarly comforting to my mind; indeed they seemed made for me; my soul rested on that precious word, “The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from *all* sin.” I cannot express what were my views of sin and its

awful deserts. Oh, what mercy to be enabled to rest on the great atonement made by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to look to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!"

I have been able to resume my visits to the Asylum. We have lately lost one young woman in a decline, who appeared to be truly penitent. During the two years she had been there, her conduct had been very exemplary. Since her death, a young woman, to whom she was made useful, told us that she was, for many months, in the habit of rising an hour earlier than the others, and employing the time in prayer; the same in the evening when the others were asleep. She bore her long illness with great patience, though her sufferings were severe; only praise came from her lips. She lay for hours by herself; but she said the Lord Jesus comforted her. Such a case ought to stimulate us to continue our labours of love amidst many disappointments. With our united kindest regards to all your dear family and Mr T——r, believe me your very affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE LADIES' COMMITTEE AT COLCHESTER FOR THE
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIANITY AMONG
THE JEWS.

EDGBASTON.

DEAR CHRISTIAN SISTERS,—I am now obliged to

resign an office I highly valued—the Treasurership of the Colchester Ladies' Association for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews. I have had many painful struggles ere I could resign all hope of again uniting personally with those amongst whom I have so long and so happily laboured. But our infinitely wise and gracious God has called us to another part of His vineyard. May He give us all grace to feel as well as say, “*Thy will be done!*”

I can no longer meet you in person, but let us continually meet at the Throne of Grace, to pray for each other, for the Church of Christ, and for the conversion of our poor Jewish brethren. Let us plead the promises of God for the future glorious harvest, while we give thanks for the *first-fruits* in our day. I must not omit to mention what has given us great joy with regard to this subject. Mr J. M. M——, well known to many in Colchester as a Jew, is become a steady, devoted Christian, and a faithful minister of the gospel. During his residence at Geneva, the Lord was pleased to bless his ministry to the conversion of several persons; amongst them were two of his own nation, who, being people of large fortune, had become *nominal* Christians; but under his instrumentality became *real* Christians. The mother died rejoicing in her Saviour; the son is now going into the Church.

Dear Christian Sisters, let these things encourage you to pray more earnestly, and act more diligently in

this cause ; remembering the gracious promise, "I will bless them that will bless thee." That the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, may bless you all, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE LATE MRS AUSTEN.

EDGBASTON.

MY PRECIOUS FRIEND,—What shall I say to you for my long silence? Yet, if you knew how much I had been suffering, your tender, affectionate heart would readily forgive me. I have been affected by the most distressing mental feelings, and could not get near the mercy-seat to plead the precious promises through the atoning blood of my Saviour. I was incapable of enjoying any of those pleasures which are so abundantly given me. I bless God for His great mercy, I am more peaceful to-day than I have been for a long time. I humbly trust, through the riches of His grace in Christ Jesus our Lord, I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God. I hope this dispensation, painful as it has been, has produced such searchings of heart, that, by His grace, I may walk more closely with my reconciled Father, Saviour, and Sanctifier. Oh! He forgives me all my past sins, negligences, and ignorances; all my mistakes, shortcomings, and heart-departures. Oh, what mercy! what boundless mercy! Surely, when I reach the heavenly

mansions, I shall praise Him with my whole heart, and sing louder than any, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood." I am now taking a course of medicines, which, I trust, will be rendered beneficial to mind as well as body, so far as they act upon each other. Pray for me, my beloved friend, that I may live more in sweet believing views of my Saviour's love and tender care of me. How merciful, how gracious He has been to me! Oh, may He keep me near to Himself, and cause me to abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost! I trust, my precious friend, that you are better, and enjoying the sweet beams of the Sun of Righteousness upon your soul. Pray let me hear from you very soon. We all unite in kindest love.—I am your most affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

EDGBASTON, Dec. 29.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—I do indeed thank you with all my heart for your kind invitation. I hope, if life be spared, and health granted, I may be permitted to come to you in the spring or summer. The Lord our gracious God and Saviour has indeed dealt bountifully with me. He has put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. He has spoken peace to my distressed heart, and now enables me to trust in Him, and to rejoice in His salvation. It pleased God most gra-

ciously to bless Dr D——'s prescriptions, and I am now in better health than ever I have been any winter since I came to Birmingham. "Bless the Lord, O my soul ! and let all that is within me bless His holy name, who forgiveth all mine iniquities, and healeth all my diseases." I was truly grieved to hear from S—— that you were suffering so much from debility. We most affectionately sympathise with you, and pray that you may be enabled to rest in your Saviour's love, believing that He does all things well. May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus. . . . Give my kindest love to dear S——. I am your very affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

TO MRS B——.

EDGBASTON, *May 17.*

MY VERY DEAR MADAM,—I would not intrude on your heavy sorrow at the first moment ; but I can no longer delay writing to tell you how affectionately I (as well as those members of my family who are at home) sympathise with you and all your deeply-afflicted family. Oh that I could go and mingle my tears with yours, and endeavour, however feebly, to lead your mind to those divine and heavenly consolations which alone can sustain under such an awful stroke ! Your cup of sorrow has been large and deep ; but I think this must have been the greatest of all your bitter trials.

Your dear departed child had been educated under the eye of his tender parents, and you had never known a separation from him. While this consideration heightens your sorrow, it also affords cause for thankfulness that he had been shielded by parental care from so many snares which encompass the youthful path; and his heavenly Father called him hence, not only to remove him from the temptations of this world, but to put him in possession of all that unutterable bliss which is the purchase of a Saviour's love and sufferings. I doubt not your constant instructions were forcibly brought to his mind by the Holy Spirit in those hours of trial which were appointed him. His dear mother and sisters were not permitted to be with him; but his Saviour (on whom he had been taught to rely), I doubt not, was near to sustain and comfort him in that awful season. Now we hope, through the riches of grace and the wonders of redeeming love, that he has entered into bliss eternal. He regrets not now his short earthly course; and when your appointed trials are ended, I trust you will meet around the throne of God and the Lamb, to "form a family anew, unbroken in the skies."

I hope Col. B——'s health has not materially suffered. Knowing that his nerves have been weak for some time past, I cannot help feeling anxious about him. We have had striking instances of the uncertainty of all below, in the sad end to our pleasant plans. We

hoped your dear daughter and Mrs B—— from Colchester, would have been with us ere this ; the former is now plunged into the deepest sorrow ; the latter anxiously watching her dear child, who appears to be in a very alarming state. Mr Marsh and Matilda are obliged to go into Devonshire, as Mary is not well. Thus the party which hoped to meet are at present scattered ; but I hope whenever dear E—— feels equal to come to us, we may be able to receive her ; and now, my dear friend, what shall I say ? May the Father of mercies, and God of all consolation, comfort your hearts, and give you abundant support in this heart-rending trial. Present our tenderest sympathy and love to all your mourning circle.—I remain your sincere and affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

KESWICK, *August 20,*

Finished at Ambleside, August 21.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—I am sure you will be astonished at the date of this letter. I can scarcely believe that I am here. Great have been our journeying mercies ; may all our souls bless and praise His holy name, whose mercies are new every morning. My dear husband is better for the change, which he seems to have enjoyed. We have had a very pleasant journey, no accident, no difficulty, all preserved in health. What shall we render to the Lord for all His

mercies. We reached Lancaster at the time of the assizes, and had great difficulty in procuring beds; had we been an hour later, we should not probably have obtained any. The next morning we walked to the noble castle and saw the judges in court. It was a solemn sight, and brought to my mind the awful day when we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. What a mercy to have the Judge our friend, and to have a hope that we may be found in Him, "not having our own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ," May *we* rest in *His* love, and may *our* love to *Him* increase. Oh! my beloved friend, you have this love in your heart, and manifest it in your life.

I often think of you and all your love to me and mine. May our gracious God grant you His richest blessings! We met dear Miss H—— just as we were coming out of Lancaster, and she advised us to go first to the lakes, and then come to Silverdale. We went to Bowness, on the banks of Windermere. It is indeed a lovely spot; the clear waters of the lake, the beautiful cottages in the midst of woods, and the mountains rising one above another. I was enchanted with the loveliness of the scene. The drive from Bowness to Ambleside is peculiarly beautiful, generally on the borders of one of the lakes, at the foot of mountains clothed with woods. I am thankful to say that I am *much* better, through the Divine mercy and goodness.

We all unite in kindest Christian love.—I am, &c.
&c.

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

SILVERDALE, *September 5.*

MY MUCH LOVED FRIEND,—I have daily grieved that I omitted writing to you, but the circumstance of there being no regular post put me out. I now take up my pen to tell you that mercy and goodness have followed us all our way. We came to this place on the 24th of August, and found dear Miss H—— ready to welcome us; it has been indeed a delight to see her and to enjoy her society. Silverdale is a sweet, quiet spot; the scenery very pretty. Mr and Mrs Carus Wilson have been most kind. May our gracious God and Saviour abundantly bless, reward, and comfort them! The house is beautifully situated on a high cliff, and the garden laid out with great taste. The air is very fine, and has been beneficial to all of us. I still suffer from that depression I complained of when you were with us, but I trust in God's good time it will be removed. Pray for me, my beloved friend; I need it much, for I feel this pressure on my spirits more than I did my severe illness. But God only knows what is best for us, and He "does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men;" "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, after-

ward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby." May this be my experience! Dear Mr M. is gone to a Church Missionary meeting at Kendal. He is certainly better, and I trust will be much benefited by his journey. We purpose, God permitting, visiting the Clergy Daughters' School at Cowen Bridge, on Saturday. On Monday we intend, if it please God, to begin our journey homeward. I am sure we shall have your prayers that it may be performed in safety. We have had unspeakable mercies. Oh, for more gratitude! I have only time to add the united love of all our party.—Believe me ever your grateful and affectionate friend,

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

November 12.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—Two kind letters lie before me, for which I thank you most affectionately. Your letters are very dear to me; I always rejoice when I see your handwriting. How sweet is Christian love! no one has ever received so much as I have done. Oh that I could be more thankful for all my great and undeserved mercies! My dear husband was very ill with a severe cold the week before last; he was confined to his bed two days, and to the house more than a week. I am thankful to say he is recovering, and has enjoyed the society of his clerical brethren who

breakfasted here to-day. His spirits were so cheerful all the time of his illness, it was delightful to hear him converse. Since he recovered, three of my dear children have been ill of the same sort of influenza. I understand it prevails very much. The sermons lately have been particularly beautiful; on Sunday Mr M. described the change which takes place in the Christian "to be light in the understanding and love in the heart." Since my illness I seem to feel the value of his ministry more than ever, it is so very holy, and yet so encouraging and comforting. I often wish for you at a lecture and a sermon. I must give you a little extract from one of the sermons:—"Ye angels of God! what think ye of the love of Christ? Heard ye not *their* answer?—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." Ye believers on earth! what think ye of the love of Christ? I hear your answer—"Unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen." Another was on Faith—"Faith sees things invisible; Hope anticipates and waits for the promises of God; Love fixes its eye upon and desires them, and would rather suffer anything than deny Christ."

I trust Mrs —— is better, and comforted under a

loss she must have felt very deeply; she is looking forward to an eternal meeting; what a blessed hope for the Christian is the hope of meeting again in the Saviour's kingdom! We have lately lost a poor young woman at the Asylum, who died a true penitent. For nearly two years she had been in the habit of rising an hour before the others to pray; she bore her long sufferings with great patience, and died trusting in her Saviour. She was also useful to one of her companions, whom she used to watch over with Christian affection; this is a great encouragement to our labours there. We all unite in kindest love.—I am, &c. &c.

M. C. MARSH.

TO THE SAME.

EDGBASTON, *May 7.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been prevented writing to you by a very severe attack of the prevailing malady, the influenza. Dear Mr M. also returned home very ill with it, and has been confined to the house for a fortnight. I have been obliged to keep my bed for several days. On Monday I sat up for a few hours. My dear husband is now so far recovered that he preached on Sunday twice, and was peculiarly animated in the evening, I hear. I have still some remaining weakness, and the cough has not left me. It is

astonishing how this disease prevails in the town and neighbourhood : whole families are attacked, and there are scarcely enough well to wait on the sick. There is much cause for gratitude, that, although it prevails so generally, it rarely proves fatal : had the cholera prevailed as much, the country would have been almost depopulated. My beloved friend, grace and peace be with you always, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ ! All my family party send best love.—I am ever your most affectionate

M. C. MARSH.

TO A BELOVED NIECE.

EDGBASTON, Feb. 2.

MY TENDERLY BELOVED —, Amidst the anxiety and nursing of the past week, I have frequently dwelt on your sorrows with painful sympathy. I do indeed enter into your feelings, and can in some faint measure imagine the sad and fearful vacuum you must feel. But, my beloved —, let me take you by the hand and converse with you a little on the mercy which accompanies this heavy trial. You have the comfort of knowing that this affliction comes from the hand of God. The tender sympathy of your dear father, sisters, and friends, will, I trust, afford you some alleviation. Above all, fervent, persevering prayer to that gracious

God who does *not* afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men, will bring peace into your distressed heart. Our blessed Saviour says, "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you;" and again, "In the world ye shall have *tribulation*, but in *me* ye shall have peace." The Sacred Scriptures will afford you the sweetest source of consolation, by leading your mind to that blessed state where sorrow and sighing shall flee away for ever, "where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore." Oh! may the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, pour the balm of heavenly consolation into your heart, giving you such a view of the Divine character as love, and enabling you to believe that even this dark dispensation of His providence is still proceeding from love, and you will know hereafter why such a trial was permitted! May you be enabled in this day of trouble to call upon Him, and He will deliver you, and you shall glorify Him! I hope, my beloved C——, you will, for the sake of so many who love you, take care of your health. I know your delicate frame so well, I feel much anxiety on that subject, and greatly desire to have you under my care, that I may nurse you and do all I can to comfort you.—I am, &c.

TO THE SAME.

EDGEASTON, Oct. 23.

MY BELOVED C——, I rejoice to hear you are so actively engaged, as I am sure you will find that, in endeavouring to serve our blessed Saviour, peace and contentment will flow into your soul. Seeing the trials and sorrows of others is one of the best means of reconciling us to our own; we learn experimentally “that man is born to trouble,” and we wonder not that we also share in the common lot; above all, we learn that our infinitely wise God appoints *that* trial which is best for us, and which by His grace brings us nearer to Himself, and most effectually weans us from the world. I believe this is your case, my beloved C——. All you have passed through came from the hand of Him whose wisdom and love are infinite. He is your Father and your Friend. He who spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for your salvation, will He withhold anything that is good from you? Oh no! I am sure that He will freely give you all things that are needful, all things that are *really* good. He sees the end from the beginning, and will grant you the best blessings both for time and eternity. I pray that you may find increasing peace, reposing on the infinite love and wisdom of God our Saviour.

How very distressing to poor Mrs —— the state of her sister must be. I trust it will please God in His great mercy to restore her. Does she still express

religious anxiety? I hope she is not forbidden to read the Bible. I know some persons who have had the care of those whose minds were thus affected, have found religion soothe and comfort them more than anything. Indeed I should think that the gospel would be the healing balm to such minds if judiciously applied. I wish you could have heard your dear uncle yesterday. He preached two sermons from Luke ix. 29-35. In the morning, the transfiguration. The proof of His Messiahship. The pledge of His royalty in His future kingdom. They were most excellent; I often wished for you, &c. &c.

TO THE SAME.

EDGBASTON, *June.*

MY BELOVED C——, Yesterday morning I denied myself the delight of hearing your dear uncle preach, to give poor Mrs W—— the comfort of receiving the blessed sacrament. I was abundantly rewarded by hearing in the evening, with more than usual delight, a sermon from Rev. iv. I never heard your dear uncle more energetic or powerful. His language and manner seemed, in some degree, to keep pace with the sublime subject. He took for his text the last clause, verses 8-11. The divisions were—1st, The King on His throne; 2d, The honour and worship paid by His subjects. He first spoke of His moral perfections, as *justice*, holiness, mercy. The rainbow round about the

throne he considered as the covenant of grace; he referred to Isa. liv. 9, 10. The eye rests upon the colour of green with satisfaction, so the eye of faith rests on the covenant of grace, and sees all the Divine perfections softened, and harmonising in the work and obedience of our Lord Jesus Christ. His natural perfections of power, wisdom, and goodness, were beautifully touched upon also. The twenty-four elders representing the Church formed under the twelve patriarchs, and under the twelve apostles; their *sitting* implies a blessed rest from all their labours; their being about the throne shews their nearness to God; their white robes are emblems of their priestly character, their crowns of their kingly. "Thou hast made us kings and priests unto God." Their worship—they ascribe honour and power to the Lamb; they cast their crowns at His feet. It was a very nice sermon. I never recollect my dearest husband more filled with his subject; one could not but hope the Spirit of God was indeed guiding him. May an abundant blessing attend the preaching of the word by his ministry. I wished for you and my dear brother, I think you would have been so much delighted.—Ever believe me your most affectionate aunt,

MARIA C. MARSH.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO A FRIEND AT COLCHESTER.

EDGBASTON, *June 19.*

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—I began to feel very impatient for a letter, and most welcome it was when it arrived. I thank you for all the love you bear to us. It is sweet, very sweet, to live in the remembrance of our dear absent Christian friends; to think that they love us, and still more that they bear us on their hearts at the throne of grace. It is indeed delightful to think that we often meet there, and by praying for each other, receive strength and refreshment in our own souls. How sweet is Christian love! How great the privileges of the believer! Oh that we all improved them, and lived nearer to Him who is the fountain of life and bliss!

This day twelve months brought my dear and kind friend Mr Boutflower (who had journeyed on the wings of Christian love) to my suffering chamber. I had been preparing my dear husband and children for my departure; and I was expecting the last messenger from my Lord and Saviour to convey me to His feet. At that moment my dear friend arrived. My God was pleased to bless the means he used; and here am I, a monument of *his skill*, and the *Lord's goodness*. For myself, I think I can still say, "To depart and be with Christ is *far better*," but to abide in the flesh is *more* needful for my dearly beloved family. I desire to be thankful that the Lord has lent me to them a little

longer. At the age of most of my dear children, a mother's care and counsel are still very needful. My beloved husband also would have felt his widowed state, especially during his painful illness last spring. I do therefore from my heart adopt the language of Ps. ciii. 1-5. These verses seem made for me.

TO THE SAME.

EDGBASTON.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for all your kind solicitude about me; through the great and tender mercy of the Lord, I am much better; my distressing cough is removed, and I hope to take the air this day, after a confinement of five weeks. Mercy and goodness follow me still. I have felt the gracious promises of God in Christ Jesus sustaining my soul, and filling me with peace and consolation. Throughout my whole illness I have been enabled to see a Saviour's love and a Father's tender care. At one time I thought my frail bark was about to enter the harbour of eternal rest. I felt deeply leaving my beloved husband and children, some of whom still want a mother's care, and all a mother's love. But to depart and be with Christ is far better, and I seemed able to leave them in my Saviour's care, knowing He could do everything for them. But He has seen good to raise me up *again*, and I humbly pray for grace and

strength to live more to His glory than I have ever yet done. May all my past sins of omission and commission be forgiven, and my very imperfect duties be washed in His most precious blood ! Yes, I believe my sins are forgiven for "His name's sake." I dwelt much on that sweet verse in 1 John ii. 12. The lowest and the weakest of His children, yet this blessedness is mine—

"The hand that scatters pardons down,
Will crowns of life bestow."

How glorious, how blessed are the Christian's prospects ! They may well support us in the hours of trial and affliction. Oh for stronger faith to believe all the "exceeding great and precious promises" made to us in Christ Jesus ! When we consider the dignity of His person—"God over all, blessed for ever"—the merit of His obedience unto death—what may we not expect from the riches of His grace?—all a Father's boundless love can bestow. May our expectations be enlarged, and our hearts filled with love and gratitude to our Divine Saviour, through whom every blessing in time and eternity comes to us sinful creatures. I was truly glad to hear you had met with a seminary for your dear child so much to your satisfaction. Our God is indeed a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. What privileges the Christian possesses ! "In everything by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God." "In all thy ways acknow-

ledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." May we become increasingly thankful for all our mercies!

Last Sunday I had the high privilege of joining the communicants and celebrating the dying love of our Divine Saviour. It was indeed a season rich in blessing when once more permitted to join in the public worship of the Lord. My dear husband is absent; he is gone to plead the cause of missions at Derby, Matlock, and Buxton. £150 was raised at Derby, at the sermons, &c., for this good cause. He returns to us on Saturday for his Sunday duties. He is remarkably well, and still strong to labour. *My* days of active service seem to be ended. May the Lord give me more of the spirit of grace and supplication that I may help a little by prayer! I desire to praise His name that I have no desire but that He should dispose of me as seemeth best to His infinite wisdom.

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands
And know no will but His."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO, AND CONVERSATIONS
WITH, MISS S——.

September 13.

The discovery of the evil of the heart is indeed a distressing, but a salutary lesson. The more we know of the evil within, the more should we prize that *great* salvation which meets our every want, and finally cures all the diseases of our sin-sick souls. The great adver-

sary will take advantage of the depressed state of your animal spirits, to lead you to suppose, that *because* you are so sinful, you do not belong to Christ. Oh, my beloved E——, do not suffer him to bring this temptation to your mind, but repel it by saying, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom," as says St Paul, "I am chief." Again, repel the temptation by those encouraging passages in 1 John i. : "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from *all* sin ;" and again, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Do you not confess *your* sins? Yes, you do,—then remember also "that He is faithful" (to His promise) "and just" (to His dear Son) "to forgive your sins." Establish this point clearly in your mind, that God does not accept you for anything in yourself ; He accepts you wholly and entirely for Christ's sake. Feeling as you do your sinfulness, the Scriptures invite you as a *sinner* to come, and believe on the almighty *Saviour* of *sinners*. "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were *yet sinners*, Christ died for us." Much of our wretchedness arises from not constantly keeping in view this great, this fundamental truth, that Christ came *not* to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. My dearest E——, our warrant to come and receive all the blessings of the gospel, does not stand in *anything*

in ourselves, excepting a sense of our *need* of them. Oh, come to your Saviour ; His arms of compassion will be open to receive you. Believe that He is *your Saviour*, that God is *your Father*, and the Holy Spirit *your Comforter*, Teacher, and Sanctifier. May these few thoughts be blessed of the Holy Spirit to your soul's comfort !

THE CHRISTIAN'S EXPERIENCE OF SORROW, YET THIS
SORROW A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

TO THE SAME.

ABERYSTWITH, Aug. 15.

Trials from within and from without we must expect during our pilgrimage. Our Lord has prepared us for them. "In the world ye shall have *tribulation*, but in *me* ye shall have peace." "If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross *daily*, and follow me." The apostle says, "Through *much* tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God." The countless multitude who stand before the throne, "having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," came "out of great tribulation." Yet, though the Christian's path seems often strewn with thorns, there is an unseen Hand which supports him, comforts him, and enables him by faith to behold the promised glory—the kingdom which the Saviour is preparing for him. The sweet assurance calms the mind amidst trials and

troubles, that "He is gone to prepare a place for us; He will come and receive us unto Himself, that where He is, there we may be also." Well may we then say with the pious Hart—

"Boast not, ye sons of earth,
Nor look with scornful eyes;
Above your highest mirth,
Our saddest hours we prize.
For though our cup seems mix'd with gall,
A secret something sweetens all."

This, I am sure, you feel, my dear E——, and I pray "that your peace may increase as a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea." Keep near to your Divine Saviour, and daily receive from Him wisdom and strength. *Without* Him you can do nothing; *with* Him you can do all things.

ON THE MEETING AND MUTUAL RECOGNITION, IN
HEAVEN, OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS, WHERE ALL
KNOWLEDGE AND ALL FRIENDSHIP WILL BE PER-
FECTED.

She says, in allusion to the separation of friends on earth by distance from each other :—

"Let us hope that the day of meeting may yet be granted to us; above all let us look forward to an eternal meeting in the kingdom of our Divine Saviour. From thence all sorrows will be banished, every tear will be wiped away, and fulness of joy and pleasures

for evermore be enjoyed at the right hand of our God. Let us often, like Moses, take a view of the Promised Land, to cheer and comfort us in this world of sorrow, separation, and trial, yet sweetened with many mercies and proofs of the Divine goodness and love. This is the land where we must follow a suffering Saviour's steps; hereafter we shall behold His glory, and be for ever with Him and like Him."

IN CHRIST IS PEACE.

TO THE SAME.

August 22.

. . . . Bowness is a small town on the beautiful Lake of Windermere. We were quite enchanted with the scenery around it. Imagine the clear lake, extending in some parts more than a mile in width—its banks clothed with wood, and high hills rising on every side. The mixture of wood, water, and mountain is lovely beyond description, and the white houses interspersed among the trees, on the banks of the lake, give life and interest to the scene. In these tranquil dwellings imagination would picture the inhabitants enjoying peace; but alas! the sin of man prevents these abodes from being the habitations of tranquillity and love, excepting God is acknowledged there. Where the Saviour is known and loved, *there only* can true peace be found.

CHAPTER VII

Life's Journey Ended.

"Keep Thy bleeding cross in sight,
Lifted o'er the shades of night.
Bid me fear and doubt no more,
Till I land on Canaan's shore."

"Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me the blood-bought, free reward—
The golden harp for me."

CHAPTER VII.

Her Interest in the Magdalene Asylum—Letter from a Penitent—Thoughts on Death—Increasing Weakness—Journey to Leamington—Dr Jephson—Return to Birmingham—Last Moments—The Tablet.

LIFE'S JOURNEY ENDED.

MRS MARSH'S strength, which had been declining for the last few years, was now too small to permit her to take the same active share in parish duties as she had hitherto done ; but the energy and activity of her mind remained unabated : the sick who were within her reach she diligently visited and comforted, and she still retained the same lively interest in all societies established either for the spiritual or temporal good of her fellow-creatures.

To one Asylum in particular * she devoted much time and attention, and her labour was not in vain in the Lord. Several of its poor inmates died in humble hope of salvation through that Redeemer of whom she had so frequently told them, "that He came to seek and to save that which was lost;" and many, who are now useful and respectable members of society, to their dying hour will bless the day in which she first entered their abode to tell them "that the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin." To enable the matron to attend the house of God, she would occasionally re-

* The Magdalen.

main with them during the morning service, and spend the time in reading and explaining the Scriptures, and gratefully did they acknowledge her Christian kindness and condescension.

Some months after our beloved mother's death, her children were one morning much affected by receiving a letter addressed to her. It came from a foreign land, and was an expression of heartfelt gratitude for her unwearied kindness and patience in imparting religious instruction to the individual who wrote it, while she was an inmate of this Asylum. Little did the writer think, that, ere her letter reached the shores of England, her revered benefactress would have experienced the truth of that promise, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

During the latter years of her life, her health was at times very delicate. She had several severe illnesses, under which, though naturally of a very active disposition, she was enabled, by her patient submission, to glorify God. At one time she suffered from distressing spasms which affected her breath. On recovering from one of these spasms, she said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." Thus, instead of giving utterance to one murmuring word, she was full of gratitude for any return of ease.

Since her decease, the following paper, in her own

handwriting, has been found ; it is supposed to have been written at a time when it was feared that her lungs were affected, and is dated Nov. 20, 1829 :—" I have been more than usually ill with a cough and cold for some days ; on the morning of this day my expectoration was tinged with blood. I do not know what this portends : I think it shews weakness. When I consider my extreme thinness, and the indispositions I have had the last few years, I look at it seriously. It seems a warning that my earthly tabernacle is ere long to be taken down. I have had great comfort in committing myself into my Saviour's hands this morning. I felt my sinfulness, my unfaithfulness, my unprofitableness. Oh ! what an unprofitable servant I have been to the best and most gracious of Masters ! Still I dare not despair. He abideth faithful ; His precious blood cleanseth from all sin. Wash me, O my Saviour, and I shall be clean ; cleanse me, and I shall be whiter than snow. I at present feel a sweet resignation to my gracious God of all I am and all I have. I desire His will should be done. Lord, keep me entirely resigned to Thy will. I prayed that my dear husband might be greatly supported in the event of my death, O Lord, strengthen him, and may his valuable life be long spared to the Church of Christ ! O Lord, comfort and support my dear children ; sanctify the affliction to them all ! Oh that my death may, through Thy grace, herald the life of their souls !"

In the summer of 1831, she had a severe and dangerous attack of rheumatic fever : for several days her life was despaired of ; but, to her, death had lost its sting, and the grave its terrors. Her faith became more steadfast, her hope more bright, and her views of eternity more cheering. To her mourning husband and children she addressed words of tenderest consolation ; and for their sakes she prayed that, if it were the Divine will, she might be permitted to remain a little longer on earth, feeling that, although "to depart and be with Christ was far better, yet to abide in the flesh was more needful for them." Two of her children, who had left home a few days previous to her illness, were sent for by express. On their return, she remarked, "How little we thought what would take place in these few days !" Her husband replied, "A few years, and we know what will." "Yes," she replied, "we shall be in heaven ; we shall meet in glory everlasting." At another time she observed to one of us, "The Saviour's love is better than a mother's—as one whom his mother comforteth, so will He comfort you." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "Dearest," she said to another, "the Saviour loves you—look to Him. He will be more than a father and a friend to you—He will guide you." At one time, feeling very ill, she said, "My flesh and my heart faileth." One of her children, who stood by her bedside weeping, replied, "But God is the strength of

your heart." She immediately added with great earnestness, "Yes, and my portion for ever." When suffering from oppressive faintness, the following petitions dropped from her lips :—"O Lord, support me! Let Thy strength be made perfect in my weakness; then will I glory in mine infirmities, if the power of Christ shall rest upon me; or if thou be but glorified, I care not."

On being asked one day if she were better, she replied, "Rather better, only such weakness," and then quoted—

"When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the grave,
And long to soar away."

At another time, when one of us asked her if she was in great pain—"Yes, my love; but

'Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then, oh how pleasant
The conqueror's song!'"

But it was not the will of our heavenly Father at that time to call His servant to her rest: our beloved mother was yet for a season spared to us, and again permitted to testify to her fellow-sinners of the Saviour's power "to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him;" and to fellow-believers, of the Saviour's faithfulness and loving-kindness. In great mercy she was given back, in answer to the earnest prayers of her family and friends. It pleased God to bless the means

which were promptly applied by a valued medical friend, who undertook a long journey for the purpose of attending her ; the excruciating pains speedily abated, and although her weakness was very great, she was enabled in the autumn to take a journey to the sea-side, which tended greatly to the restoration of her health.

After her return home, she endeavoured to employ the little strength she had in following the example of Him "who went about doing good." She constantly visited the Asylum before alluded to, where her instructions were greatly blest. One individual, about this period, died, rejoicing in her Saviour, and praising God for the truths she had heard from her lips. Another labour of love in which she engaged was that of frequently reading the Word of God and praying with a young friend who had many difficulties to contend with on the subject of religion ; her conversation and remarks on the Gospel of St John tended greatly to strengthen the faith of this individual, and to remove those difficulties from her mind.

In the autumn of 1832 she was seized with an affection of the heart, producing a painful depression on the spirits, which was the more felt as she was naturally of a most cheerful disposition ; but truly was this trial of her faith found to the praise and glory of God, for while she entertained the most humbling views of herself, she never lost sight of the Divine goodness, and would frequently say, "He is all mercy and love." In

the hope that change of air and scene might prove useful to her, and that with renewed health her wonted cheerfulness might be restored, she accompanied her family to the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Possessing a mind richly capable of admiring the beauties of creation, and a heart which had been led "to look from nature up to nature's God," she seemed at times revived by the lovely scenery through which we passed. But the benefit was of short duration. Her complaint continued to gain ground, and with it the consequent depression ; yet even then the character of the Christian shone through those dark and gloomy clouds which shadowed her path !

She was anxious that there should be more religious intercourse amongst the members of her family, and proposed that they should daily meet together, to read and converse over a portion of Scripture and unite in prayer. After reading the first Psalm, she made the following observation on the two characters there described :—"The righteous meditate—the ungodly proceed from one evil to another ; we should watch against the beginning of sin"—and then offered up the petition, "Remember us, O Lord, with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people ; Oh, visit us with thy salvation." Another time, when we had been reading the fourth chapter of St John, she remarked, "What an interesting history is this ! how encouraging is the manner in which our Lord addresses the woman of

Samaria, introducing the conversation by asking her to give Him to drink of the water of the well. He took our sinless infirmities—we read of His being hungry and thirsty, and here, that He was weary.” She seemed to take comfort in the thought that her Saviour could sympathise with bodily weakness. On a similar occasion, she observed, upon the 15th chapter of St Luke, “Of what value is the soul ! We should read the Scriptures for *ourselves*—these promises are *to me*, these precepts are *to me* ; how encouraging this chapter is throughout ! Oh that there may be rejoicing in heaven over us, that we may repent of our sins, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ !”

A valued friend, noticing one day that she was much depressed, and anxious to give her comfort by proving to her that her faith rested on Him “who would never fail her nor forsake her,” said, “Are you trusting in yourself for anything ?” “Oh no.” “Do you trust in the atonement of Christ ?” Her answer was, “I have no other hope.” Thus, although unable at this season, from bodily infirmity, to *rejoice* in the Lord, her simple reliance was placed upon His perfect atonement and His all-prevailing intercession, and she had “no other hope” than that which she derived from making Him all her salvation and all her desire. Yet in this period of trial she would turn from her own griefs and endeavour to comfort others. To one who was in sorrow *she said*—“You have comforted me, now I must speak

some words of comfort to you—'We have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities'—'My grace is sufficient for thee, my strength is made perfect in weakness.'"

After some months of illness it pleased God to bless the means used by a kind and skilful physician, and our precious mother was restored for a season. With returning health she recovered her former cheerfulness, and her heart was filled with gratitude to Him "who bringeth low and raiseth up." She was again enabled to attend the house of God, and to enjoy her husband's ministry. After hearing a sermon preached by him from the words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," in which he represented that kingdom as one of light, purity, peace, love, and glory, she was asked what part she liked best. She replied, "That part about the kingdom was so very beautiful, it made me long to be there."

Early in the year 1833, she parted with a beloved young friend for India, who had been for several years under our roof, and whom she regarded with maternal affection. To change the scene after this painful separation, she accompanied Mr Marsh and two of her children on a journey to Lynton, in the north of Devonshire, where she derived great enjoyment from the natural beauties of that lovely spot. After her return home, her health being much improved, she

was able to enter upon more active duties than her strength had before permitted during her residence in Birmingham, and she found much pleasure in visiting amongst the poor and some of her friends, endearing herself to them by her ever ready and tender sympathy, kindness, and affection. She seemed also, though unconsciously, to be setting her house in order, as she made several new domestic arrangements. But this happy period was only of short duration ; she was again to encounter a few stormy waves ere the voyage was ended, and her bark safely anchored in the haven of rest.

Towards the close of the month of May she had a similar attack to that of the previous autumn, which did not yield to the means which had before proved beneficial. Her desire to be useful to others was evinced even under the debility and depression which accompanied this last illness. A friend who was staying in the neighbourhood came to see her, and at the close of their interview Mrs Marsh prayed with her, although, from extreme weakness, she was unable to rise from her knees without assistance. This was only a few weeks before her death. Sometimes, when a little better, she visited a dying man. It was remarkable that one of her children heard from him afterwards, that the last time he saw her she read to him the 15th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, but she little thought then that, before his departure, her earthly tabernacle would be dissolved, and mortality be swallowed up of

life. She had also marked for him several portions of Scripture, among which were Psalm li, and Isaiah lviii. Thus, as one observed of her, "wherever she went it was to pour words of comfort into the heart."

Once when feeling very ill, she said, "Oh, like Jonah, I would look again to His holy temple! This is needful, to know of the Divine character, that His name is gracious and merciful, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin." One of her children will never forget the earnestness with which she said to her, "Cleave closely to your Saviour; oh, cleave closely to your Saviour." When alluding to that passage, "He is the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely," she said, "I have such a *desire* to trust Him; He seems to me more lovely than ever before." A favourite hymn of hers was that beautiful one of Cowper's, which she would repeat with deep feeling:—

"For mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive,
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

"Alas! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is *nothing* worth.

"The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more."

As the illness appeared to be gaining ground, it was recommended by her physician that she should try the Leamington waters. The day before leaving home our dear mother accompanied her family to the evening lecture; it was the last time that they assembled in the house of God as an unbroken family. Her husband was going through a course of expository lectures on the Psalms, and it was remarkable that the one in turn was the funeral psalm (the 39th), and the text he selected, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." Little did her children think that on that day three weeks they should hear those words again, as they followed her mortal remains to their last resting-place, in sure and certain hope of her joyful resurrection to eternal life.

Some of the expressions that dropped from her lips during the last fortnight of her life should not be omitted, as they prove the happy state of her mind when standing upon the verge of eternity. One evening, when taking a short drive, on observing the beautiful sunset, she exclaimed, "Oh that the Sun of righteousness might arise upon me!" "And He will," was the answer of one who was ever ready to pour comfort into her soul—"He will arise, with healing on His wings." About a fortnight before her death, after praying very earnestly, she requested that a psalm might be read. One of her children selected the 116th, little knowing how soon the 13th verse was to be fulfilled in

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her beloved mother—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Of this time of trial my father thus writes:—"I have been here all this week with my beloved wife, who is worse rather than better. She is trying these waters, but we are not yet sure they will be the means of restoration; that is indeed alone in the power of our Lord, and power and compassion were ever united in Him in the days of His humiliation, and power and compassion are His nature, and will remain with Him for ever. 'We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' &c., 'let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need.'"

In infinite wisdom, and undoubtedly also in infinite love, the Lord saw fit to withhold the healing power of these waters, for she for whom it was sought was soon to be led beside those still waters that rise beneath the tree of life. "After my beloved mother had been at Leamington about a week," writes one of her children, "a marked change took place in her, and she slept much. We could not help hoping at first that this was a sign of improvement, and that exhausted nature was recovering itself. Alas! it was but the forerunner of the sleep of death, and yet there was cause for thankfulness, as she suffered less, and her mind became calm and composed; literally might the words be applied to her, "for so He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

On Saturday, July the 20th, my father felt very reluctant to leave her, as her weakness had greatly increased, but knowing that his people expected him to preach on the following day, and that there would be great difficulty in getting the whole duty supplied, he hesitated as to what he should do. With her accustomed and ready self-denial, she determined it for him, saying, she thought the congregation would be disappointed, and added, "Do not think of me." He therefore consented to go, purposing to return early on Monday. When he took leave of her she said, "I hope you will have a good Sabbath to-morrow; the Lord bless you and strengthen you." He repeated to her the passage, "Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." On parting at the same time with a dear Christian friend, she said, "The Lord bless and reward her."

One of us remained with her, and another came the same evening. The latter was much distressed at the change in our precious mother, it being the more apparent as she had not seen her for several days; and, early on Sunday morning, she sent to the attending physician, and requested he would come without delay. He evidently thought her much worse, and hearing that she wished to be at home with the rest of her children, he most kindly offered to take her back the same day in his invalid carriage. So rapidly had the debility increased, that although, on the day before,

she had been able to take a short walk, she was now obliged to be supported down stairs. During the journey she appeared to be in a very exhausted state, and remained with her eyes closed. The kind physician * who accompanied her, evidently feared that her spirit would have taken its flight ere she reached her home ; but in mercy the Lord averted so tremendous a shock ; yet was the blow unexpected, for, as we had seen her recover from an attack of the same nature, the idea of immediate danger had scarcely entered our minds.

She arrived at home about five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the 21st of July. It would be vain to attempt to express the feelings of those who thus suddenly beheld one so inexpressibly dear to them, brought home to die ; or of the congregation who assembled that evening, expecting again to hear the voice of their own pastor, when requested "to offer up their prayers for him and his family, detained from the house of God to watch by the dying bed of a beloved wife and mother." It was graciously permitted, that, a few hours after her return, she should so far revive as to speak quite cheerfully, and express much pleasure at being once more with all her family. On Monday she lay in a very tranquil state, and spoke but little. When one of us mentioned that many of the congregation were praying for her recovery, and that God hears

* Dr Jephson of Leamington.

and answers prayer, she replied, "Yes, my beloved child,

' Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when *He denies* :
E'en trials from His sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.' "

On the Tuesday morning, another child being alone with her for a short time, she gave her some beautiful advice regarding her conduct in future life ; among other things she particularly impressed upon her "the danger of forming worldly connexions, and the necessity of yielding the heart wholly to God, encouraging her by the beautiful promises in Scripture to those who seek their Saviour in early life." On the evening of the same day she appeared so much better, and her natural cheerfulness so restored, that all our hearts were greatly revived.

That night, which was her last on earth, her husband repeated with her, verse by verse, the 23d Psalm, and she quoted the corresponding passage in John x., "I am the good Shepherd ; the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep," which chapter he also read to her. To an affectionate servant who was sitting up with her, she said, "It is a great blessing to have those about me who love me ; what a number of blessings I have !" "The Lord has provided for you," said our beloved father. "Yes," she replied ; "He hath loved me with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-

kindness will He draw me." About three o'clock a change for the worse took place; she was seized with a violent fit of coughing, almost producing suffocation, and as she thought a change of position might afford relief, one of us supported her in an easy chair. A medical man near at hand was sent for, who used remedies which gave temporary ease.

Early in the morning, observing the glow cast over the prospect by the rays of the rising sun, she exclaimed with great animation, "How beautifully the sun is rising! Arise, O Sun of righteousness!" And shortly was that prayer answered, for on that same day *He* arose upon her, never more to set. About seven o'clock, two or three members of her family having left the room for a short time, she sent for them, and remembering that it was the birthday of her eldest child, said, "Where is my first-born?" When we were all assembled round her bed, she said, "I am dying. Hear me, all of you; I die in the faith of Christ. He has followed me with loving-kindness all my life, and He will not give me up now." A little while after one of us said to her, "Dearest mamma, you are very weak." "Yes," she answered, "my flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." At her request she was afterwards left alone with our beloved father for a few minutes. Amongst other things she said, "Give my beloved children my blessing, I have not strength."

(Tell her)—“That last fond blessing yet
Rests on our souls like dew,
And in the might of prayer we trust
Once more her face to view.”

Soon after, we all knelt round her bed, and our beloved father prayed. He afterwards said to her, “Jesus Christ died to save sinners.” “*Oh yes, for sinners,*” she replied, and these were almost the last words she uttered. About two o’clock in the afternoon she raised her hands in prayer, then gently dropping them on her bosom, with a heavenly smile illuminating her countenance, she fell asleep in Jesus, and her ransomed spirit joined the company of the redeemed before the throne of God.

“Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thine expiring sigh
To think the fight was won.

“Gently the parting spirit fled,
Sustain’d by grace divine;
Oh may such grace on us be shed,
To make our end like thine!”

A tablet was erected to her memory by some members of the congregation assembling in St Thomas’s Church, on which were inscribed the following words:—

In a vault beneath the Altar
are deposited,
In sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection,
The mortal remains of
MARIA CHOWNE,
The beloved wife of the Rev. WM. MARSH, M.A.,
Rector of this Parish,
And daughter of the late John Tilson, of Watlington Park,
Oxon, Esquire,
Who departed this life, July 24, 1833,
Aged 57 years,
In her were united, in a remarkable degree, the graces
of Humility, Faith, Love, Disinterestedness,
and Self-denial.
With a frame weak and delicate, she was ever
active in Christian duties.
It was her delight to instruct the Ignorant, comfort the
Afflicted, and reclaim the Wanderer.
As she lived, so she died
In the faith of God her Saviour Jesus Christ,
Believing 'that as He had followed her through life
with loving-kindness and tender mercies,
so He would not forsake her in death.'
She is gone to her rest,
Deeply lamented by her bereaved Husband and Family,
By the Inhabitants of the Parishes
in which she resided,
And by all who had the privilege of her friendship.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea,
saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and
their works do follow them."—REV. xiv. 13.



CHAPTER VIII.

Letters to her Husband and Children.

— — — — —

“ Love is throned upon her heart,
And light is found within her dwelling.”

1

LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.

THERE is in the East a tradition, that a leaf from the tree which overshadows the tomb of a celebrated musician will communicate to the voice the sweetest melody. A leaf from the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God, will impart melody to the words and to the actions. The life of the subject of this Memoir was thus harmonious. There was in it a beautiful consistency. What she knew to be right, that she did. From what she knew to be wrong, she prayed that she might be guarded and kept. Faults, indeed, there were in her character, for to err is human; but she was able to exercise no common amount of self-control. And if in her outward and social life her consistency was manifest, it may be said of her domestic life that it was the sphere in which the features of her spiritual character were specially conspicuous. Home is the natural and also the divinely appointed *feminine post of duty*.* There the woman, and especially the mother, shine. Thus the Divine Spirit speaks, teaching them "to love their husbands, to love their chil-

* 1 Tim. ii. 11, 12; Titus ii. 5.

dren, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands" (Titus ii. 4, 5). And this is the picture, which the wise man draws, of "the virtuous woman, whose price is far above rubies:"—"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. . . . Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Beautiful as this inspired description is, those who knew her best will be most ready to testify that there are not a few points of resemblance between the picture and her character as renewed and moulded by the Holy Spirit.

One of her most intimate friends from her earliest years, her cousin, thus after her death, described her:—

ST COLOMB, Aug. 6.

BELoved CHILD OF MY MOST DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter went to my heart in every line of it. Yes, I do mourn with you; I never was so bereaved before, for I never loved any one as I did your darling mother. None ever was or could be to me what she was. And, beside that particular bond which united us, I believe

every one who knew her will feel that they have lost in her what no earthly being can ever supply ; but we shall have obtained little of that heavenly wisdom which filled her heart, if we do not expect a satisfying portion even in the loss of all created good.

I bless God that the heavenly instructions and holy lives of your dear parents have been rendered effectual to you ; so that, in this time of heart-rending sorrow, you have a known friend in your God and Saviour to flee to, and see no happiness before you in this vale of tears, but in treading in the footsteps of that beloved parent who followed her Saviour so closely. She is now gathered to the garner of her Lord ; she knows what eternal life is ; she is drinking of rivers of pleasure at God's right hand for ever. There is no wormwood in the water there—no doubts, no fears ; no clouds hover over her blessed spirit. The tear is wiped for ever from that eye which wept for so many on earth, and that heart which was so full of love, and reached out its kindly influence to all it came in contact with—high, low, rich and poor—is in that atmosphere of love which pervades all the regions where she now is. Yes, dearest M——, we sorrow for ourselves, not for her, for she is at home, in society she is well acquainted with—with how many with whom she took sweet counsel on earth ! with how many who will hail her as their mother in Christ ! and with all that blood-bought throng, who have escaped from this world of sin and sorrow, and, clad in their

beautiful garments, are surrounding the Lamb, and singing the new song which *she* learned to sing with so much melody in her heart while on earth.

My dear love, I see no mystery to be unravelled in futurity concerning her removal. She did the work of fourscore years in a much shorter period; and her Lord and Master was too kind and sympathising a friend, to keep her in a tabernacle worn out in His service, to groan and suffer with unstrung nerves—laying cares and burdens upon others which she had always been used to bear for them. He has taken her from these trials—I bless Him for it. It is to me but a continuance of that loving-kindness and those tender mercies which she declared with her parting breath had followed her through life. She could have done no more for her dear partner, for her beloved children, for the Church of Christ, than she has been permitted to do. Oh that every one who knew her, and each of her dear children in particular, may see to it, that they improve this visitation of love, in taking your dear mother from a state of conflict and suffering to one of rest and peace, by giving themselves up in body, soul, and spirit to Him, who has not failed in one of the good things He promised to her, since she gave herself up a willing sacrifice to Him!

Oh! beloved children, all seek grace from the God of all grace, to bind yourselves now in an everlasting covenant, to choose what she chose, to walk as she

walked, to resist and oppose anything in any of you that was contrary to her mind and choice. May you all be of one heart and one mind in Christ Jesus, live to the glory of Christ as she did, testify of His faithfulness as she did, and fall asleep as she did in His loving arms, to awake up in His likeness, which she now bears, and be for ever with her, celebrating His praises. I shall long to hear from you again. Tell us of your dear father. He will be greatly resigned, though deeply feeling his irreparable loss. To you all, most dear children, our united sympathy and love.

HARRIET C——.

The following sketch was drawn up by her husband shortly after her death :—

“My late beloved wife, from a very early period, was remarkably attentive to the wants of the poor in the neighbourhood, but without very distinct views of religion. Mr Wilberforce’s work on ‘Practical Christianity’ had a great influence on her mind ; and on reading Hervey’s ‘Theron and Aspasio,’ her views were much changed with reference to the mode of our acceptance with God through the merits of Christ. She began then to take great delight in studying the Scriptures, and reading the works of some of our best divines. Her whole life was now devoted to her God and to her neighbour, paying the strictest and most

affectionate attention to every relative call. When she entered upon the duties of a clergyman's wife, the poor and the children of the parish were as her own family, and no means were omitted by which my ministry at home, or the cause of Christianity at large, might be promoted. Growing more and more acquainted with the Divine character, as revealed in the Scriptures, and exhibited in the Saviour, she attained a solid peace. She lived in the spirit of prayer. Her time was wholly occupied with private devotion, domestic duties, social Christian intercourse, and public ordinances ; but she gave much time also to the religious instruction of her children. No duty was omitted, yet her self-renunciation was as great as if she had omitted every duty. She was indeed remarkable for unaffected humility, habitual self-denial, tender kindness, peculiar courtesy of manner, and fervent Christian love. She has been greatly honoured in leading many, by her conversations, advice, letters, and example, to seek the kingdom of God, to love their Saviour, and to promote the welfare of others, as responsible beings who should live for eternity. Though her path, on the whole, was smooth, yet it pleased God that she should have her day of trial, and walk through the valley of humiliation to her rest.

“The disease, under which she laboured for some time, occasionally depressed her animal spirits. The only effect was to lead her to the most humiliating views of herself. Her hope was for many years only

in the mercy of God in Christ ; but she felt herself to be the chief of sinners. As she approached her end, a sweet calm ensued, with the exception of a momentary interruption. Near her closing scene, she requested all her family might be assembled ; and turning towards them, she said, ' I die in the faith of Christ. His goodness and mercy have followed me all my days, and He will not give me up now.' She had listened with pleasure during the previous night to Psalm xxiii., and John x., and every now and then finished the passage reading. She said to one standing by, ' He hath loved me with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness hath He drawn me.' Shortly before her death, she said to me, ' Give my beloved children my blessing, as I have not strength.' Thus fell asleep a single-hearted and sincere Christian—one qualified to shine in any rank of human society, and yet delighting to attend the lowest, and, like the Lord and Master whom she loved, ' to go about doing good.' Loving all, and beloved by all, all who came within the sphere of her acquaintance lament their loss. But their loss is her gain. She has left behind that good name which is better than precious ointment, and the day of her death was to her better than the day of her birth. Such were the effects of a Scriptural faith in God our Saviour Jesus Christ, as manifested in the life and death of one of whom it may be said, ' She hath done what she could,' and having washed her robes and made them

white in the blood of the Lamb, is now before the throne of God, and serves Him day and night in His temple."

Her letters to her husband and her children shall now be her witness, how earnestly she sought and endeavoured to conform, in her domestic intercourse, to the laws which her God has laid down.

WATLINGTON PARK, *Sept. 22.*

Ten thousand thanks are due to you for your delightful letter. I am almost glad you found it melancholy when I was gone, that you may be able to sympathise with me. I often go into your study when you are absent, and look for you. The painful feeling cannot be imagined unless it is experienced ; yet I desire to bless the Lord that He has always made me willing to part with you for His blessed service, and He graciously manifests Himself more at that time than at any other.

. . . . Although I am rather too much hurried at Colchester, I find an active life far preferable to a retired one ; yet I am very thankful for the present quiet and rest this dear place affords me. I find all here making progress in the heavenward road. Our dear sister is still very delicate, but I trust as her grief abates for the loss of her beloved son, she will regain strength. I passed a delightful hour on the terrace last night. I tried to retrace my innumerable mercies,

and blessed God especially for thee, my most beloved. "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." Oh that I may "dwell in the house of the Lord for ever!" Adieu, my own dear William. —Always your very affectionate

M. C. M.

COLCHESTER, Oct. 18.


What an age it appears to me since we parted on the 17th of September; I could almost imagine it was many months. Well, I trust we shall greatly rejoice in eternity *together* at these long Jewish journeys, when we see what a blessed foundation was then laid for the good of God's ancient people, and the enlargement of our Redeemer's kingdom. We can *now* praise for many mercies which would not perhaps be our portion but for Jacob's sake. Preservation at home and abroad, peace of mind, and a willingness to serve, are among our great mercies. All our household are in peace and safety. Our Bible Association closed their account at the last meeting. We shall transmit to the Auxiliary £120. The Missionary Association was held on Tuesday—£29 collected this quarter. At our first meeting for the Jews, eighty collectors offered themselves. Are not *these* things for which we ought to praise our God? Your Sunday duty is well provided for; dear Mr Torriano is all kindness. . . .

M. C. M.

COLCHESTER, *April 22.*

MY DEAREST,—When the night has been very dark, how pleasant is the day-light, and still more the bright sunshine. Such a transition have I felt since the arrival of your much valued letters, dated 17th and 18th of April. I had been unusually depressed in spirit; I went to rest in tears last night, and this morning awoke with a weight on my mind which I could not remove. I prayed and wept, and prayed again; still I was almost overwhelmed and full of apprehension. Your dear delightful letters have indeed turned my mourning into joy; and now the language of my heart is, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.” To hear of your safe voyage, and of your looking well in the eyes of those who have not seen you for a long time, is a delight I cannot express; and how shall I relate the joy I feel that our gracious God is giving tokens of His favour, and encouraging you and dear Mr Way in your work and labour of love. How delightful is the account of the Bishop of Kildare; may the best and richest blessings of the gospel descend upon him, and may he be made an instrument of good to Jew and Gentile! Oh that this spirit of zeal and love may be poured out on all our bishops!

Your dear mother was as uneasy as myself last night; now we are full of joy, and have been uniting our feeble praises to the God of our mercies. . . . Your dear brethren are all kindness and love. Mr Torriano



gave us an excellent sermon on Thursday evening, and Mr Burgess took the lecture for the young people on Tuesday morning. All the children unite in best, *best* love with your ever fondly attached

M. C. MARSH.

WATLINGTON PARK, *June 4.*

MY DEAREST,—I thank you for two delightful letters from Poole and Dorchester. We have indeed abundant cause to praise the kind hand of our God who so wonderfully preserved you in your going out, and I humbly hope will mercifully guard you on the way, and cause you to return in safety. I wish such circumstances to quicken prayer, not to excite alarm for the future ; surely we are always safe in His hands, without whose knowledge a sparrow falls not to the ground, and who hath numbered even the hairs of our heads.

I am thankful to say dearest Sophia had a better day yesterday than since I came here ; she is indeed a great sufferer, but she is also a patient and a cheerful one, which is very delightful to witness. I trust her soul is continually fed by the hidden manna. I have had great enjoyment from her spiritual conversation, and great pleasure in seeing her zeal to do good. . . . I have excellent accounts from dear Colchester ; our dearest mother not worse, M—— better, the rest well. I purpose leaving this place on Friday next, the 7th ; I shall stay two days in London, and hope (D. V.) to

reach our peaceful home on Monday. Much as I have enjoyed the natural beauties of this place at this delightful season, the moral beauties of Colchester are far preferable to me. How great are my mercies! Oh for a thankful heart! All here send their best love. I hope to see you if possible on Thursday or Friday.—
Your own with tenderest love,

M. C. MARSH.

FOLEY PLACE, *Aug. 15.*

I indulged a sweet hope of hearing from you to-day, but was disappointed. I trust, however, you are well, and I daily pray that the work of our gracious Lord may prosper by your instrumentality. It is sweet to me to reflect that you are doing all you can to promote that blessed kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Oh, may it prevail more and more till every heart feels its power, and submits to the Sceptre of Divine Love! The more I feel the consolation our holy religion affords to my soul, and witness it also in the souls of others, the sweeter and stronger are my desires that it should spread universally. As all have felt the disease, and in one way or other are suffering from it, so may all experience the glorious remedy, and rejoice in a dying Saviour's love, and a risen Saviour's power. Oh that all might be longing and aiming for conformity to His image and the enjoyment of His presence!

When the family take a walk, which they do at the close of the day, I sit alone with dear Anna ; if she has strength to speak, I find her conversation quite delightful. Yesterday we conversed on the joy of finding our Saviour clothed in our nature, when we leave the body ; her blue eyes sparkled with delight at the expectation of seeing Him whom her soul loveth. She said, "He is altogether lovely, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." I never saw Christian temper more sweetly exercised ; she is a most patient sufferer, so grateful to those around her, so fearful of giving them trouble, and so very affectionate. She asked me if I thought the time of her departure drew near, and expressed a hope that it would be very short. I think the dread of death is removed—I am sure the *sting* is, by faith in Christ.

I shall always love G—— and C—— for their great kindness to her ; they have spent all their pocket-money upon her, and C——'s attentions are almost maternal. The present you sent dear Anna has been so useful, she mentions it every day as " my *dear* uncle's gift ; " she loves you most affectionately.

I purpose returning home on Monday ; had I not such near ties, I would remain till Anna departs, but I feel for your dear mother. Adieu, dearest love, accept the love of all here ; the love you have to me must measure mine to you.—Your very affectionate

M. C. MARSH.

COLCHESTER, *May 23.*

We are much better for hearing the glad tidings that you are safe across the Channel, and hope your next letter will give us great information. I trust your church will be well supplied; I believe you are doing the Lord's work, and therefore I am persuaded He will take care of yours, and that the ministers who will officiate will be of His choosing. . . . I write from our dearest mother's, where I have been passing a quiet hour; she is as well as when you left her, and sends her most affectionate love. Our dear children are all well. M—y is not yet returned, but I now begin to count the days when that dear child will gladden my heart with her sweet affection. Oh, what a gift she is to us, and so is dear M——, and so will dear L—— also, I fully believe. I trust our little W—— and C—— too will be great blessings. Are we not rich in the best of earthly blessings? Oh, may we be more thankful! Dear Mrs C—— breathed her last on Wednesday morning; her parting words were, "I long to be gone, to be with the Lord Jesus." To her daughter she said, "I can leave you to be with my Saviour." A sweet smile irradiated her countenance long after her happy spirit took its flight. Miss C—— is wonderfully supported, so peaceful and so resigned. Her son arrived in time to see his dear mother. There was much mercy in the affliction, and so there is always, but we do not always discover it. I shall go to-morrow to Ipswich to join Mrs Nottidge's party; the ladies

work, the gentlemen talk, and the ladies are also requested to say something. The subject will be, "The hindrances to the lively exercise of prayer." A few thoughts have occurred to me; too much *worldly occupation* is a hindrance. I do not mean unlawful occupations, only used unlawfully; wrong tempers are a hindrance; neglect of the Word of God, especially of *meditation* on the Word, which affords food for prayer. The helps for prayer are *stated seasons, self-examination, meditation*; above all, *scriptural views of the Divine character*, faith in God as our Father, our Saviour, our Sanctifier, a *simple dependence on the promises*, believing they are all yea and Amen in Christ Jesus; keeping in mind, as we approach the mercy-seat, that it is sprinkled with that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin, and the great Angel of the Covenant stands ready to receive and to perfume with the incense of His merits those feeble breathings from His praying people. How I wish you could help me with a few of your thoughts. . . . I purpose seeing Miss B—— at Ipswich, and hope God will graciously direct me what to do; mine eyes are unto Him. He sees the end from the beginning, and only knows what would be best for us and our dear child; may He make the path plain, and guide us with His eye, uphold us with His hand, and let us hear a word behind us saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it, when we turn to the right hand or to the left." Dear grandmamma, the children, and

many friends send best love. Accept *all* I can send, for you take so much *with* you, I have but little left to send after you.—Your own

M. C. MARSH.

WATLINGTON PARK, *May 27.*

Your few precious lines were very sweet and very acceptable; I thank God for such good news from home. We also were favoured very much. By a mistake the horses did not come till four o'clock; we then set off for this place and arrived here safely by eleven on Saturday. We were all very much fatigued, but a good night's rest restored us.

Dear Sophia was very poorly; I thought her indeed grievously altered; she has had some severe nervous headaches, which have added to her sufferings and weakness; still I hope it may please our gracious God to preserve her valuable and useful life. We have had some sweet hours of prayer and praise together.

I cannot describe to you how beneficial I find the quiet of this place both to body and mind. I have enjoyed most particularly the retired walk on the terrace. To retrace the mercies of my God and Saviour from my childhood up to the present time affords incessant praise; to remember that it is He who has given me my best earthly treasure, my dearly beloved husband; that our five dear children are all His precious gifts; and to trace the bounty of His love, which flows in a thousand

channels ; surely if *I* did not praise Him, the very stones would cry out.

I think much of my little W., and hope God will give him grace to set a good example to his little friend. I wrote a letter of grateful thanks to Mrs G—— for all their great kindness to him. . . . The beauty of this place is very great, the tender green of the beech trees, the flowers, the shrubs, and horse-chesnuts, all looking so lovely ; my eye takes in *pleasure* at every turn ; I thought to-day if the *prison* is so beauteous, what will the *palace* be ! O my dearest love, when we walk together in the New Jerusalem, then we shall bless and praise redeeming love ; then we shall talk of His goodness and sing of His power with ever new delight. In the meantime may we have grace to serve or to suffer, as shall seem best to His heavenly wisdom ; whatever He appoints is best ; *in a measure* we see it even *now* ; *then* how shall we rejoice when all His plans are made known, and all His counsels are unfolded !

LETTERS TO HER CHILDREN.

WATLINGTON PARK.

MY TENDERLY BELOVED LITTLE CHILD,—Though you are not yet old enough to be able to read a little letter from your dear mamma, you will be quite able to understand it, and be pleased with it. I have often wished for you to walk about with me in the pretty woods here, to pick flowers and say your little verse to me.

Does my child remember the little prayer to her heavenly Father which her mamma taught her two evenings before she came away? The blessed Saviour took up little children in His arms and blessed them. May He bless my little one, and make her His child, is the wish of her fond

MOTHER.

MY MOST PRECIOUS LITTLE CHILD,—I hope as this writing is so large that you will be able to read it, for I remember how delighted you were when I promised you a letter. If a letter from your mamma is so pleasant to you when she is away for a few weeks, how you ought to love the great Letter which your Father in heaven has sent you; my little girl knows what I mean, the blessed Bible. Your nice little note at the end of dearest L.'s letter pleased your dear mamma very, very much; it made me wish still more for my little companion again. May God bless you, my beloved child.—Ever your own fond

MAMMA.

COLCHESTER.

MY BELOVED LITTLE CHILD,—Your sorrowful little note made my heart very sad, and I wept when dear M. told me how you cried and clung to her when she went away; but now you have only five days more before you will see your mamma again; meanwhile I

trust the sea air will do you good. M. told me you had learned the 12th of Isaiah for me. Did you see in the first verse the Prophet says to God, "Thou comfortest me?" If you pray to Him, my darling, you will find Him a better comforter than even your own most affectionate

MOTHER.

HARWICH.

MY DEAREST M—Y AND M.,—Your sweet letters and notes rejoiced my heart. I cannot describe my feelings—they are full of gratitude and praise to God for giving me such dear and affectionate children. Oh, may the God of all grace continue and increase His mercies to you both! may He plant His fear in your hearts, that you may never depart from Him, and then I am sure that He will never "turn away from doing you good." Dearest W. sat up yesterday to dinner; he fell into a sweet sleep afterwards, and seemed refreshed; he is now sitting in the arm-chair, supported by pillows. He sends his best love to his dearest sisters. . . .—Believe me ever, my beloved children, your most affectionate

MOTHER.

HARWICH.

MY DEAREST L.,—I am very much obliged to you for your pretty notes. I love you very dearly, and

was truly thankful to hear that you had been so good a child. I hope you will pray for grace to love and serve God. You will never know true happiness till you give yourself up to our Saviour, to be taught and guided by Him. Pray for the Holy Spirit to become your teacher and sanctifier. I hope you read the chapter daily, as I requested you to do. I am delightfully well, and my heart is filled with thankfulness to God for His mercies to me and your dear little brother and sister. Kiss dearest grandmamma many times for me, and believe me your most affectionate

MOTHER.

COLCHESTER, 6th July.

MY BELOVED W.,— Often when I am engaged in various duties my thoughts turn towards my dear boy, and I long to have a little conversation with him. Dear grandmamma is very weak, and suffers a great deal of pain at times; she is very cheerful still, and often speaks of her dear little W. with much love. She is very happy in her mind, and rejoices in the hope of shortly beholding her God and Saviour. Mrs Lambard is also very unwell, and grows gradually weaker. She is as happy as dear grandmamma in her prospects of heaven. I hope you and I, my dearest boy, shall be as happy and peaceful as they are when we approach the gates of death.

We have just had a visit from an American bishop,

the Bishop of Ohio, who came to England to ask for some assistance that he may found a college to educate young men for the Church. We were very much pleased with his Christian piety, simplicity, and zeal. He prayed with us all, and blessed us all before he left us. A meeting was held for this purpose in the castle, and £50 were raised. Your papa held his hat (as they had not prepared for a collection), and a great many young people and children put in shillings and half-crowns. Give my kind love to Mr and Mrs G——, and believe me your very affectionate

MOTHER.

COLCHESTER, *Sept. 9.*

MY DEAREST BOY,—Not a day passes without my thoughts flying to you ; but I have not had time to write, my whole attention having been given to dearest grandmamma, who has been suffering a great deal of pain, and is become so weak that she cannot turn in her bed. She has not sat up for more than a week, and takes scarcely any food. Amidst all this suffering she is so calm and patient that it is very edifying to see her. It proves the great blessedness of having a hope of eternal life through our dear Saviour. She believes He has pardoned her sins, and she desires to bear patiently whatever He is pleased to send. I hope you will endeavour to pray that you may trust also in Christ Jesus our Lord ; then you will meet your beloved grandmamma in heaven, for I fear you will never more be-

hold her on earth. She sends her best love and blessing to you. . . .—Believe me your very affectionate

MOTHER.

Lady M. died a week after, on the 17th of September 1824. On the 26th of the same month, while my dear father was preaching her funeral sermon, an express arrived from Brighton, to hasten both Mr and Mrs Marsh there immediately, on account of the dangerous illness of their son. From that place the following letter was written :—

REGENCY SQUARE, BRIGHTON, Oct. 2.

MY DEAREST L,*—It is quite your turn to have a letter, and I take up my pen with very great pleasure, because I hear you have been a very good little girl. I hope you will do everything in your power to render the labour of teaching as little fatiguing as possible to Miss D——. ¶ Above all, dearest, be obedient, promptly obedient, without making any objections. I often wish you were here, my dear little girl, to run up and down stairs for me ; I cannot bear to interrupt the servants at their work, and therefore go down for what I want, but it makes me sadly out of breath, as there are fifty stairs from W.'s room. I was very full of hope respecting dear little W. yesterday. Sir Matthew Tierney had

* Afterwards Mrs Knox Marshall, gifted with eminent abilities and graces. She died at the early age of thirty-three. "Pater noster, fiat voluntas tua!"

taken his leave, and we had permission to change the room ; he sat up about an hour, but looked much fatigued. When he returned to bed he complained of pain in his side, and has been more feverish since that time ; his cough is also increased. I fear the inflammation may return, and another bleeding must be resorted to. Poor little fellow ! he has already been bled three times with the lancet, and once with leeches. He has been very patient throughout his illness. I am sure you do not forget to offer up daily a few petitions to Almighty God for your dear little brother. Pray that *he* may be patient—that *we* may be resigned. I have not yet seen the chain-pier ; I generally take *one* walk for half an hour every day, but I seldom leave poor W.'s room excepting on that occasion. Every one is very kind ; we have as many alleviations as the nature of the trial admits. The situation of Regency Square is beautiful ; such a fine sea view from my window that it is quite cheering to me. The reflections excited by the sight of the mighty ocean fill me with admiration at the power and wisdom of God. Papa unites with me in best love to his dear children. Adieu, dearest L.—Believe me, your very affectionate MOTHER.

SENT TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN ON HER BIRTH-DAY,
WITH THE PRESENT OF A BIBLE.

COLCHESTER, May 19.

Accept, my beloved L., this token of your mother's

love. Ever since you were born, this has been my prayer for you, that you may believe, love, and obey the Word of God. You have entered another year in this passing, changing, dying world. Of the number who were born the same day as yourself, many perhaps died ere they reached their second year; many have been taken off later, while you, my darling child, are spared, and not only spared, but placed in the most favourable circumstances for you to obtain a knowledge of your God and Saviour, and to excite you to love and serve Him. I may say, "If thou knewest the gift of God, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He *would* have given thee living water;" yes, my much-loved child, your God is willing to save, to bless, to guide you in the paths of righteousness which lead to His heavenly kingdom. Oh! "seek Him while He is to be found; call upon Him while He is near."

Who can tell that you or I shall live to see another birth-day? Oh that we may have the sweet prospect of passing a blissful eternity together in our Redeemer's kingdom! But if it be His gracious will, I should like to labour together in His vineyard on earth for a season. I sometimes indulge the pleasing hope that in a few years all my dear children will be actively engaged in the service of their Divine Saviour, and not only actively engaged, but also spiritually influenced, and delighting to worship Him in secret, as well as to serve Him in public. Oh, may this pleasing vision be realised! God

is willing, may He make you all willing in the day of His power! From the time I first received you, my precious child, in my arms, I prayed that I might be enabled to dedicate you to your Saviour. May you be His for time and eternity! Dearest M. is at Brighton; I hope to take you with me there next year, if it please God to spare our lives. Adieu, my dearest L.—Ever believe me your affectionate

MOTHER.

COLCHESTER, *Feb.* 24.

MY BELOVED L.,—It appears to me a very long time since I had the pleasure of hearing from you, but I hope to receive a letter to-morrow, in which I trust you will give me a long account of your various occupations. . . . You remember Louisa M——, a very fine healthy-looking girl; she has been so very ill, that it is feared she will go into a decline. Does not this event afford a striking lesson on the extreme uncertainty of life and health? It speaks loudly—"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

I have just been visiting old Reynolds, who is on the bed of death. It was delightful to hear him speak to papa the other day; he said, "Forty-six years I have known the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour—I have walked with Him in peace and love—I have received only good from Him. Oh that all the world believed in and loved and served our Saviour! What should I

do without Him now? I have loved Him on earth, and now I am going to dwell with Him in heaven." Oh! my dear L., how I longed for you, your sisters and brother, to see this dying servant of our blessed Saviour. He prayed for each of you, that you may all serve God on earth, and live for ever with Him in heaven; my heart said, "Amen!" When I looked at his small chamber, ancient curtains, and coarse covering, I thought how little God estimates worldly grandeur, or He would give it to His dear children. There is good Reynolds, poor in outward things, but rich in faith, and heir of the kingdom of heaven. He is clothed with the robe of Christ's righteousness, and adorned with the graces of the Holy Spirit. In a few weeks, or days, he will join the countless multitude who surround the throne, every tear will be wiped from his eyes, and sorrow and sighing will have flown away for ever. Papa and sisters unite in kindest, best love to you with your truly affectionate

MOTHER

WATLINGTON PARK.

MY DEAREST L.,—I did not tell you that we were coming here; I thought that as you were at school and could not accompany us, it would only grieve you, and I am always anxious to spare the heart of my child any pain. Your dear uncle and aunt speak of you with much affection, and hope to see you with me next

year. Dear Augusta is much improved in religious feelings, and seems desirous of giving up the vain pleasures of the world ; it is very delightful to see one so young and lovely under the influence of religion. The weather is very beautiful, and I much enjoy it. I sat on the terrace last night at ten o'clock to enjoy the sight of the exquisite full moon ; the light fell very sweetly upon the lawn, and the trees at the end of the park. I thought of that blessed time when we shall need neither the light of the sun nor the light of the moon, for the Lord God will be our only light. . . . You see, my child, from what I have just said, how important it is that religious people should be consistent, lest by their inconsistency they bring any reproach upon their blessed religion ; and also, that as we pray "lead us not into temptation," so we should never throw ourselves in the way of it, and then expect to be preserved from sinning. Adieu, dearest child ; accept our tender love, and believe me ever your most affectionate

MOTHER.

COLCHESTER, *Dec.* 19.

MY DEAREST W.,—I have been eagerly watching the postman's knock, hoping it would bring me a letter from my beloved boy. I hope you are going on well and happily ; write soon and tell us that you love us all, and think of us all as we do of you. There has

been much excitement in the town in consequence of a sermon preached by our friend Mr R—— on the evil of the theatre. The comedians have been so much displeased, that they have written letters against him in the newspapers. He has borne the attack in a very manly and Christian spirit.

A very excellent letter appeared in the *Colchester Gazette* last Saturday, proving the danger of the theatre. It is remarkably well written; the writer signs himself "A Reader of Old Books." We *all* suspect dear papa is the author, but we cannot find out to a certainty; we often ask him questions in a variety of ways about it, but he gives us amusing answers which leave us in the dark. I have enjoyed this mild weather, and have been able to visit the poor more than usual, which is a great comfort and pleasure to me. And now, dearest W., accept my most affectionate wishes that you may enjoy the blessings our Saviour came to purchase. May you remember Him with love and gratitude, who for your sake became a helpless babe.—Believe me your most affectionate

MOTHER.

COLCHESTER, Aug. 20.

MY MOST TENDERLY BELOVED M—Y,— I often wished for you when I was feasting my eyes on the beauties of the Isle of Wight, and I hope, if we should be spared, to take you and dear W. to see

it at some future time. Dear papa purchased a book containing all the most beautiful views of the island ; it was bought on your birthday, and is to be a joint present from all of us to you. Although I could not write to you on that day, my heart was lifted up in prayer and praise for you, my beloved child. May it please our gracious God to prolong your life many years, and may all those years be devoted to the service of your God and Saviour ! May you grow in grace and in the knowledge of Him, and be daily more conformed to His image !

We are called to some degree of trial at this time, my dearest child. Your beloved papa, after preaching two sermons, one on the Sunday and the other on the Thursday, found his chest so painful, that he is convinced he must desist from all speaking, public and private, for a season. His parishioners are so anxious he should rest, that they have drawn up a petition, numerously signed, entreating him to abstain from all his duties for a time. It is now clearly ascertained, that it is his chest that is affected ; but I am thankful to tell you, that his general health is as good as usual, only he is obliged to be silent. He does not take the family worship, and even when he begins a few words of conversation, we are anxious to silence him. I have long practised self-denial on that point, you well know, and now it is become doubly necessary. His spirits are good, and he sweetly acquiesces in the Divine will.

At times I feel full of hope, at other seasons my spirits sink, but on the whole I am enabled to cast my care upon the Lord, believing that He careth for us. Let us, though absent in body, unite in spirit, my dear child, at the mercy-seat of the Most High. He has graciously promised, where two are agreed as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of our Father which is in heaven. Our meeting for the Jews was very interesting, but dear papa being ill, my spirits sunk so much that I could not fully enjoy it.—Believe me your very affectionate

MOTHER.

HATHERDEN HOUSE, near Andover.

MY TENDERLY BELOVED M—Y,—Daily, and almost hourly, my thoughts fly towards you, and my prayers are frequently offered up, that our infinitely gracious God may bless and guide you continually, and keep you in all your ways, that you may be preserved from every temptation, and protected from every danger. My tenderest feelings are excited for you, and my heart is often filled with the most anxious wishes for your temporal and spiritual welfare. Every time I saw a beautiful view in the Isle of Wight, I wished for you to enjoy it with us. I was delighted with it, particularly with the picturesque and noble scenery which every moment captivated the eye, during the drive from Shanklin to Niton, a distance of ten miles: every

picture is bounded by the noble ocean. Shanklin Chine pleased us particularly : imagine a deep, narrow valley between the rocks, one side entirely barren, the other covered with the most luxuriant foliage, with every now and then a romantic-looking cottage peeping out among the trees, nearly covered with roses. Give my kindest love to dear Mrs Austen and her daughters. Pray write as often as you can. Adieu, my sweet child. I did not forget you on your birth-day. Oh, how good God has been in preserving you to us!—Your most tender and affectionate

MOTHER.

COLCHESTER, *Feb. 5.*

I think my beloved and dearest L. will be pleased to see her mother's handwriting, when she enters her new and strange abode ; and I am anxious to thank you for restraining your sorrow, which I know was very great, that you might not distress me in my weak state of health. I felt the full force of this kind and tender attention, and embrace you for it with my whole heart. After sitting a little while, thinking of my absent children, I went into the study, and prayed to my gracious God to comfort, strengthen, and guide you. Oh ! my dear, dear L., you know not how much, how deeply I love you, and what self-denial it has cost me to part from you. I hope it will please God to restore my health, that we may pass a few years more together in

this world in peace and love ; above all, that we may meet in our Saviour's kingdom, and spend a happy eternity together. I shall be very anxious to hear from you, my beloved child, and hope you will write me a very long letter next week, and tell me how you employ your time, the names and ages of your companions : everything that interests you will interest me. Adieu, dearest child. M. and C. desire best love. That the blessing of God may attend you always, is the prayer of your very affectionate

MOTHER.

COLCHESTER, *Feb. 9.*

MY VERY DEAR AND BELOVED M.,—Two letters have been received, and we are very thankful to hear of yours and dear L.'s safe arrival at Brighton. I had many anxious feelings about you on your journey ; but all these fears were graciously removed, and I found, as I always do, that our God is always merciful in His providential dealings, and how much more so in all the concerns of that covenant which is nothing but *grace*. May we cleave more closely to our Saviour, and remember that in Him all the promises are "yea and amen !" I am thankful that you are with your friend in this hour of sorrow and anxiety, although I miss you very much, and shall be very glad when you return to us again. Dearest M—y's dutiful and affectionate attentions leave me nothing to wish for : she

anticipates my wants, and watches all my movements. I certainly gain a little strength, and the night fever is abated. My mercies are indeed very great, and I only want a heart filled with love and gratitude to my gracious God for the innumerable blessings that surround me. My heart feels straitened, and I cannot feel the gratitude I desire; I can only look up to my blessed Saviour, and pray that all my defective services and feelings may be washed in the precious fountain of His atoning blood.

My tears flowed when I read the death of Mrs P——. How I feel for her husband, and for the loss her children must sustain in the removal of such a mother; and also for her attached sister, poor Mrs K——. Her grief must be great; but I doubt not her Saviour is near to comfort and support His sorrowing servant. Have you seen papa's new tract on "The Loss of Friends?" I think some thoughts in it would comfort Mrs K——. Adieu, my much-loved child. That our gracious covenant God may bless and keep you, and cause His grace to shine upon you, giving you peace now and glory hereafter, is the prayer of your affectionate and tender

MOTHER.

COLCHESTER, *March 4.*

MY BELOVED M.,— In an eternal world we shall rejoice and praise God, and wonder at the way

He has led us, and see that His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts, but that He delighteth in mercy, and doth not willingly afflict the children of men. The great difficulty of this trial is the perplexity of what to do for the best ; yet this leaves room for the greatest exercise of faith, and leads to more prayer and a spirit of patient waiting upon God. May He keep us in this state of mind, hoping in His word of promise, that, "if we acknowledge Him in all our ways, He will direct our paths." This day's post brought a letter from Mr S——, who was with your dear friend Miss B—— when her happy spirit took its flight to the mansions of her God and Saviour : she died on the afternoon of Monday, March 3. In answer to prayer, she has been mercifully spared much bodily pain ; her mind was tranquil, and she was waiting in patient hope. The only thing that appeared to disturb her was the weeping of her poor sister.

When I look back, and think that eight months past she was in as good health as any of us, and now she is among the spirits of the just made perfect, I pray that it may quicken us in running our Christian race, that, "forgetting those things which are behind, and pressing toward those which are before," we may keep the prize of our high calling in view. Adieu, my tenderly-beloved child. May our God work in you all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power.—Believe me your very affectionate MOTHER.

May 2.

. . . . I hope you are enjoying this delightful season, my beloved boy. What a joyous sensation it gives to see, from day to day, all nature reviving! It leads the mind to think of the blessed resurrection morn, when our bodies will be raised from their graves, and fashioned like unto the glorious body of our Saviour.

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COLCHESTER, Aug. 6.

MY MUCH-LOVED M—Y,—We were truly thankful to hear of your and dear papa's safe journey. Surely we have cause indeed to praise the Lord for journeying mercies, as well as so many others, countless as the sands. Oh, for a truly grateful heart! Dear M. and I have had most comfortable, quiet days; this evening we have been sitting together, reading and talking very pleasantly. I suppose you and dear papa do the same. Oh, how sweet it is to live in love! what will heaven be if earth is so delightful, where persons love each other? We have been reading Stewart's sermons, which are very beautiful; you must read them; I am sure you will like them. I can only add our tenderest love. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you both, and may the God of all grace sanctify you wholly, and keep you by His mighty power.—Your truly affectionate

MOTHER

WATLINGTON PARK.

MY VERY DEAR CHILD,—Thank you for your nice letter. I knew how you would miss me and your sisters ; it seems quite strange for me to be without my little one, it is so long since I left you behind. I hear that you and dear E. are going on very nicely. Do not forget to say your verses of Scripture every morning while you are dressing, with dear little E. ; it prevents idle thoughts, and prepares your minds to pray to that God, who, while He graciously calls Himself your heavenly Father, is a God who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Oh, may my beloved C. be one of the lambs of His fold, and one day be led by the Good Shepherd to the living fountains of water !—Ever your tenderly attached

MOTHER.

WALTON.

MY VERY DEAREST L.,—I must write a few lines to tell you how much you were upon my heart, when I thought you were engaged in the solemn act of confirmation. I trust that you did indeed seek the gracious assistance of the Holy Spirit to teach, guide, and influence you to pursue the Christian path. If you feel that you are a sinner, oh be persuaded to commit yourself into the hands of the Saviour of sinners. His arms of mercy are open to receive you ; He casts out none who come to Him. Think of His love, who left His high throne in glory to come down into our world to suffer

and to die for our sins, and now He ever liveth to intercede for you; and when He comes in His own glory, and in the glory of His Father and of the holy angels, then may you and I, and all our beloved ones, be found among His faithful servants, to whom He will say, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." I know you and your dear sisters will be thankful to hear that I am already better; I can walk further and for a longer time than I could even on Wednesday. We must try to praise our God for all His goodness. Only think what a delightful surprise it was to meet dearest papa just stepping out of the boat this morning. I hope even this day's rest and quiet by the sea-side will do him good.—Ever my beloved L.'s most affectionate

MOTHER.

COLCHESTER.

MY BELOVED L.,—I am very thankful that you are under medical care, for I am sure your cough requires much watching and proper remedies. I hope soon, by the blessing of God, to hear a better account of you. We are all very anxious about you, talk of you, pray for you, and love you with the most tender love. Dear papa often talks of his absent child, and when he comes in to supper, almost the only time when we can uninterruptedly enjoy domestic society, I think how glad we shall all be when you, dearest, join our circle and no more leave us. . . . Last night we had

our first meeting before the sacrament in the school-room ; the persons invited are communicants, and those who wish to become so. There was quite a roomful. Dear papa addressed them from John i. 3, " This is His commandment, that we believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ and love one another, as He gave us commandment." It was a most encouraging portion : he said much on the duty of believing on the Saviour, and of the privilege as well as the duty of loving each other ; he told us " neither difference of station nor infirmities should prevent the exercise of Christian love." He spoke as one who had felt the blessedness of believing on his Saviour, and of loving all the members of Christ, and all mankind. May the Holy Spirit shed more of this faith and love abroad in all our hearts, for Christ our Saviour's sake ! We have had a delightful letter from dear W., who tells papa that Latin and Greek go on well ; he is very anxious on the Catholic question, and says, " If I live to be a man, I hope to do all I can to support the falling Constitution of England." In every letter he speaks of you, and says he has never found yet so nice a play-fellow as dear L.

Sunday evening.—I have kept open my letter to tell you about dear papa's sermons to-day. The morning text was Matt. xvi. 3, " Can ye not discern the signs of the times ?" He took a threefold view, political, moral, and religious. Under the political state, he took a brief view of Europe for the last forty-eight years, and showed

that every sovereign, excepting the King of England, had either been dethroned or died ; he also took a view of the Eastern empire, and the drying up of the waters of the Euphrates (the Mohammedan empire), and spoke with firmness of the danger of forming an alliance with Popery. It was an awful sermon, yet when he spoke of the second coming of our Saviour, I lifted up my heart that all my beloved children might be found at His right hand. Oh seek Him, dearest love ! He casts out none who come to Him ; carry all your sins and difficulties to this blessed Saviour ; He will help you, He will bless you. All unite in fondest love with your most affectionate

MOTHER.

GORING RECTORY, *March 3.*

MY TENDERLY BELOVED L.,—You will be surprised to hear of my being so far from home, but when you know my reason for coming you will be glad. When I heard my dear brother and nieces had parted from our dear J——, and that he had set sail for India, I thought it was just the moment to go and offer them all the consolation I could give. We had a pleasant journey from Colchester to London ; the Archdeacon of —— was with us. We gave him a tract which proves that England always flourished when Protestantism prevailed, and the reverse when Popery was encouraged : he was so pleased with it that he sent it to a gentleman who wished for Catholic emancipation.

We had also an agreeable companion in a gentleman who travelled part of the way to Reading : he had been in Germany, Rome, and various other parts of the world, and his conversation was very entertaining. After a time he discovered that he had got into the wrong coach, and was obliged to take a post-chaise across the country ; he was greatly amused at his mistake. We gave him papa's new-year's tract, "The Accepted Time." If it should teach him that "*now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation," he may rejoice in eternity that he made this mistake. Dear papa was obliged to go and vote at Oxford ; I am very anxious to hear how he is after his journey.—Believe me, dearest L., your fond

MOTHER.

WATLINGTON PARK, *March*.

MY BELOVED L.,—I was very thankful to hear from Mr W—— that he thought you a little better ; had I known how very, very ill you have been, I should have been with you immediately. W. and I hope to reach E—— on Thursday. Dear Augusta has longed to come and comfort and nurse you ; she very often comes into my room to talk of you ; she knows that I love that occupation as much as she does. Should not our love to speak of a dear earthly friend, teach us how we ought to love to speak of our best friend, our heavenly Friend ? Oh, my child, let us pray that we may love

Him more! I have travelled much lately, my beloved child, and seen many homes, but I see none so happy as *our* dear sweet home. I hope that you will more and more rejoice that you are blessed with such a father, whose piety, cheerfulness, and affection render our family circle a scene of peace, harmony, and love. Whenever I go from home, I return more thankful for my highly favoured portion. May we all be thankful to the Giver of all good, and be enabled to improve our Christian privileges by doing all the good we can to others. Sisters desire kindest love; accept much from your fondly attached

MOTHER.

March.

MY BELOVED CHILD,—I am grieved indeed to hear of your sufferings, but I entertain the hope that these strong and painful remedies will be the means, under God's blessing, of restoring your health and prolonging your life. Bear them then, dearest child, for the sake of your parents, who would gladly, were it in their power, suffer for you. Remember, love, that had not these remedies been used, I might have had the agony of following my child to an early grave. God, I trust, is sparing your life, that you and I may serve Him together for a few years on earth, and then live with Him for ever in His heavenly kingdom, where there shall be no more sickness, nor sorrow, nor pain. . . .

We purpose (D.V.) going on Wednesday to Watlington Park, and from thence to Tylehurst to visit your uncle, General Chowne. It will be such a delight to me to show you this beautiful country and lovely Basildon, where I spent the first years of my married life, and where your dear sisters were born. My married life has been a very blessed and happy one, with such a husband and such children. I trust my children may be as happy as their mother.—Ever believe me, dearest L., your own fond

MOTHER.

COLCHESTER, Feb.

MY DEAREST L.,—I felt very sorrowful after parting from you and dearest papa, but I was comforted by the pleasant thought, that you will soon, if it please God, return home not to leave us any more. . . . We have been very quiet lately ; your dear sisters visit the poor for me ; I have kept by the fireside, which, by God's blessing, has lessened my cough, though it is not quite gone. I have enjoyed very much a few quiet days for reading, writing, &c., and have not found a weary hour. I consider it among my great mercies, and one I have derived from real Christianity, that for many, many years I have not found a *tedious* hour. Before I knew something of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I remember sometimes thinking that time went off heavily, but since that happy period, I have always

found time fly too fast; yet I passed seven or eight years with my dear mother in great retirement. Oh, my darling love, how I long to see you seeking that gracious Saviour, whom to know is life eternal, whom to serve is heaven begun, whom to love and adore will be the bliss of eternity. . . . Adieu, my beloved L. May the Father of mercies guide, bless, and comfort you! Pray daily for grace to perform every duty in a right spirit, and to be preserved from giving way to anything that is displeasing to God.—Believe me ever, your very tenderly attached

MOTHER.

WALTON, *June 2.*

MY BELOVED L.,— . . . I am writing from my marine villa. The shore is very delightful; I enjoy sitting on the sands with my book as much as ever. I am sure my dearest L.'s heart will be very joyful when I tell her that it has pleased God to restore my health wonderfully since I came here. I wish I could tell you that Caroline —— is better, but I fear she is in a very delicate state . . . Dear Mrs F—— too is very weak; and our lovely young friend, Mrs C——, is so ill that but faint hopes are entertained of her recovery. I saw her sweet baby the other day; he is very like his beautiful mother. What a mercy it is that in all these cases we can feel a blessed hope that the soul is safe for eternity, as I do believe that all

these young persons have fled for refuge to their Saviour. But what a lesson does it teach you, my beloved child, to seek Him early, for you know not how short your earthly pilgrimage may be. I am sure you are enjoying this fine weather, as you are in a very pretty country; I always wish my children to be alive to the beauties of creation, and "to look through nature up to nature's God."

I hope, my dearest L., you will continue the important practice you have begun, and read the Scriptures night and morning. I consider the private reading of the Bible, accompanied by prayer for the influences of the Holy Spirit, among the most important means of grace; no soul can prosper without them, and with a diligent use of these secret means we are strengthened to resist temptation and to perform duty. Be diligent therefore, my child, in reading your Bible. — Keeling is still very ill; I have hired a nice little girl to wait upon her, as I thought she needed more constant attendance. She often weeps over the memory of her beloved lady, as she still calls your very dear grandmamma, and looks forward to the time when she shall meet her again in heaven. Adieu, my beloved child.—I am your very affectionate

MOTHER.

SOUTHAMPTON, Oct. 14.

I hope my beloved M. did not hear the storm

last night, or if she did, that her faith was in the Lord. Dear M—y has described our danger to you, therefore I will only say that my Saviour was graciously pleased to keep my mind in perfect peace. I believed that He would preserve us, and I prayed like the disciples, “Lord, save or we perish.” I hope I shall never forget His goodness; may I trust Him for all that is to come, while I try to praise Him for all that is past! I was very ill for several hours; but now I am on shore, I only feel a little giddy and somewhat fatigued. The steward was a pious man. When asked “whether there was danger?” he replied, “We have nothing to fear, our good Master guides the ship.” I trust our beloved E. will soon recover. I pray that you may have a safe voyage and journey, and that we may all have once more a happy meeting. Surely these trials are all mercies in disguise, and if they lead us more simply to trust the Lord, we shall gain much by them. . . . Adieu, my dearly beloved child.—I am your very affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGEASTON, *March 18.*

MY BELOVED W.,—I always take up my pen to converse with you with peculiar pleasure, for I love my absent boy more than I can express. . . . I am glad to tell you that we have taken the house I mentioned to you in my last letter: it is a very good one and plea-

santly situated; I only regret its distance from the church, but we could not find one nearer that was large enough. If the Lord give us peace and love, we shall be very happy there or in any other place. . . . I have not heard from Colchester since I last wrote to you; I suppose that you and I send many sighs that way sometimes. Yet I am more and more convinced that it is the path of duty, and that our wise and gracious God has led us to this place. I trust your dear father will be useful to many. The congregation is very large since the weather became milder; the gallery is as crowded as it can possibly be, and the other parts of the church are well filled. We have begun the plan of district visiting, and I hope it will prove very successful. There are already twenty-six visitors, and I doubt not more will offer themselves. Your sisters and I have taken B—— Street, and they have visited nearly two hundred houses. I am thankful to say that we did not find so much distressing poverty as we had expected, but in general neat, respectable poor persons. . . . Adieu, dearest W.—Believe me ever your very affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *April 5.*

MY PRECIOUS BELOVED M.,—Joy echoed through the house when your dear letter from Boulogne arrived last Saturday, and truly we were thankful to

hear it had pleased our gracious God to grant you and your friends a safe passage. . . . Oh! my beloved child, I cannot tell you how frequently you are in my thoughts and prayers. Many times in the day do I lift up my heart to the Lord for your preservation from every danger which might injure the body, and from every temptation and snare which might hurt your precious soul. Your companions are also remembered in my petitions. May the Holy Spirit dwell in your hearts, imparting the meekness of wisdom to your minds, and filling you with joy and peace in believing. I pray that you may not be diverted from Him who is the source and the centre of all good, and that you may all be led to adore and praise the Lord for His wonders in creation, in providence, and in grace. . . . I miss you very much, my beloved child, and count the months till you return ; but I rejoice that you are happy, and I doubt not it will be a great improvement to you, having the advantage of good society in the true sense of the word, and seeing various countries, manners, and customs. Such things tend to enlarge the mind. May you profit much by all you see and hear . . . Adieu, my beloved M. May the Father of mercies bless and guide you continually; may the Spirit of Christ dwell in your heart, and fill you with peace.—I am your tender and affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *April 8.*

MY MOST BELOVED M.,—We have safely received your two dear letters from Boulogne and two from Paris, one to L—— and one to W——. We thank you most affectionately for writing us so many and such sweet letters. How sad is your account of the state of religion!—but oh, what cause for shame and humiliation that we, who profess a faith so pure—we, who have access to the lively oracles of God—that *we* should be so backward in the ways of holiness! I trust that everything you see and hear will render your happy country, and still happier home, more dear to you; above all, may you prove the throne of grace and the word of God more valuable than ever. I feel most tenderly anxious about you, my beloved child; you are not only going into entirely new scenes, but you are going to hear much of religious controversy. I earnestly entreat you will daily pray for wisdom and strength, that you may discern between error and truth; enter as little as you can into argument, endeavour to take that ground on which all unite, and dwell on those truths which none can controvert; be contented to be thought low in religious attainments; ever keep in mind it is from the world and not from the Church we are to separate. Oh, my beloved child, my heart trembles for you lest you should be perplexed and drawn into difficulties. Tell me if you are anxious to return sooner; I feel as if I could go and fetch you myself. I daily commend you to our gracious God—may

He bless you and keep you, guide you continually, and give you a large portion of that wisdom which cometh from above. Dearest M., believe me ever your most tender

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *May 5.*

MY TENDERLY BELOVED M.,—We have received your two dear letters, one to myself and one to dear papa. . . . And now, my beloved child, I will tell you that we have read the religious part of your letters with great interest. We would caution you against adopting any sentiments hastily, unless they correspond with the general tenor of the Sacred Scriptures; *one* text is not sufficient, and the context must always be fairly examined. It is a blessed truth, that if we believe on the Son of God we have everlasting life; but then it must be a lively faith—it must work by love—it must produce obedience, a filial obedience to God as our reconciled Father. I fully believe an election of grace, but I as fully believe that if we perish, we perish because “we will not come to the light”—we *will not* believe. Sin is always charged on man—grace *alone* comes from God. Let us not reason too much, but simply believe. Dear papa will write you a long letter very soon; he sends his best love. “May the God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God that your whole spirit and soul and body may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.” Adieu, my

332 LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.

beloved child.—With much love to my Christian friends at Geneva, I am your very affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *May 19.*

MY MOST BELOVED L,—I hail this anniversary of your birth with peculiar feelings of affection and interest. I look with gratitude on the years during which it has pleased God to lend me a very affectionate child ; my solicitude for your spiritual and eternal welfare increases with your years. I rejoice to observe that you read the word of God daily, and seek the Lord by private prayer ; but, my beloved child, I think there is a cause why you have not more delight in the means of grace and in the ways of God. I know you will not be offended with your mother, but that you will take all she says to you in love. The cause is, that you indulge too much in what is generally called light reading. I would warn you, my child, against this for two reasons—first, the powers of your mind will be fixed upon trifling subjects ; and secondly, your precious time (a talent for which you must give account) is wasted. I entreat you, therefore, in dependence on the Divine strength, to determine during the next year to read only religious and scientific works, history and biography. I am convinced that if you will persevere in this plan steadily, you will reap great benefit, for *the mind often requires bracing as much as the body.*

Accept of the accompanying presents as a small proof
of my tender love, and ever believe me your fond

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON.

MY TENDERLY BELOVED M.,—Your letter received this morning filled my heart with thankfulness. I was indeed glad to hear that you were safe after such a perilous, though most pleasant journey. I can fully imagine the delight with which you contemplate the magnificent scenery of the Alps. I should like to behold such proofs of the power of God as those scenes display. I enjoyed my visit to Clifton; the journey from this place is pretty, particularly the road from Gloucester; the Severn rolling amid the fertile plains, and the Welsh mountains rising in the distance, form a beautiful view. . . . I am thankful to tell you dear L. is much better, she has nearly lost her cough. This is a great and unspeakable mercy. I was very uneasy about her, but the Lord was gracious; I cried unto Him and He heard me; He calmed my mind and enabled me to cast my care upon Him, believing that He cared for me. Oh the joy of thinking that you will bend your steps homeward early in August; may we be permitted to meet in peace! Adieu, my dearest love.—I am your own most fondly attached

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *July 12.*

MY PRECIOUS M,—It grieved us to the heart to hear of your anxiety, the first letters ought to have been sent to Berne instead of to Basle. . . . On my return from Clifton I found uncle and aunt M— here, and Mr B—. I was quite overwhelmed when the latter told me that dear Mrs English was not likely to recover. I cannot express what I felt when I heard that our beloved friend was drawing near her eternal rest; but I would not selfishly mourn—she will be forever freed from sin, and pain, and sorrow. Her state of mind is quite delightful; she has no fear, but is longing “to depart and be with Christ.” . . . A letter has been received from Major B— stating that poor Gore followed his mother in less than six weeks. I hope his sorrow for her death was sanctified, and that he was brought to the foot of the cross. He was the child of many prayers; let us hope he is taken from the evil to come. Dear Eliza too! How soon she followed her dear mother! I cannot but rejoice that this lamb of Christ’s flock is safely housed, and has joined her mother in singing the praises of our Redeemer for ever and for ever. Poor Frederick M— also is safely landed in the heavenly Canaan. His state of mind was truly Christian; dear Mrs M— wrote us a beautiful account of him. Our King is also gone, I hope, to everlasting rest; he was much on the heart of his praying people, and we know God has access to all

hearts. Let us pray that the Lord will grant his successor a heart to rule this people in His faith and fear. Adieu, my dearest M. May the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ grant you grace and peace! may you rejoice in the Lord always, may your soul prosper and be in health, and all you are and have be dedicated to the Lord! Dear papa is well, and unites in much love with your fond

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *July 22.*

MY MOST BELOVED M.,—I sent a letter to greet you at Frankfort, which I hope you received safely, and that this will meet you at Brussels. What cause we have to praise the Lord for His great goodness in preserving you through your journey, and for all the very great mercies which have accompanied you and your dear friends! Dear papa is remarkably well; I thank God for this mercy also. He preached a beautiful sermon yesterday for the funeral of our departed King, from Psalm xxxix. 6, 7. I do not think you must indulge the hope of seeing him and your dear sisters at Paris, as he has promised to plead for the Jewish cause at that time, so the former seems quite impracticable. . . . In a few more days I hope once more to press to my heart my beloved child. Oh, how delightful! I believe our gracious God will grant us the privilege to meet again in peace; in such a changing world what

a mercy it will be to meet again our *full* number around the family altar and table ; may we have grace given us to be truly thankful !

August 10.—Our beloved friend Mrs English entered the joy of her Lord and Saviour on the 23d of July. Her state of mind from the commencement of her illness has been most happy ; the strongest reliance on her Saviour, and the nearer she approached the eternal world the happier she became. Her last words were, “Rest, rest, everlasting rest !” What a loss we have sustained in this dear Christian’s removal ! I hope we shall all feel that we have lost one tie on earth and gained another attraction heavenward. . . .—Believe me your own fond

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *Aug.* 18.

MY TENDERLY BELOVED M.,—Your delightful letter, dated London, filled all our hearts with the most lively gratitude to our infinitely gracious God, who has so mercifully preserved you, and brought you back to your native country in peace and safety. How great is His goodness to us ! Oh, may He add the still greater blessing, a heart to love and serve Him ! I am very much grieved that dear papa is obliged to set off for Liverpool to-morrow to attend the meetings, and to go from thence to the Isle of Man ; he will be absent two Sundays. L. and probably W. will accompany him. We have been anxiously hoping that you would

arrive before they left home. Dear papa feels very much not being able to welcome his beloved M. We have all missed you very much ; I cannot tell you how often I have wished for you. L. is greatly grieved to go without seeing you. Adieu, my beloved child.—I am your most tender and affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, Aug.

MY BELOVED L.,—I wished much for you, dearest papa, and W., to share with us the delight of seeing dearest M. once more at home ; she looks so well, and seems to have enjoyed the whole of her long continental journey. . . . I long to have a full account of your journey. I trust you will have fine weather and much enjoyment, and that our gracious God will restore you to your home in safety. Give our love to all our dear friends at Bishop's Court. . . . I have one little piece of advice to give, which I have often found a useful hint to follow, and therefore I give it you as you are rather young to be out visiting alone : talk as little of *persons* as you can, only of *things*, unless you have *anything kind* to say of them.—Ever my beloved L.'s most affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, Sept. 15.

MY TENDERLY BELOVED C.,—You have this day

Y

entered upon another year. At almost as early a period of life our Divine Redeemer was found in the temple conversing with the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions. He answered the inquiries of His mother by saying, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" afterward He went down to Nazareth, and was "subject to them." I have sweet consolation in your affectionate obedience, and trust you are faintly, yet sincerely, copying the example of your Saviour on this point ; but I fear you do not sufficiently feel that you must "be about your Father's business." Do you feel anything towards your heavenly Father that you do towards your earthly parents? Remember all the love that is in our hearts to you was placed there by Him. He made you, He preserves you, He gave His only-begotten Son to die for you. Oh ! think, dearest C., of *His* love, and pray that love to Him may be shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost. Pray that your Saviour's love in becoming incarnate to suffer and die for you, may lead you to love Him with your whole heart. I pray that this may be a new era in your life, that you may begin in earnest to live to God, to love Him and to serve Him.

Oh, my own sweet child ! could you know my anxious desire to see you a real Christian, to believe that we should spend an eternity together, I think your love to me would stir you up to seek the mercy and the *grace* of God. My tears and my prayers will one day

testify how earnestly I wish your eternal happiness. Oh, my C., if I did not hope to meet you in heaven, how could I bear it! Christ is willing, God is willing, the Holy Spirit is willing. Pray that all your unwillingness to give yourself up wholly to God may be removed.—I am your most tenderly attached

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON.

DEAREST, DEAREST W.,—The sight of your handwriting gave us the greatest delight. . . . We have just heard that there have been dreadful riots at Coventry; the current report was, that the town was in flames, and that numbers of the inhabitants had fled. I fear there is some truth in it, though there may also be much exaggeration. The riots at Worcester appear to have been quelled for the present. We appear to be surrounded with dangers, but our merciful and gracious God preserves us in peace and safety. Oh! dearest W., I never felt the preciousness of the Christian's hope as I now do. If I feel distressed at the thought of the trials which may befall my beloved children, I find relief at the mercy-seat of the Most High. I commit you and your dear sisters to the kind care and protection of the Lord Jesus Christ. All power is His in heaven and earth. He will keep you all, and, I humbly trust, hear my prayers and those of your dear father, that you may all become inheritors of

your great kindness and love to me, and still more for your prayers. Oh, what a blessing to have praying children! The Lord has been indeed most gracious to me. I passed last night without the spasmodic affection; I coughed about six o'clock, but it was soon over. I have felt better to-day than I have done any day since my illness. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within me bless His holy name." I am surrounded with mercies and blessings. Pray, dearest, that I may be thankful. I had some sweet conversation with dear Mary W.; she appears to be in a heavenly state of mind. I told her how grieved you were to leave home when she was coming; she seemed like another daughter. I was quite grieved to part from her; how sweet is the bond of Christian love! . . . May the peace of God rule in your heart!—I am your tenderly attached

MOTHER.

May 18.

MY TENDERLY BELOVED L.,—I hail the near approach of your birth-day with feelings of the greatest affection towards you, and of love and gratitude to God for all His goodness to you and me during that period. I bless His gracious name that He has granted me the sweet boon of such a dear affectionate child so many years, and I earnestly pray that He would be pleased to spare you yet many more, and that each revolving year may find you more anxious to love and serve Him from

the all-constraining motive of His love to you in Jesus Christ our Lord. I do earnestly pray that you may be more and more anxious to employ every talent He has given you to promote His glory and the benefit of others. Among the talents that I would advise you especially to employ is that of time. Will you let me form a plan of employment for you, and we can talk it over together afterwards? I would entreat then, my beloved child, that the first part of the day be given to the study of God's word and prayer to Him. This would sanctify the daily duties and employments. Then I should like you to enter on a course of useful, instructive reading, and we will pursue our French reading together. Cultivate also your musical talent, and devote as much time to exercise as you like. I beg your acceptance of the accompanying book, and the inclosed sum to spend as you please; the gifts are small, the love of the giver very great. I thank you, my dearest love, for all your tender nursing in my illness; may the best blessings be your portion!—Ever your most affectionate

MOTHER.

July 24.

With no common feelings of gratitude and praise, do I hail the return of my most tenderly beloved M—y's birth-day. I do indeed bless my God for His most gracious gift, and for sparing us to live together so many years. I bless Him for the grace He has

already given you, and for the desire bestowed to render yourself useful in His Church. Fear not, my dearest M—y ; that “*good* work which He hath begun in you He will perform unto the day of Jesus Christ.” Pray for a simple reliance on the atoning blood of Jesus Christ our Lord, and on His righteousness. Look at the many great and precious promises scattered so plenteously in His word. Oh, may you have “joy and peace in believing, and abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.” I cannot but mention how much your care and love soothed me in the hours of pain and languor. Yes, your love, and that of your dear father, sisters, and brother, has been a never-failing consolation. May our gracious God remember you all, and send you such kind comforters in the hour of sickness ! Accept the little book of Psalms as a token of love. May “mercy unto you and peace and love be multiplied,” is the fervent prayer of your affectionate and attached

MOTHER.

Sept. 23.

MY WELL BELOVED C.,—When I look back on the mercies you and I have received since last year, my heart overflows with gratitude to the bountiful Giver of them all. During the winter and part of the spring how weak and ill were *you*, my little C. ! Six months I was almost a prisoner. Now we are both in good *health*. “What shall we render to the Lord for all

His mercies! Let us take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." Let us unite our prayers and our praises, and begin anew to seek the Lord our God. Wash away our sins, O Lord, in the fountain of Thy precious blood, and give us Thy Holy Spirit. May we be united in the bonds of grace as we are in those of nature! Then, when nature's bonds fail, we shall be for ever united in the bonds of love through the blissful ages of eternity. I am, my darling C.,
your own most tender MOTHER.

EDGBASTON.

MY TENDERLY BELOVED W.,—My heart travelled with you, and I felt more than usually heavy and dispirited parting from my beloved boy. I marked with peculiar pleasure your readiness to promote the happiness of your sisters. How sweet is family affection! I do indeed rejoice that it has pleased God to unite us all in the tenderest bonds of paternal, filial, and brotherly love. May we continue to love on earth, and when earthly things vanish away, or we are called from them, may we form a family unbroken in the skies, and all rejoice together in the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. . . . If wishes had wings (oh that they had!) I would visit you every night. I always think of you, particularly at the hour when I used to visit your apartment, and wish we could have a nice conversation together, and that I could pray with you—how pleasant

it would be ! but I never forget to pray *for* my beloved boy, and think of him every hour in the day. . . .
—Your most tenderly attached

MOTHER.

Aug. 1.

My precious M—y and W. will rejoice and give thanks that hitherto we have had a most delightful journey. I find the carriage very easy, and have borne the fatigue remarkably well As we passed the Ketley iron-works, the smoke was so dense it quite darkened the air. I thought I should like to go on a mission, with plenty of tracts, to distribute among the poor colliers. We thought much of you, my dear children, and I lifted up my heart many times that our morning text might be fulfilled in the experience and practice of all. May grace, and peace, and love be multiplied to you !—I am your own most affectionate

MOTHER.

LLANIDLOES, Aug. 4.

Here we are, my much loved M—y, at Llanidloes, thirty-one miles from Aberystwith. The gracious providence of our God has protected us from every evil, and granted us every comfort our hearts could desire. We have had a most delightful journey from Shrewsbury to this place. The road runs through a valley, and chains of hills often on both sides, some of them clothed with

luxuriant woods from the foot to the summit. We quite longed for you and dearest W. to enjoy the same pleasure.

We have indeed cause for gratitude that it has pleased God so mercifully to strengthen me on the journey ; I feel much better than when I left our dear home. . . . Bring plenty of tracts and little books with you, the Welsh are so very eager for them. . . . I hope my dear children go on comfortably ; I often wish I could peep at them. My heart ascends in prayer for you all, that the God of love and peace may be with you. I am thankful to say that dearest papa is well, and much enjoys this rest : he is so cheerful, he makes us all so. We have such delightful conversation on the sacred volume, and find the time pass very pleasantly, and I hope not unprofitably. I can read, and think, and praise, and pray as I journey. The works of God have a tendency to raise my mind heavenwards, and I find myself more disposed to meditate when surrounded with such sweet scenery as I have lately beheld ; but His revealed word is still more precious. I find it affords me increasing delight ; may its sanctifying effects be more and more wrought in me. "Sanctify me through Thy truth ; Thy *word* is truth." . . . I know we have had your prayers ; fail not to praise also for our mercies. Kindest and best love to all.—I am your most affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, Oct.

MY BELOVED W.,—My thoughts and prayers followed you through the day; I often said to myself, now my boy is at Oxford, then at Watlington, and last at S——, meeting his dear uncle and cousins. . . . Your place at breakfast was filled by Mr ——: he afterwards prayed for *you* particularly at our family worship; it was a great comfort to me to have you so remembered. At twelve o'clock we attended the district committee, and dear papa explained a beautiful portion of Scripture; he said much on a *willing offering* being acceptable to God, however poor, if offered by a humble believer, noticing that if some of the Israelites brought gold and silver, others brought goats' hair, and that was accepted. A cup of cold water shall not go unrewarded. . . . I can fully enter into your feelings, that there is nothing like home; I know how much you love us all, which makes the trial greater. I can truly say that I think of you hourly, and when I go up-stairs and see your empty room, my heart aches and my eyes fill with tears. But, my dearest W., these are the trials we must expect in this world: let us think more frequently of that happy day when we hope, through the mercy and grace of God, to meet in the kingdom of our Saviour. Could we more fully realise this, it would reconcile us to the trials of time. . . . Adieu, my beloved W.—
I am your most affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *Jan. 13.*

MY TENDERLY BELOVED M.,—With joy and gratitude I hail this anniversary of your birth. Very pleasant have you been to me in infancy, in childhood, and in youth. You have indeed afforded me much comfort and delight, and I bless my gracious God for the precious gift of such a dear, dutiful, and affectionate child. Accept my fondest wishes and earnest prayers that our gracious God and Father (who hath accepted you in the Beloved, and granted you redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace) may bless you with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, “keep you by His mighty power through faith unto salvation, guide you continually by His counsel, and then receive you to everlasting glory.” “May the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God that your whole spirit, soul, and body, may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.” Amen and amen.—Your most tender and affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *January.*

MY MOST BELOVED W.,— . . . I trust the gracious hand of our covenant God will be over you and preserve you from this dreadful illness [the cholera]. I think G—— must be much safer, humanly speaking, than this place, which is such a constant thoroughfare

from all parts of the kingdom. . . . Adieu, my beloved child. I commend you to God and the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among the saints in light. Think of that inheritance, my precious W., and you will be cheered under all trials. I seem to have strong faith that the cholera will not be suffered to injure any of us. May the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep your heart and mind, through Christ Jesus.—I am your most affectionate

MOTHER

EDGBASTON, *Feb.* 15.

MY TENDERLY BELOVED W.,—The whole family at home, excepting myself, being at the lecture (I am afraid of the cold, as it affects my breath), I take up my pen to converse a little with my dear absent boy. I cannot tell you, my dearest W., how much I felt—I did not dare shew you what I was suffering—but I can truly say it almost rends my heart to part from you; but I feel it a duty, and therefore submit, though it is very painful. . . . You will be rejoiced to hear that your dear father arrived safely at home about four o'clock; he had some tea, and then set to work to prepare for his evening sermon. May we all have grace to follow his steps in our respective duties *so far as* he follows Christ. For you, my much-loved boy, I pray **that you may become as zealous, as devoted a minister**

of Christ as your dear father has been. . . . What a blessing it is to feel ourselves in the hands of a Being who is infinitely wise and gracious, and who sees the end from the beginning! May He ever dispose of us and all our concerns, and may we in all "our ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct our paths." . . . Accept our warmest wishes and prayers that God may grant you His peace all the days of your life.—I am your most affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGECASTON, *May*.

MY BELOVED M,—I cannot suffer the parcel to go without sending a few lines expressive of my love. I have rejoiced much in this fine day, thinking how much dear papa, L., and you, would enjoy the beauties of Chilham Park. I trust it will do dear papa good after all his fatigue last week. We are all longing to hear an account of the anniversary meetings in town. We go on very peacefully, but often wishing for those who are gone, and anticipating their return with great delight. . . . I have obtained for poor H—— the situation of housekeeper at the Fever Hospital. At her time of life there is much less danger of taking diseases; indeed, I have no doubt God graciously protects those persons exposed to infectious complaints when they are in the path of duty. I saw her this morning; she says she is very comfortable. I

was quite delighted, and lifted up my heart in praise to Him who is the Father of the orphan, and the God of the widow. What wonders shall we see in providence and in grace when the great and glorious day of the Lord shall be revealed! Dear papa preached a beautiful sermon on the excellency of the Scriptures, and the sin and danger of adding to, or diminishing from, the word of God. He said "the Bible was a lamp let down from the throne of God, to guide sinful, weak, erring, helpless man to peace and glory everlasting." He also gave us a peculiarly beautiful lecture from 1 Thess. iv. 14-18. He began by telling us the poor consolation heathen philosophers could give their sorrowing friends, and then contrasted it with the glorious views unfolded to us in the text. He spoke in a very striking manner on our blessed Lord's second advent, contrasting it with the first, which was in deep humiliation. This would be in glory and majesty. The Lord shall descend with a shout—such a shout as shall be heard through the whole earth, yea, shall awake the dead. He then went on to the resurrection of the dead in Christ, and the glorious change of those yet living when the Lord shall come; he also dwelt on the reunion of believers—"Thine eye shall see thy mother, thy father, thy wife, thy husband, thy child, thy sister, thy brother, thy friend, and last, but most blessed of all, thy Saviour. Here thou hast often to mourn the hiding of God's face, but there thou

shalt behold it in unclouded beauty and glory." How I wished that you and dear L., and the mourning friends with whom you are now staying, could have heard this most consoling sermon! Adieu, my beloved M. May the Holy Spirit continually guide and teach you.—I am your tenderly-attached and affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *May*.

MY MUCH LOVED L.,—Your lively and most interesting description of the London anniversaries quite delighted us. We all gathered round to listen to the letter, and almost fancied we were with you in Exeter Hall. I cannot tell you my joy when I read that the Bible Society is beginning to rise again. Oh! may it rise, if it please God, with far greater splendour than it has ever yet had, and be the instrument of conveying the Divine word to the remotest parts of the earth, till the glorious promise be fulfilled—"The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." I shall not cease to think of you, dearest love; may you be enabled to stay your mind upon the Lord, and He will keep you in peace. I had a beautiful letter from your dear aunt C—— this morning; she deeply feels the death of her mother, Lady C——. I was thankful to hear that her brother arrived in England before his mother's death. May He who wept over the

grave of Lazarus be their support and comfort. . . . I trust, my beloved L., that you are enjoying your visit as much as we could expect, and that you pray daily for grace to Him who alone can bestow every good gift, whether temporal or spiritual. Look simply to God in Christ, and He will give you all needful grace—"My grace is sufficient for thee, my strength is made perfect in weakness." Adieu, my precious child. The Lord bless thee and keep thee ; may His banner over thee be love, is the prayer of your fondly attached

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *May 17.*

MY MOST TENDERLY BELOVED L.,—I cannot help feeling regret that you must pass your birthday at a distance from your beloved home, but I will endeavour to lessen the pain to both of us by writing to you, and giving some vent to my full heart. I do indeed rejoice, and again give thanks that our infinitely gracious God has been pleased to spare my beloved L. so many years to gladden the hearts of her fond parents. Oh, may it please Him to shower down upon my child His choicest blessings ; may He draw her heart nearer to Himself, and give her to know by heartfelt experience, that in His favour is life ; may every anxiety be cast on Him who hath condescended to say, "He careth for us." May you repose on the paternal care and love of our blessed Saviour, believing that He will bring that to pass

which shall be for His own glory and your everlasting welfare. I daily commend you to His gracious, tender care, guidance, and support.

This last has been a very important year in your life, and will probably decide every future year. Oh that it may be the will of God to give you your heart's desire ! but if an all-wise and an all-merciful Father sees that this would be injurious to your best interests, may He enable you to say, "Not my will, but thine be done." I shall perhaps accompany dearest papa and M—y to Clifton, to take a last farewell of my beloved friend Mrs Austen. My comfort is that we shall meet, I trust, ere long in that blessed land "where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick, and where the people who dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." How cheering is the thought, my beloved child, of spending a long eternity with those with whom we have loved to hold sweet communion on earth ! Let us look up for grace that such may be our portion, and that of all dear to us.

I send you a little Psalter ; I should like you to begin the first psalm on your birth-day, and read one psalm each day during our separation : will you follow this plan ?—Ever my beloved L's fondly affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, May 30.

MY MUCH LOVED M.—. . . . I trust your present

quiet visit at Col. B——'s will prove a refreshment to your mind and body. My daily prayer is, that you may get good, and be instrumental in imparting it to those dear friends who so much need spiritual consolation. Give my kindest love to them, and tell them I pray that "the Father of mercies and the God of all consolation" would comfort their hearts, filling them with joy and peace in believing. . . . Dear papa expounded the 5th psalm last night. He took a millennial view, which was very delightful, and led us all to see the future glory of our Lord Jesus Christ and His Church, with the blessedness of the world when He shall take to Him His great power and reign. He said so sweetly, "Lo, I come quickly," that my heart took up the answer and said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." May we all be found among those who love His appearing. Adieu, my beloved M. The Lord bless thee and keep thee.—I am your very affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *July 15.*

MY TENDERLY BELOVED M.—I think the leadings of Divine Providence seem to be in favour of your remaining longer with your sick friend. Much as I love to have you at home, I think you can be spared this week. . . . I am thankful to say dear W. wrote to us from Beau Parc in excellent spirits, and less afraid of the cholera in Ireland than we are in England. I

have preserved his letter—it is most interesting. The cholera does not increase here rapidly, through the mercy of God. Let us be thankful, and pray that if it be His will it may be removed from us. . . . Give my Christian love to your dear sufferer; tell her, I remember her frequently in my prayers. May the everlasting arms be underneath her, and may she rest on the finished work of her Saviour, continually deriving peace and joy from His atonement and intercession. May the 23d psalm be ever in her mind. She need fear no evil, for He is with her, who so loved her as to die for her, and now ever liveth to make intercession for her. All unite in kindest love.—I am your most tenderly attached

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *July 21.*

MY BELOVED M.,—I am thankful to hear that you are enjoying the refreshing quiet of the Christian's sick room. I think the chamber of a dying Christian is the ante-chamber of heaven. There is no place on earth which brings the soul so near to God, and gives such a view of the blessedness of Christianity. To behold death disarmed of its terrors, and the soul conquering through the power and grace of our Saviour, is a most refreshing sight. The heart is indeed pained to see one we love growing daily weaker, but then faith points to that blessed day when "He will change our vile bodies and fashion them like unto His own glorious

body, according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself." I do indeed feel thankful that your health does not suffer, and I trust both body and mind will be sustained to give this proof of Christian love.

We have not heard from W. since I last wrote. I trust he will be preserved from all evil, and return to us in peace and safety. I feel sometimes a little anxious, still I can generally *realise* he is safe while God protects him. The cholera is such an awful death, that I would pray with submission that we may all be preserved from it. . . . Give my love to the dear sufferer ; tell her to meditate on the passage, "In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand pleasures for evermore."—I am your fond MOTHER.

EDGBASTON.

MY MOST TENDERLY BELOVED M—Y,—Accept the most affectionate wishes of my heart on the return of your birthday. I bless and praise our gracious God for all His mercies to my much loved child during the years you have been an inhabitant of this earth. When I look back and see all the way by which He has graciously led you, I feel assured He will guide all your future steps, till He brings you to His everlasting kingdom of bliss and glory. How delightful is it to think that infinite wisdom and infinite love will order all your concerns for time and eternity\ “The Lord

will give grace and glory, and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." This is the motto I have chosen for your birthday this year. . . . Oh that my beloved M—y may lie passive in the hands of the Lord, desiring to have no will but His! May you cast all your care upon Him, believing that He careth for you. I cease not to pray for you daily. . . . Dearest M. is still at D—, and wishes to remain there a little longer: the dear sufferer is gaining a blessed assurance, and seems waiting for the coming of her Lord with joyful hope, frequently repeating, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." How blessed is the true Christian in life, in death, and throughout eternity! Who can tell what bliss is laid up for believers in our Lord Jesus Christ—"heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ?" May we have an increase of that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen." Adieu, my much loved child; may the God of love and peace be with you.—I am your most affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGEASTON, *July 27.*

MY TENDERLY BELOVED M.,—I know not exactly what to say; I long for your return, but we all feel very unwilling to take you away from your dear invalid. We are therefore willing that you should remain till next week. . . . Dear W. arrived safely from Ireland last Wednesday, having had a very

pleasant voyage, visit, and journey. The Lord has indeed been most merciful and gracious to us in preserving him from all accidents and disease, though in the midst of the cholera. In Dublin it is raging and also in Liverpool, but he did not stay a night in either place. Oh, what mercy and goodness follow us continually! Surely we are favoured above others; may we be humble and thankful, and may not only our lips, but our lives praise the Lord our God. . . . Dear C.'s mind seems now made up, and she is brought to acquiesce in the will of God—who would have hoped this last April twelvemonth?—so mercifully does the Lord prepare the minds of His servants, and verifies the words of my old Quaker friend, “When thou comest to the trial, He will make it easy to thee.” There was much Christian experience in that short sentence. I can indeed safely say that every trial I have dreaded, when it approached near, He has strengthened me to bear. It is the *to-morrow's* burden we cannot carry; for that of *to-day* strength is afforded. May we more simply abide by our Saviour's words, “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,” and rest on the gracious promise, “As thy day so shall thy strength be.” I believe your dear sufferer will find it so. When she comes to the verge of Jordan, she will pass over as easily as the Israelites did, and will enter the heavenly Canaan. May the Lord our God strengthen her to bear the short portion of earthly trial which remains, and bring her

safely to His blissful presence. . . . Adieu, my beloved child ; may you richly experience that it is "better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting."—I am your most tenderly attached

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, Aug. 2.

MY MUCH LOVED M.,—We affectionately sympathise with the sorrowing relatives, while we desire to bless and praise God for His great mercy to the dear departed one. She is now numbered with the saints in glory everlasting. Happy, happy spirit!—she now beholds that Saviour whom here she trusted in, and loved so much—now she loves Him as she desired to do. No sinful body clogs the aspiring soul, and at the morning of the resurrection the Lord Jesus "will change her vile body, that it may be fashioned like His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself."

I doubt not, my beloved child, this has been a season of great spiritual advantage to you, and I trust the remembrance of this sweet intercourse will long remain. There is something so calm, so tranquillising to the mind in a Christian's deathbed, that I cannot but feel thankful you have had this high privilege. I trust your health will not suffer. We shall expect you home again with great delight.—I am your most affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGECASTON, *Sept. 15.*

MY TENDERLY BELOVED C.,—I thankfully acknowledge the Lord's great goodness and mercy to you during the years you have lived in this world. Surely goodness and mercy have followed you all the days of your life. Oh, may you dwell in the house of the Lord for ever! I pray that the 23d psalm may be yours in life and in death—I mean all that psalm reveals of our Saviour's love and care over His sheep. It has been my daily prayer that you might be one of His people and follow Him. - He came to seek and to save us. Oh, look to Him, my precious child, for pardon and for grace, and may you never rest satisfied till you have experienced that change of heart which alone can make you happy here and for ever. Read God's holy word with diligence and prayer—listen very attentively to those blessed truths which flow from the lips of your revered, excellent, and beloved father. Pray every time you hear, either in public or private, for the Holy Spirit, and may He guide you into all truth. May you become a faithful follower of our Lord Jesus Christ; so will you gladden the heart of your most affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGECASTON, *Oct. 9.*

MY MOST BELOVED W.,—I hail the return of your birthday with thankfulness for all the great mercies God has granted us up to the present day. And now, what

is my desire for you? Truly it is that you may love and serve our infinitely gracious God supremely. Study His holy word, and pray diligently and perseveringly for grace; depend simply upon the atoning blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the free and full pardon of all your sins, and for righteousness and strength. Oh, may His love constrain you to live to Him who died for you! May His strength be sufficient for you, and His grace be made perfect in your weakness. Go to the Lord Jesus, my beloved W., in every difficulty, even in your studies and the daily trials of life. Habituate yourself to look to *Him* for help, support, and direction; He is never weary of our petitions. Oh, may we never be weary of praying to Him who has said, "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, I will do it for you."

To His grace I commend you. Oh, may He guide and bless you, now and through life, in death, and in eternity! You see, my dearest W., that I write still with a trembling, feeble hand. I do not recover as I hoped it might please God in mercy to grant, but I trust that I may get better in the winter if it shall be the will of my Saviour. . . . Dear papa went to Cambridge on Monday to celebrate Mr Simeon's fiftieth anniversary in his church there. Who can tell the good he has done in that place? and indeed all over the kingdom, by many good men who have gone from Cambridge to preach the gospel in various parts. . . . Adieu, my beloved W.—I am your own most tender ~~MOTHER~~

EDGBASTON, Oct. 25.

MY VERY DEAREST W.,—You are in my thoughts and prayers night and day, and I would give much to spend one half-hour with you. Your dear letter gave me much comfort and also some uneasiness. I was delighted to read that you felt your own weakness, and looked to God our Saviour for wisdom and strength. I do feel, my beloved child, that you may be in a great difficulty, and it is only God who can guide us through the labyrinth. “Mine eyes are unto Thee, O Lord.” May He guide us and preserve you. Wait daily upon Him in faith and prayer; He can and will protect and deliver us; wisdom and strength are with Him. We can never distrust ourselves too much; we can never depend enough upon the Lord our God. . . . Our dear friends the D——s have been in great grief: the youngest daughter is dead, a very sweet girl, much beloved by them all. Mrs D—— nursed her night and day, and deeply feels the loss, but is mercifully supported by the blessed hope that she is safely landed on the eternal shore of bliss and glory through the merits of our Divine Saviour. Dr D—— had not been married ten days when this sorrow came: so changeable are all things here, joy and sorrow tread close upon each other's steps; but in that bright world to which I trust we are hastening, there is nothing but everlasting joy. Oh, may we so pass through things temporal, that finally we may attain things eternal! . . . How glad I shall

be to see you at Christmas ; it seems a long, long time, but the days and weeks will roll away, and I trust we shall meet in love and peace. . . . Adieu, my beloved boy. May the God of love and peace be with you ; pray and read His holy word diligently.—I am your most affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, Nov. 27.

MY MUCH LOVED W.,—I am sure your affectionate heart will truly rejoice that it has pleased God to give his blessing to Dr D——'s medicines. I am certainly much better than I have been for the last four months. I do not feel very strong, but the heavy weight which sunk down my spirits is in a great measure removed. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." . . . I long to see you once more ; I have indeed cause to bless God for my five dear children ; I pray that they may all become the devoted servants of our Lord Jesus Christ. Papa and sisters send fondest love. We shall all hail your return with the warmest affection, and rejoice when the 15th of December arrives. Adieu, my beloved boy. May God bless and preserve you from all evil.—I am your tenderly attached

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, Jan. 22.

MY BELOVED M.,—I trust the gracious providence of God carried you all in safety to the end of your journey.

I thought of you all many, many times ; we felt very melancholy when we looked at the vacant places. Oh ! it is sad to part from those we love so well, but we must think of that blessed land where adieus and farewells are known no more. "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come," and "that city hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." Adieu, my beloved M. "May the God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Your most fondly attached

MOTHER.

EDGEASTON, Jan. 21.

MY TENDERLY BELOVED C.,—I shall indeed most affectionately sympathise with you in the bitter trial you will have passed through ere you read this letter. Oh, may the Father of mercies and God of all consolation comfort your sorrowing heart ! I shall be much in prayer for you every day, but *especially* on that mournful day when you part from one who has been as a beloved sister to you. Our gracious Saviour, who sympathises with us in our sorrows, will support you and enable you to say, "Thy will be done." Who can tell ? dearest E. may be restored to us sooner than we think ; for oh, let us hope that it may not be long ere we all meet again in this world, and let us anticipate

a far more joyful meeting in that happy world, where God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. Oh, what a blessed hope is the Christian's! we sorrow not as others. May we be more and more grateful to our gracious God for all His mercies in creation, preservation, and redemption. . . . Papa and sisters send much love.—I am your most affectionate

MOTHER.

LYNTON, Feb. 9.

MY MOST BELOVED W.,—Your dear letter, which reached us yesterday morning, was most acceptable. I was truly thankful to hear you had performed your long solitary journey in safety. My daily petitions are offered up for you, my much-loved child. . . . We had a pleasant and beautiful journey from Clifton to Minehead, where we slept. We had a delightful drive here; the hill we ascended is three miles in length, the road being made very winding from its extreme steepness. At the top of the hill the view was magnificent—the village of Porlock, the ocean, and a rich valley. We then drove over downs, with the ocean seven or eight hundred feet beneath us on our right hand. Another long hill which we descended brought us to the first view of Lynton and Lynmouth; the ocean, the magnificent rocky hills, and the Lynn descending through a ravine, foaming and roaring over the rocks. I wish for my beloved W. every time I see a beautiful prospect. The autumn

would be the finest season to see this place; there is so much wood that the varied tints would render the picture quite complete.

You will hardly believe me when I tell you that on Wednesday I rode on horseback with dear papa, L., and Captain H——, who was kind enough to be our guide, to see the valley of Lynmouth from one of the highest hills, eight hundred feet above the level of the sea; from whence we had a splendid view of the richly wooded and rocky scenery which surrounds these two lovely villages. There are four gentlemen's seats, all built in the rustic style, with thatched roofs and ivy; they are lovely features in the landscape. The villages are built irregularly, and all the cottages are white, which gives them a very picturesque appearance.

Yesterday we drove to a place called Paracombe, a small village, where a very pious and excellent school-mistress lives; she has been the instructress of the children and of her poor neighbours for many years. We were very much pleased with her conversation, and with the answers the little children gave to papa's questions. She sent for her neighbours, and papa expounded and prayed with them.

To-day I accompanied dear L. and Captain H. in another most delightful ride. The path was cut on the side of a rock half-way up, so that we had a high rock above us on one side and a steep precipice on the other—the Lynn dashing over its rocky bed at the foot. At

first I felt nervous, but I had the courage to proceed, and soon lost all fear in the enjoyment of the wild romantic scenery with which I was surrounded. Sometimes we were entirely shut in, then a sudden turn opened to our view a lovely valley. The precipice was often covered with trees, and masses of rock clothed with ivy jutted out in various parts. At the end of two miles and a half we came to a singularly beautiful spot, where three hills clothed with wood meet, and two cascades came roaring down the rocks, so that the sound was almost deafening. In this lovely place a gentleman has built a Swiss cottage, quite in character with the scenery. We afterwards crossed a rustic bridge, and descending by the ocean, passed through Lynmouth up to Lynton, and arrived safely at the hotel. . . . We leave on Monday, and hope to reach Clifton on Tuesday. All unite in best love.—Believe me ever your most affectionate

MOTHER.

MINEHEAD, Feb.

MY MOST BELOVED M.,—I hope this letter will meet you on your arrival at Col. B——'s, and I trust that I shall succeed in persuading you to remain at least a week there. I think you have had such a season of hurry and excitement since you left home, that unless you remain quietly for a little while, you will derive no benefit from your journey. It is wonderful the good

I have derived, through the Divine blessing, from my short residence at Lynton. . . . The poor were allowed to come in to family worship every day. Last Sunday evening nearly forty poor persons came to hear dear papa expound. Mr O'N—— is very useful ; he has an exposition at seven every morning for the poor. He also visits several of the neighbouring villages, and has already been instrumental in awakening many persons to care for their souls. . . . We did indeed completely enjoy our visit—so much kindness, such quiet, such scenery. It was a delightful season ; I hope ever to remember it with gratitude. May our lips and our lives praise the Lord our God for all His mercies. . . .

We are going to read together Chalmers's Sermons on Astronomy, and we have many other little plans. I had a long and interesting conversation with dear Mrs C—— about my beloved friend Mrs Austen ; she appears to have enjoyed sweet peace through our blessed Saviour during her long illness. She had great delight in having the word of God read to her ; frequently ten chapters in a morning, and one of the short epistles at night. Her other pleasure was to help the poor. She amused herself in choosing materials, then her maid cut them out before her, and she planned who should make them and have them. The Friday before her death she gave her housekeeper many orders for the sick poor. Her last words were, "Praise Christ." Dear S. kindly gave me her Polyglott Bible, which is a

great treasure to me. . . . How sweet it is to read in your letters the names of my much-loved Colchester friends ; do not forget to call on each of them, and give my love to all inquirers, rich and poor. Adieu, my precious child. Much love from all to you and dearest C.—Your most affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, Feb.

MY DARLING DEAREST C.,—I felt half inclined to murmur when first I heard my little child was not likely to come home with her dear sister ; but on mature consideration, all my selfish feelings gave way, and I am quite willing you should remain at G——, if your dear uncle and cousins wish to detain you. I am sure you will be very happy with them, and it will be an improvement and advantage to you to enjoy their society. Mrs C—— was seized with apoplexy on Friday morning, and died at two o'clock on Sunday night ; she was insensible till her death. Poor Mrs A. is very much afflicted. I went to see her both Saturday and yesterday ; she asked me to pray with her. Oh that it may please God to bless my feeble efforts ! What a lesson to be prepared to meet our God ! Happy are they who, having fled for refuge to the Saviour, can say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Give our united kindest love to all the dear party at G——. Tell darling W.,

374 LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.

with my best love, that I hope he will send me a long letter by dear M.—I am your most tenderly attached

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, Feb.

MY MOST TENDERLY BELOVED M—Y,— Last night your papa preached, from 2 Thess. ii. 9–12, a very striking sermon against Popery; it made one feel deeply for the poor deluded Roman Catholics, and very thankful for our special privileges and blessings as Protestants. . . . May you fully experience the truth of our blessed Redeemer's words, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in *me* ye shall have peace." "May that peace of God which passeth all understanding keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus." Adieu, my beloved M—y.—I am your most affectionate and sympathising

MOTHER.

March.

MY DEAREST C.,—I thank you very much for your nice, long, affectionate letter. As I shall say everything to dear W. I have to communicate on the subject of Hereford, I will not therefore repeat it to you, but request him to show you his letter. It has been a season of painful anxiety, but I have also found it a time of peace, and we trust in God graciously to guide our steps. I know, amidst all the imperfections

which attend our best motives, I can appeal, "O Lord, thou knowest we desire to do *Thy will*, and stay, or go, as it shall seem good in Thy sight." I have no doubt, therefore, that we shall be led to discover the Divine will, although hitherto it has been rather perplexing. This is often permitted as exercising faith and patience, and to lead us to more earnest prayer. Dearest M. arrived safely on Saturday; it was indeed a joy to see her again, though it seemed very strange not to see you with her. . . . Give my best love to all the dear circle.—I am your very affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGEASTON, *March 22.*

MY MUCH LOVED M—Y,—Greatly as I long to have you at home, I rejoice in your absence, hoping it may be the means of strengthening your health. May it please our infinitely gracious God to give you renewed health and cheerful spirits to serve Him with joy and gratitude. My daily prayer for you is, that "our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father, who hath given us everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace, would comfort your heart, and establish you in every good word and work." I am sure you will rejoice to hear that it has pleased God still to preserve my health; I have been remarkably well ever since I came home. Oh, how great are my mercies! All I want is more love and gratitude, and devotedness of

heart and life to Him who hath so loved me. . . . —
In haste, your most affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGEASTON, *May 1.*

MY TENDERLY BELOVED M—Y,—How shall I thank you as I desire for all the sweet wishes, prayers, and precious texts sent for my birthday? I was so much pleased with all, I could not select one in particular, but desire, through the riches of His grace, that they may all be fulfilled in my experience. I was particularly delighted with those that you had arranged to form my Christian name. May an abundant blessing rest upon you, my much-loved child; I would echo back all the wishes you so affectionately desire for me. . . . Dearest papa has been very ill with the influenza, but through God's great mercy he is beginning to recover; he writes and reads incessantly. I was attacked on Friday with the same complaint; to-day I am thankful to say I feel better. It prevails very much in London and over the whole country. Mr —— told me there were not less than six hundred persons suffering from it in Birmingham at this time. . . . My heart longs very much to embrace my absent child once more, but I must not say a word at present; you will be such a comfort to dear M., I would not take you from her on any account. Adieu, my beloved M—y. May the God of love and peace be with you; your sisters send

much love, and dearest papa his tenderest love and blessing.—I am your very affectionate

MOTHER.

May 2.

MY MUCH LOVED W.,—My thoughts, affections, and prayers followed you after our sorrowful parting. It is sweet, very sweet, to love as we do, but every rose in this world has a thorn, and pleasures must be accompanied with pain and sorrow. It is because we are sinners we must be sufferers here, but how many sweet and gracious alleviations does our infinitely merciful God grant to us even in this probationary state, and all who fly for mercy to our Lord Jesus Christ shall enjoy bliss without alloy throughout eternity—"Fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore." May we, my tenderly beloved W. (the daily object of my prayers ever since you saw the light), may we pass that eternity together in His presence whose name and nature is love. . . . Last Saturday, Mr Alexander,* a very excellent converted Jew, arrived to plead the cause of Israel; he preached at St Thomas's in the morning, and at a place eight miles off in the afternoon. On Monday a public meeting was held at Dee's Hotel; Archdeacon S—— took the chair. Mr A. gave us a little sketch of his history. Thirteen years since, when he first came to England, he did not know there was such a book as the New Tes-

* The first Anglican Bishop at Jerusalem.

tament. He was engaged as private tutor in a Jewish family at Colchester. About three weeks after he had been there, he read a placard announcing a meeting to be held for the conversion of the Jews; he was struck with this, and asked the Jew in whose family he resided what it meant. The Jew told him that there was a society established to try to convert the Jews, but that it would never do any good. Mr A. then first heard of the New Testament, which he read. He remembers afterwards meeting dear papa at Norwich, and that he desired him to pray in David's words, "Lord, open thou mine eyes, that I may see wondrous things out of thy law." It was at Plymouth, about eight years past, that he became fully convinced of the truth of Christianity, and gave up a good situation that he might confess Christ crucified. He has continued a faithful servant of our Lord Jesus ever since. Adieu, my beloved W.—I am your most affectionate

MOTHER.

May 14.

MY MUCH LOVED M—Y,—Your letter has distressed us very much, as we were cherishing the pleasing hope that you were in better health. Dear papa and M. will set off to-morrow morning, and hope to be with you by the 17th. I would gladly come, but I do not feel strong enough to undertake such a journey this warm weather. I am much recovered from my late

indisposition, but still feel a great degree of weakness. . . . Your dear papa has not yet heard of a curate, which makes me very uneasy ; I trust our gracious Lord will interpose and save His servant from labour beyond his strength.

I shall indeed be very thankful to have you once more under our roof, my beloved child, and hope you will soon recover under mamma's nursing. We expected Mrs B—— the end of this week, but we received a letter to-day, saying that C—— was so unwell she could not leave home. I trust it will please God to bless her father's watchful care over her. How uncertain are all things here below! May we have grace to set our affections on things above, not on things on the earth ; may we be looking for "that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Your papa gave us two beautiful sermons on Sunday from the 21st of the Revelation. The subject in the morning was "the holiness and happiness of the blessed inhabitants of heaven ;" the evening was "the glory and stability of that holy, happy place." Adieu, my beloved child. "May grace and peace be with you from God *our* Father and *our* Lord Jesus Christ."—I am your most affectionate friend and

MOTHER.

May 19.

MY MUCH LOVED L.,—I was quite distressed when the psalms were given out that I had forgotten in the

morning that it was your birth-day. Pray forgive this omission, and accept my warmest and most affectionate wishes that you may enjoy every blessing a God of grace and mercy is so willing to bestow. May He grant you grace to seek *first* His kingdom and righteousness, and add every other blessing that is consistent with your spiritual and eternal happiness. Dearest, beloved L., several years have now passed since you first entered this world. Oh, what cause for thankfulness that you have been preserved to us, and for all the love and affection you have manifested towards us, and the pleasure you have given us! I thank my God for His great, very great mercy in sparing our beloved children, and granting us so much family happiness. May all our hearts be drawn nearer to Him who is the fountain of peace and joy. May this transitory world occupy less of our thoughts and affections, and may we set them on things above, is the fervent wish and prayer of my beloved L.'s most tenderly attached and affectionate

MOTHER.

EDGBASTON, *June 7.*

MY MOST PRECIOUS M.,—I write a few lines just to say I beg you will not hurry home, I think Lynton is so good for you. Do not be uneasy, my dearest M.; I am really better. I have had great, very great mercies; the Lord still deals with me most tenderly; may I be truly thankful. My heart is indeed deceitful

above all things, and desperately wicked, but I must look to the brazen serpent and be healed. Oh! pray for me, beloved child, that I may have my faith renewed. I desire to put myself into the blessed hands of my Saviour; may the Holy Spirit shed His love abroad in my heart, and cause me to feel its constraining influence. . . . How wonderful and mysterious are the ways of Providence! The Lord only sees the end from the beginning; may He order it as shall seem best to His infinite wisdom. . . . May your soul be firmly fixed on Christ the rock of ages, that trusting entirely in His precious blood which cleanseth from all sin, you may *abide* in Him, and bring forth fruit to the glory and praise of God. May the joy of the Lord be your strength, and may you have grace to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things. Adieu, my beloved M.—I am your very fondly attached mother,

MARIA CHOWNE MARSH.

Kind Reader, Farewell, and forget not the faith and the diligence of this Christian woman.

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